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MUTILATION NOTED
JUN 23 1941

subscribers thought it important to print, to emphasize the point which, for me, makes this the most important twenty-five years in the history of femininity. It is that women within that period have passed the place where they submit to having their values rated and their range of interests publicly dictated by men.

Probably a great many of them had passed the place, in fact, even as early as 1900, for woman suffrage was making great strides at the very time that all fashion-plates were drawn on the assumption that no woman is over thirty-five and that they all have naturally curly hair. The woman's club movement went forward even then, in another woman's journal of the time, no less a person than President Grover Cleveland had expressed his disapproval of it as a breaker-up of homes. I suppose a great many early editors of women's magazines would have died of shock if anybody had really published, right out, what American women were thinking and talking about among themselves in the early years of the twentieth century. But in 1908 an editor of a more robust constitution took charge of Pictorial Review and gradually and skilfully let the cat out of the bag. Anybody who, without knowing what had occurred in the editorial office, after reading the first three volumes of Pictorial Review, had skipped to the three beginning with 1908 or 1909, would think that one of those strange revolutions that Mr. H. G. Wells is always writing about, in which everybody becomes suddenly beautiful and intelligent, had happened. The illustrations of the fiction began to look less like the fashion-plates and more like the people written about. The fashions began to look approximately as they would on the president of the local woman's club or the mother of a family of seven. Science and health and cookery began to be written about by people who actually knew what they were writing, and fiction, instead of being chiefly moral instruction dribbled through a thin sirup of romance, began to resemble life as it was actually lived in the United States of America.

Society Without a Capital "S"

BUT the most remarkable change of all was that pictures of favorites of the French stage, and the items about where Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont spent the Summer and how Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs did her own marketing in a small, dark hat, gave place to well-written descriptions of women at work along lines of general public interest—primary education, careers for married women, social hygiene, municipal housekeeping, and birth-control.

Perhaps you could put the whole alteration of woman's interest and men's appreciation of the trend of that interest in a nutshell by saying that what the editor discovered, and aided and abetted, was that American women were beginning to spell society without a capital S. This shift of interest from Society to society, which has become self-conscious within the present quarter of a century, has its roots very deep in our national life, and its fruit is about to be eaten by all the world.

It was not until I had this article half written that I read another, written by an English statesman, in which he anxiously tried to explain to a Europe more than anxious to understand America, that the true explanation of the United States is that there is no Society here, that there is only *society*, and that everybody is in it. Everybody, practically *everybody*, Mr. Belloc insists, is "in," and there are no outsiders. He goes on from there to prove how this fact of everybody being in society in the United States explains many things so puzzling and annoying to Europeans, who, since their history began, are accustomed to having a small, selected group "in," and everybody, practically *everybody* else, "out."

But if Mr. Belloc had been reading the files of Pictorial Review for the past twenty-five years, he would have discovered that it is during this time that women as a class have come "in" and have become conscious of themselves as being alive and functioning within the body of American life, as the heart is alive within the physical body.

I wonder if American women themselves understand the tremendous achievement that, ending formally with the granting of the suffrage to women, really began with the beginning of American colonization? It began with the fact that in every other country in the world a woman was either a "woman" or a "lady." If there were any doubt about it you were called a "person" until it was settled which class you belonged to. But in the United States you have to be *both* woman and lady.

No "Persons" in the United States

IN EVERY other country in the world there was a recognized servant class from whom household help could be drawn, but since the Civil War your servant has been your equal before the Government, and might easily become your neighbor or even your friend. Some day somebody will write a history of this stupendous task, the most remarkable in all history, of how in the course of two or three generations the average American woman became not only cook, but housemaid, nurse, mother of the family, *and* a lady, capable of taking her place beside the ladies who had never been anything else in any country in the world.

A great deal of this history will be taken from the pages of women's magazines.

Two years ago, while in England, I had a talk with the late Lord Northcliffe on the subject of founding an English woman's magazine similar to ours, a project which he had cherished a long time and toward which he had made several unsuccessful beginnings. I told him plainly, that I am afraid without making him understand, that before he could accomplish his wish he would have to rub out most of the differences between "women" and "ladies." In the meantime thousands of Englishwomen, realizing that the servant class is rapidly diminishing all over Europe, are quietly preparing themselves by subscribing for our women's magazines.

They used to tell me apologetically that they took them for the terms and the advertising, not appreciating the fiction and [illegible] so different from anything they knew or understood. But I never [illegible] this needed an apology, for to me some of the most interesting [illegible] in the story of how women became members of society are told [illegible] advertisements. This interest in the sort of things usually advertised in American women's magazines is itself a change of attitude which could hardly have come about so soon without the other changes resulting from the War.

Just about twenty-five years earlier the *Queen's Magazine* of London published a serious editorial against the use of baby-carriages or "prams" as English nursemaids call them, on the ground that so much fresh air is bad for babies, and that the possession of a baby-carriage "tempts the woman to roam."

If you look over your files for the early years of the nineteen hundreds you will see that there was almost nothing advertised that a real woman wanted. But just as soon as Pictorial Review began to assume that women had brains and aspirations, that they were not cooks and nursemaids because they could do no better, but because they had ac-

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VHY DO YOU USE THESE?' SHE ASKED FINALLY, INDICATING THE BOX OF NAILS. THE BOY LOOKED UP. 'WHAT ELSE'D YE USE? THEM'S GOOD NAILS'"

tions by
ndahl

New Ways

How Helga Lindstrom Carried the Light of Progress into a Superstition-Ridden Household of New England Fisher-Folk

By May Stanley

GRANDFATHER DYER straightened himself and rose with difficulty from the dilapidated rocking-chair as grandson clumped up the porch

ever comin'," he complained. ?"

his father moodily, "jes' six." ketched? Ain't that a fine ! S'pose yer en-jine wuz

an passed on into the nded.

oman hurried out of n dress and a pair e for her. "My ained, hurrying to the cook-stove, "an' so I jes' laid down fer a spell whilst I wuz waitin' dinner ter see if it'd mebbe ease up. How many ye git ter-day?"

"Six."

"Six?" Mrs. Dyer sighed. "Lan', seems like all the lobsters must 'a' gone somewhars else, don't it? I wuz kinder hopin' ye'd hev a reel good ketch ter-day, fer the doctor sed las' week 'at if I wuz ter git some glasses 'at'd fit my eyes it'd stop these here headaches."

As she talked Mrs. Dyer moved back and forth between stove and table, carrying a huge bowl filled with boiled potatoes and a great platter of dried fish. The air of the little kitchen was heavy with the odors of soap-suds, dried fish, unwashed bodies.

"He sed 'at, did he?" her husband growled. "Wa-al, he c'd hev saved his breath, I kin tell him 'at! Whar's a body ter git glasses f'om, I'd like ter know, 'ith ev'ythin' costin' the way it does?"

"Yeah, 'at's right," Mrs. Dyer agreed drearily. "Come 'long in, Grampy! Dinner's waitin'."

"I'm comin'! I'm comin'! Don't hurry a feller." The old man hobbled in, lifting his rheumatic leg painfully over the door-sill. "Did ye say she wa'n't workin', Lige?"

"No, she ain't."

"What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" Milton Dyer lifted his face from the roller-towel, on which he had been rubbing it violently. "What's the use uv astin' what's wrong? She's wore out, 'at's what she is, an' ye know it well ez the rest uv us. We gotta git a new en-jine; 'at's what we gotta do!"

"Oh, Paw!" Mrs. Dyer wailed.

"Shut up, Lefey! Ain't I got trouble 'nough 'bout ye 'allus sniffin' 'roun' like ye be?" He sat down heavily at the table and looked angrily about him. "Gimme some tea, kain't ye?"

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"Ha! ha!" Grandfather Dyer cackled. "Gotta git a new en-jine hev ye? He! he! How ye goin' ter pay fer it? I'd like ter know."

"Now, Grampy, quit talkin' an' set up an' eat," Mrs. Dyer hastily interposed. "The vittals's gittin' stun-cold. Come, Lige! How come ye ter be so late ter-day?"

"En-jine got 'nother hole in her."

"If ye'd 'a' hed sails," Grandfather Dyer expertly speared a huge piece of dried fish, "ye'd 'a' been home a hour back."

"Wa-al, I ain't usin' sails," his son retorted sourly.

"No, course ye ain't. Sails ain't good 'nough fer fishermen no more! Ye gotta hev en-jines an' gas'line an' all them newfangled fixin's! What do they do fer ye? I'd like ter know. Jes' keep yer noses ter the grin'stun till they're pumb wore off; 'at's what they do! When I wuz fishin'——"

"Wish ye'd shut up jawin' 'bout sails! Ain't it 'nough fer a feller ter be pestered outen his life 'ith en-jines 'at's allus failin' ter pieces? How'd I git anywhars 'ith sails? I'd like ter know. I'd look nice fussin' 'ith sails when ev'body else's usin' en-jines. I'd look nice——"

"Yeah," the old man cut in bitterly, "ye'd look nice tryin' ter take out the way yer father uster do! I kin tell ye one thing, Milt Dyer, when I wuz fishin' my soul wuz my own. I didn't hev ter mortgage it ter no buyer fer en-jine an' gas'line an' gear an' nails! Did ye ever figger how much it's costin' ye now fer the few lobsters ye ketch? Old ye ever?"

"He did once, Grampy," Mrs. Dyer said, "but 'twuz so kinder discouragin' 'at he didn't do it fer more'n a coupla months. Ye min' when 'at wuz, don't ye, Lige?"

Lige nodded, rising from the table. "Yeah, I min'. Guess I'll go 'long down ter the store fer a while."

At Lige we see slowly down the path toward the general store, which lay a few hundred yards from the Dyer house, he wondered vaguely if his grandfather could be right. Certainly none of the West Harbor fishermen had any money. They all owed Captain Munger of the lobster-smack for boats and gear and engines, and they all went further and further in debt at the general store for food every winter, never quite catching up with their bills in the Summer-time, even when fish and lobsters were plentiful.

Uneasily turning the problem over in his mind, Lige reached the store, a squat, weather-beaten building set on a small dock above the water. A low porch ran across the front, and here during pleasant weather the greater number of West Harbor fishermen gathered. Those who were lobstering got back from their traps about noon and spent the rest of the day there, while the few who fished did not bestir themselves until toward evening, when it was necessary to bait trawl for the next day's set.

Lige slouched across the pond with the peculiar, shuffling walk of the fisherman who goes shod in heavy rubber boots, and seated himself beside Jesse Abels, who was eating a huge cone of ice-cream.

"Beats all how tasty this here is after dinner," Abels said, moving over to make room for the newcomer.

"How many uv them d'ye s'pose ye c'd eat, Jesse?" Lem Tibbits asked.

"I dunno. Cac'late I c'd eat my left, mebbe—if some other feller wuz payin' fer it."

"Dunno 'bout ice-cream," Nat Toomes contributed, "it's so kinder allin', but thar wuz a feller over ter Bailey Island once 'at et his heft in baked beans. Did it fer a dare, an' it did; thort him a mite neither, only he dreampt 'at night 'at Lucinda Wilkes's cow wuz abeatin' him in the stummick 'ith her horns. 'Lo, Grampy!" as Grandfather Dyer came slowly across the porch. "How ye feelin' ter-day?"

"Good ez ever I'm likely ter feel." The old man lowered himself painfully to a bench. "Who wuz it et the beans?"

"Hon'y Wilson. Ye min' him, don't ye?"

"Sure I min' him. Wuthless, good-fer-nothin' hog! Might's well be beans, tho, ez ter fill hisself up 'ith this here swill."

"Ain't no harm in a dish uv ice-cream, Grampy." Jesse Abels winked slyly at the other men.

"Ain't no harm, ain't they?" the old man shrilled. "I'll tell ye, ef ye don't know whar the harm is! Fust thing ye do ev'y day is ter git down here, ev'y las' one uv ye, soon ez ever ye git in, an' here ye set swillin' ice-cream an' candy an' pop jes' ez long ez ye got money er credit. In my day when we got home f'om fishin' thar wuz work ter be done—gardenin' an' sheep ter tend an' sich. Look at the place ter-day! Houses tumblin' down 'roun' yer ears a'most! Nobody's got a sheep ner a cow! Weeds growin' ter the doors 'stead uv gardens——"

"What's the use uv allus haulin' up 'em ol' days?" Abner Hale stirred uneasily. "Ye know well ez the rest uv us 'at 'tain't counted lucky fer a fisherman ter do nothin' else at the same time."

There was a general murmur of "'At's so."

"Ain't lucky?" the old man snapped. "'At's lazy man's reasonin'! 'At's all it is, lazy man's reasonin'. Don't see ez it's so tarnal lucky ter hev ter buy yer milk in a can—when ye git any—an' eat fat on yer bread 'cause ye kain't buy butter. No, ner 'tain't so lucky ter hev sich pindlin' young uns ez ye got—passel o' bones they air jes' 'cause ye're all too wuthless ter do a leetle hustlin' so ez they kin hev somethin' nourishin' in thar insides."

Lige rose uneasily in the silence which followed his grandfather's tirade. "Guess I'll go 'long ter the post-office an' see ef thar's any mail."

Mrs. Dyer was standing in the doorway when Lige reached home that evening.

"Lan', what kep' ye, Lige? Essie come over ter say goo'-by 'count uv her goin' 'way, but it got so late she hed ter go 'long home ter git supper."

"She what?" Lige stared at his mother incredulously.

"'At's the way I felt, too," Mrs. Dyer nodded emphatically. "A body c'd hev knocked me over 'ith a straw. Goin' ter New York, she sez, ter work fer 'em Summer people she's been be'pin' out the las' month——"

The boy turned and went down the steps.

"Whar ye goin', Lige? Supper's waitin'."

"I don't want no supper."

Esther Abels's father lived at the upper end of the little fishing community, in a house that was even more dilapidated and forlorn than the rest. Esther was out in the yard feeding chickens. She looked up as the boy drew near, said, "'Lo, Lige!" and went on scattering handfuls of corn to the greedy fowls.

"'Lo, Essie! Say, what's this here 'bout ye goin' 'way?"

Esther nodded. "Yeah, I'm goin', a' right."

"But—but—I s'posed—I allus s'posed—" Lige stammered hopelessly, stopped.

Esther turned to face him. She was a tall, well-made girl with black hair and heavy, black eyebrows which almost met when she was annoyed. They drew together now.

"What wuz it ye s'posed?"

"I s'posed ye wuz goin' ter stop on here."

"What fur?"

"Why—I dunno—like the rest uv us, I guess."

Esther laughed scornfully. "Ye got 'nother guess comin' then. I'm sick uv West Harbor."

"What got ye sick uv it all to once?"

"I ain't sick uv it all to once." She threw the remaining corn in a wide circle and stood watching the chickens scrambling after it. "I been sick uv it fer years, I guess. Ever sense I uster hev ter carry a piece uv stinkin' dried fish ter school 'ith me ter chew on when I wuz hungry, ever sense I uster cry 'bout not hevin' warm, pretty clothes like the city folks' young uns, I been sick uv it!"

"Wa-al," the boy pondered this statement, "I s'pose we ain't got much here—way ye look at it. Still an' all, we git more'n dried fish——"

"Sure," she broke in scornfully, "ye git a little flour—of yer credit's good—an' some tea an' a mite o' lard ter cook the fish in, an' some short lobsters ter eat ef ye kain't sell 'em. Look thar!" her strong, brown hand indicated the house back of them. "'At's what paw's got ter show fer a lifetime uv fishin'—'at an' a rotten ol' boat-at 'at's likely ter go ter pieces any minute! I don't wonder maw run away like she done. I'd do it, too, the very same ez she did, ef I wuz ter be shut up here 'ith a feller 'at didn't hev no more git-up an' git to him 'n what paw hes."

"I didn't never know ye felt 'at way, Essie. I thought—allus—'at you an' me——"

Esther put out a hand to the sleeve of his ragged sweater. "Why don't ye git out uv it too?" she said impulsive' "Ye c'd git work somewhe——"

"Me?" He stared at h credulously. "What d'y I c'd do 'sides fish? N I'll stay here." H mirthlessly. "It's k tho——"

"What's funn "Ter hear y the way folk —jes' like talks."

Esthe her mi she s

"'HELGY!' THE WORD WAS A CRY. 'DON'T GO 'WAY! I DON'T WANT YE TER GO 'WAY!' THE GIRL LOOKED UP AT HIM SWEETLY, THEN VEILED HER EYES BENEATH THEIR LONG LASHES."

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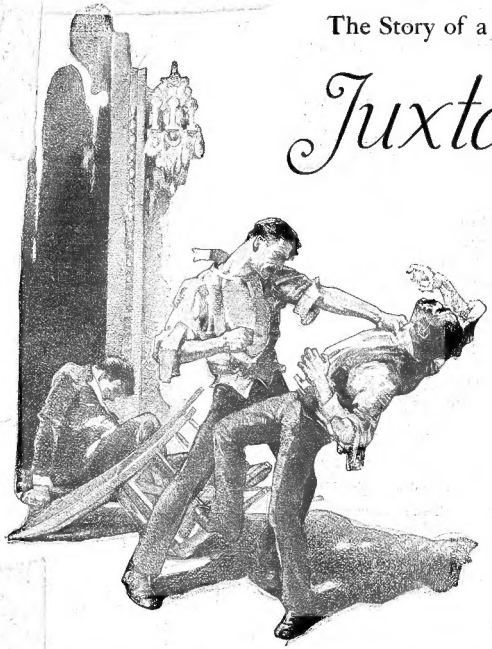
The Story of a Man Who Was Misunderstood

Juxtapositions

Just a Personal in the "Agony Column" of a London Paper—but It Started All the Trouble

By Stacy Aumonier

Illustrations by Nat Little



"HE HIT WILDLY AND SUDDENLY RECEIVED THREE TERRIBLE BLOWS IN RAPID SUCCESSION —ONE ON THE CHIN, ONE ON THE JAW, AND THEN A FEARFUL THUMP OVER THE HEART"

THERE we are all mixed up," said my friend Samuel Squidge, vigorously scraping down the "Portrait of the artist by himself" with a palet-knife, "is in our juxtapositions. It's all nonsense, I tell you. People talk about a bad color. There's no such thing as a bad color. Every color is beautiful in its right juxtaposition. When you hear a woman say 'I hate puce,' or 'I love green,' she might as well say 'I hate sky' or 'I love grass.' If she and scen puce used in a color-print as Hiroshige II. used it —green! Fancy *loving* green. The idiot! Do you remember what Corot said? He said nature was too green and too badly lighted. Now, the old man was quite right——"

When Squidge starts talking in this strain he is rather t to go off the deep end. I yawned and murmured retly:

"e were talking about Colin St. Clair Chasseloup."

xactly! And I'm trying to point out to you how n St. Clair Chasseloup it's all a question of juxta- You say that Colin is a frozen drunkard, a surly pressure nonentity. Listen to me. We're all very one of us. Give a man the right air he the right food he should eat, the right do, the right people he should associate perfect dear, every one of him. There cilable on the earth. But the juxta-

oup to complain of? He has money, en, a place in the country, a flat in what he likes."

ith amazement.

e! I thought you wrote about re supposed to understand make a smug asinine re-

uidge was being justi- tement, but then I could not explain

his to the portrait-painter. After all, I did not really know St. Clair Chasseloup. He was only a club acquaintance, and a very unclubbable acquaintance he was. He appeared to dislike club life.

To a stranger he seemed to reek of patrician intolerance. He was an aristocrat of aristocrats. His well-set-up, beautifully groomed figure, clean-cut features, well-poised head were in all the classic tradition of a ruling caste. It was only about the rather heavy eyelids and the restless mouth that one detected the cynic, the disappointed man, the disillusioned boor. Why? It was no affair of mine, the secret troubles of this man's heart.

It was his business to behave himself to me decently. To the devil with Colin St. Clair Chasseloup! I disliked the man. But then we all dislike people who we feel nurture an innate sense of superiority to us. Added to this trying exterior of complete self-absorption and superiority one had also to allow for the vanity of the cripple.

St. Clair Chasseloup had lost his right leg just below the knee. It happened before the War. Indeed, at the time when he was a naval cadet at Osborne, skylarking with other young cadets, he had slipped from a pinnace on a rough day and his right foot had been crushed against the stone wall of a jetty. The leg had to be amputated. That was the end of his naval career.

And his father had been a commodore before him, and his father's father was in the Battle of Trafalgar, and so on, right away back to the spacious days of Elizabeth—all naval men. Devilish bad luck, you may say. Of course one had to allow for the bitterness that this misfortune must have produced. At the same time it doesn't excuse a man not answering when he's spoken to by a fellow member at the club, or for looking at one—as Chasseloup did!

Squidge's championship of the thwarted seaman amused me. You could not conceive a more remarkable contrast. I was not even aware that they knew each other. In spite of his missing limb St. Clair Chasseloup was the kind of man who always looked as tho he had just had a cold bath, done Swedish drill, and then passed through the hairdresser's on his way to your presence. He was aggressively fit.

Squidge looked as tho a walk to the end of the street would have brought on valvular disease of the heart. From the center of a dank beard limp ends of cigarets eternally clung. Physically he was just comic. It was his vivid eyes and his queer, excitable voice that told you that he was a person of no mean vitality. He was just as sociable and optimistic as Chasseloup was taciturn and moribund. And yet they met on some odd plane, it appeared.

Well, well, I could understand Squidge finding merit in Chasseloup, indeed, in any one, but what would Chasseloup's opinion of Squidge be? It made me shudder to contemplate. On the occasion I am recounting it was almost impossible to extract any further intimate details from Squidge, for he had flown off on one of his pet theoretical tangents.

"It's a queer rum thing," he was saying, "why people ever get married at all. You simply can't get level with it—the most unlikely, most outrageous combinations! The more outrageous the more likely they are to be a success. You see some scraggy goat of a woman and you think to yourself, 'Poor wretch! Whatever sort of chance has she got of getting married?' and the next thing is you hear that she's married to some god who adores her, and

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A BAD COLOR. EVERY COLOR IS BEAUTIFUL"

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they have a large family of boys at Harrow and girls at Girton. Queer! Another woman breathes sunlight and the men pursue her, and nothing happens. She's unhappy.

"I know a woman who is married to a man she is apparently in love with, and he with her. They have two jolly kids, a boy and a girl. They are a most delightful, happy family. They have money and are bursting with health and good spirits, and yet nearly every year the mother gets fits of melancholia and has to go away to a nursing-home and lie up for months.

"Some genius has said that when contemplating marriage what you want to look in common is not intellectual ambitions and tastes, it's recreations. It's quite right. Generally speaking, a man's at work all day, so is a woman. When they meet in the evening they want to get away from it. It's the time when they spread their feathers. If they can play and fool around they can be happy. Life for the most part is a drab monolog. It's when you come to the accents you want each other. If you can share the same tooth-brush with a woman for twenty-five years and she can still surprize you, then you're all right, both of you——"

"My dear Squidge, what has your disgusting notion with regard to the tooth-brush to do with St. Clair Chasseloup?"

"Nothing. I'm talking."

"I noticed that. Tell me frankly. Would you say that he and his wife —Aimée, isn't it?—have they recreations in common?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"Bach."

"Bach! What are you talking about? Colin St. Clair Chasseloup! Bach!"

"It seems funny to you, doesn't it? You know him and you've seen her. You know him, all beef and phlegm, the immovable mass. A man who thinks of nothing but dumb-bells and double Scotches. And you've seen her, the daughter of a hundred earls, highly strung, esthetic a little queer, passionately devoted to ultramodern music, Coué, Montessori, anything and everything that crops up.

"They've nothing in common, you might say. He's out all day, playing a surly game of golf, or loafing in a club. She's playing the piano—Ravel, Debussy, or some of those queer Russian Johnnies. Or she's inventing cute devices for the upbringing of the precious children. He lets them rip. She spoils them. When you see them together you would say that they were two people who had missed their last bus and had to walk home, each thinking it was the other's fault. And yet I tell you they are the only two people suitable to each other. They have a mutual appreciation of accents—the same accents. They meet in the solemn tonal climaxes of Bach——"

"I can't believe that Colin likes Bach."

"I didn't once. I found out through my pal Paul Furwangler, the cellist. He goes there several nights a week—he pays him well, too—and he just plays Bach. It soothes the savage beast. It keeps him home, quiets him, stays his hand from the whisky-bottle. It's marvelous. He can't abide Chopin, or all the jolly, tuneful stuff barbarians like you and I enjoy.

"There's something about it, I suppose—the orderliness, the precision, the organic building up of solemn structures—that just fills the kink in his life made by his tragic defection. She 'holks' him to St. Anne's, Scho, to hear the oratorios. They chase the Bach choir hither and thither. She plays it herself, altho she's not much of a performer. That's why she gets Furtwangler and sometimes the Stinzi Quartet. When they are listening to Bach together they meet on a plane of complete satisfaction.

"Of course the War didn't do him any good. He used to hobble backward and forward to Whitehall doing some ridiculous anti-aircraft intelligence stuff, and he used to look bitterly at his pals when he saw them prancing backward and forward, with the salt of the North Sea bitten into their faces. He was a good boy in those days, tho. He left the bottle alone, and only groused and grumbled. Weren't we all doing that? That's what I mean about people—married people especially—you can never tell whether they are happy or not. We all have to live our own lives in our own way. The breezy couple who go about singing 'La, too, te rum, tum, tumple, rum, tum, tootle, tootle, lay,' and who kiss in public, and say 'darling

"AND THEY SAT THERE SIDE BY SIDE, PERFECTLY OBLIVIOUS OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS, PERFECTLY HAPPY, LIKE TWO CHILDREN LISTENING TO A FAIRY-TALE"

this' and 'darling that,' you generally find that one or both parties are carrying on a secret liaison with a cook or a chauffeur.

"Colin has just got to be like that, and the woman understands him. She doesn't want him different. While he is like that she has a more complete grip over him, because she knows that no other woman will understand or tolerate him. And they don't. Of course they quarrel sometimes, and he goes off and makes no end of a beast of himself. But she knows she is secure. He will come whining back to her like a whipped puppy. And he will grope for her in the darkness and she will hold his hand, and they will listen to the solemn chords of a Bach fugue, and will feel horribly melancholy, and tremendously moved, and somehow completely satisfied. That's just people; they're like that. It's no good arguing about it. I must be going. I'm going to have a Turkish bath with Smithers."

The contemplation of Squidge in a Turkish bath talking to Smithers, who is enormously fat, held me for the moment, and then my mind reverted to Chasseloup.

Dash it! You couldn't help being interested in the beast. I had to acknowledge that in spite of his rudeness and indifference to me the man had somehow always attracted me. I suppose because I wanted to know him his rudeness and indifference piqued me all the more. And his wife—well, there it was, I had only seen her in concert-halls and theaters and riding about in taxis with him, but that peculiarly wistful face would have enslaved any one.

She was slight and fragile, with a pale face and very red lips, and that curious gleaming blue-black hair that so often accompanies a pallid complexion. Her eyes were wonderful, large, reflective, dark, with terrific things going on in them all the time. At the same time I shouldn't describe them as altogether unhappy eyes. They reflected too much vital movement for that. The woman was living, and of how many of these hard-bitten society women can you say the same?

It happened that a few nights after my talk with Squidge I met Chasseloup at the club. He was sitting in a corner of the smoke-room, drinking whisky and being talked to by one of the pet club bores. He occasionally growled a monosyllabic reply. After a time the club bore retired and I was left alone with him.

I sat back and smoked, but did not speak. We must have sat like that for nearly twenty minutes. There must have been something about this conspiracy of silence which appealed to Chasseloup. I was aware of him occasionally glancing at me, and at length he actually ventured to address a remark. He said:

"This club whisky gets worse every day."

I believe I must have blushed with pleasure as I hastened to acquiesce.

"Yes, it's awful stuff."

(Did you ever know a club where the food and drink supplied were the worst in town?)

After a few snappy sentences about the club whisky Chasseloup even went so far as to generalize. He said:

"Fancy reaching the stage of Colonel Robbins, a man who led a brigade in South Africa, and now there's nothing left for him in life but to serve on wine committee."

I was startled by this sociable reflection, and before I could reply he had capped it with:

"Even over that he's come to the end of his tether. His palate is worn out."

He rose abruptly and rang the bell and ordered some more of the inferior stuff. This insignificant conversation seemed to form a bond between Chasseloup and myself. From that evening onward his attitude toward me underwent a change. It was not that he talked much, but I was aware that I was one of the few members who didn't get on his nerves. It was extremely flattering.

"All right, my friend," I thought, "I'll find out all about you yet."

Nevertheless there was a long interval of time between that conversation and the eventful Sunday evening when

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Millstones

By Konrad Bercovici

Illustrations by Herbert Paus

"WHEN THE RIVER HAD FROZEN SO THAT HEAVY OX-CARTS COULD BE DRIVEN ACROSS IT, A HEAVY SLEIGH TO IN FRONT OF BERCU'S MILL. AND ON IT WERE TWO LARGE MILLSTONES, LARGER THAN EPHROSI OR THE

AND if a woman has chosen her mate that she ask not how wealthy he is, neither shall she wait until he has acquired wealth. For the years go by, and with the years change the desires; so that one of them may be waiting while the other has already forgotten. And if the hut is small, that they may make it larger together; let her not wait until he has made it large enough, for another one may come to live in it when it is finished."

This is the story of Ephrosi, a fisherman's daughter. She lived with her widowed mother on a little green island in one of the arteries of the Danube, not far from where the river gushes into the Black Sea. The two women lived by what their nets brought them; and Ephrosi's mother, whose husband had died very young, had been planning rich marriages for her daughter, so there might be an end to her own poverty. Ever since Ephrosi had arrived at a marriageable age, at fifteen, the mother had pointed out to her daughter, at the dances and festivals, the young men of wealthy parents she desired her daughter to dance with. And when Ephrosi had danced with a man whose father was not rich enough in land, or sheep, or cattle, the mother would always dispute with her.

"Are you going to stay poor forever? Do you want to husk the corn of others while your child is huddled up in a bundle of rags in a cold hut? Or do you love the smell of fish and slime, and like to cover yourself with fish-scales?"

And so it was that the girl began to measure the people she met by what she knew they possessed. The two of them, Ephrosi and her mother, hated the very sight of a net and all that was connected with fishing.

On both sides of the narrowed river, almost facing each other, at a short distance from Ephrosi's own home in the middle of it, there lived two young men who owned small water-mills. And the people from their neighborhoods on each side of the river would bring to them the corn and the wheat they wanted milled. Ephrosi watched from her home the going and coming of the two-wheeled, tall carts. And she favored more one of the young men. She was happy when she saw more carts go to him than to the other. She rejoiced to see his tall water-wheel turn incessantly, and even at night she would listen carefully to know whether the millstones were turning full or empty.

And he was a joyous young man, Bercu, the man whom she favored. He was tall and rangy, with long black hair and deep brown eyes wide apart, with between them a sharp aquiline nose. One could hear him sing above the rattle and grinding of the mill. When the work was done he would sail out on a raft to fish from it, and still his song would go on, and be carried by the winds up and down the waters.

The other miller, Petru, squat and wide-shouldered, with round face and short nose, was a more serious youth; for he had great burdens upon him: an old mother and several smaller brothers and sisters. He had to be serious and quiet, and work continually. Still he found time to get to Ephrosi's island, poling his raft with long poles along the shore, and there talk to the old fisherwoman, buy fish from her, or bring her a message from his own mother. Frequently Bercu too would sit down with them; and he would sing merry songs or bring of the fish he had caught in the river, that they make their meal together.

One day Petru, after having seen Ephrosi listen daily, open-mouthed, to Bercu's stories, said: "I wish to speak to you, Ephrosi. The Summer is far advanced. Soon the men will return from the grazing-grounds with their sheep. The wheat will be dry. They will come with it to the mills. I desire a wife to myself. Will you be the one?"

Upon which Ephrosi answered, after thinking a while, "There is burden enough upon you, Petru, with such a small mill, to take care of all the mouths within the little hut in which you all live. If I said 'Yes' you would be embarrassed, for there would be no room for me and the children that I would bear in your hut."

"And if I build a hut for us alone, what then?"

"Come, then, and ask me again," Ephrosi answered.

A few days later Petru was already at work on the hut. And after he had laid the first mud bricks about a square piece of ground, the people at the inn began to talk about it. And they said, "Petru is building a hut for Ephrosi, his future wife."

And Bercu heard what they were saying and he grew morose. Ephrosi wondered why she no longer heard him singing. She wondered why she no longer heard his voice rise above the grinding and clanking of the mill, why he did not come to see her. It seemed to her that even the tall water-wheel was not running as fast as before. Neither did she see his raft, on which he was usually fishing.

Then one day he came and sat down with her. He was thin and worn out. For a long time he was silent. Then he said: "Petru is building a large hut; one in which he and his wife shall live."

"Well," prompted Ephrosi, "is he making a very large hut? For its being back of the mill, I can not see it from here."

"It is a large hut," Bercu assented, looking into her eyes.

"Well, why shouldn't you build a larger one?" Ephrosi urged. "The wheat will soon be hard enough to mill, and then you shall have no time."

"And if I build a larger one?" Bercu questioned as he seized her hand, "and if I build a larger one, what then?"

"Come and see me then," Ephrosi answered as she returned the pressure of his hand.

"There, there, my daughter is doing what is right," the widow called out. "That is the right way. Never promise. Let them hope."

Bercu had no sooner taken the pole in his hands, to pole himself back on the raft to his mill, than she heard his voice again rise upon the waters.

On the morrow Bercu began to clear ground for the hut he was to build. And when he laid the first mud bricks on the square that he had cleared, she saw that it was almost twice the size of the one Petru was building. And it pleased her. People at the inn began to talk about it, and say that Bercu was building the largest hut of the vicinity for the woman who was to be his wife. And they knew that he too had chosen Ephrosi. And lo! when the two young men met at the inn on Sunday, neither of them stretched out his hand to the other in greeting, altho they had been friends before.

ON THE day following the first Sunday, Petru demolished what he had already built, and, clearing another piece of ground so that it be in plain view of Ephrosi from her island, he began to build an even larger hut than Bercu. And it pleased Ephrosi to see the rivalry between two men for her. There was great earnestness in the squat Petru. He had been a quiet and rather retired youth until then. But he had no sooner laid the first brick around the square than he repaired to the inn to speak about it.

"And if he can build a large one, I can still build a larger one," he said. "My millstones are as good as his, and the people on my side of the river have just as much grain to mill as the people on his side. Let him beware."

People of Bercu's side of the river heard what Petru said. And they went to the singing miller and repeated to him the words of his rival.

Whereupon Bercu, after carefully appraising the size of Petru's hut, demolished what he had commenced to build, and proceeded to construct a larger one.

Ephrosi watched him do so from her island. And her heart grew proud within her. During the rest of the Summer she would have liked to talk, sometimes to one and sometimes to the other of the two men, for no sooner had one built than the other one was already demolishing what he had raised, to build a larger hut than his rival.

But they were both so occupied that neither of them had time to speak to her. And because of the rivalry between them she could not of herself go to see them. Yet neither of the huts was more than knee-high at the end of the Summer. And because of this rivalry, upon the advice of her mother, she deprived herself of the dances at the inn on Sunday. "With whom are you going to dance? With Petru or Bercu?"

Soon the wheat lying in large golden sheaves was being gathered and brought to the threshing-floors, where the horses with padded hoofs paced about the length of the rope attached to the pole in the middle. And when the

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WHICH WERE YOKED SIX OXEN CROSSED THE RIVER
PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAD EVER SEEN"

stalks had been removed and the chaff blown the wheat was gathered into thick bags, and the peasants from both sides of the river began to carry their produce to the mills. The whole day and late into the night carts were coming in long files on the narrow, winding roads that led to both mills.

The whole day and the whole night the crunching of the wheels mingled with the loud cries of the men talking to one another and to their oxen, and with the splashes of the water-wheels and the screeches and squeaks of the millstones. And the wind blew a white, fine powder over the field. The two white patches on both sides of the river made it seem as if the snow had fallen upon them while the Summer had not yet gone. Even the green steeple of the church with the golden cross on it was now covered with white dust.

From her island Ephrosi counted the ox-carts that left heavy laden with white flour-bags on both sides of the shore. One-sixteenth of everything milled was left with the miller. At times more carts left from one side, and at other times from the other side. And it seemed to her that there had never been so much wheat milled as that year.

On Sunday when the mill was at rest the two millers, still in their working-garb, white from head to foot, came to sit at the inn, at opposite tables, and brag about the number of wheat-bags they had turned into flour. And the rivalry between the two men became a friendly rivalry between the two peoples of the opposite shores, each desiring that his miller should mill more wheat.

And while they were thus working, the motive of their rivalry receded far into the background of their minds. For even when they had time it did not occur to them to go and spend it, with Ephrosi, but they went about to urge their patrons to ask their neighbors to bring more wheat to them: more wheat and more corn should be brought to them to mill. Meanwhile both of the young men had stopped working on the huts. The mills were working day and night. Ephrosi watched. She began to hate the mills; the all-absorbing mills. The unfinished huts seemed to her more like yawning graves than foundations for homes. So she cried bitterly.

One Sunday, unable to contain herself upon hearing the dance-music, she put on her best clothes—the red-and-blue-striped skirt, embroidered and tasseled with gold, and her tall leather boots, ornamented with green "velts" on the calf at the top—and went to the inn.

When she appeared at the door the fat Greek innkeeper began to smack his lips as he looked at the table at which sat the people of Bercu's shore, and, having received an understanding glance from them, he turned and looked to the people at the other table. They greeted her respectfully.

Everybody was in his best clothes. Only the two young millers were in their white-powdered garb. Even their coal-black hair and mustaches were white.

The dance went on, but neither Bercu nor Petru asked her to dance. It seemed too trivial for men who were doing so much milling to dance alongside the youngsters of the two villages. Each greeted her warmly from his table, but neither got up to lock his arms into hers. The other girls danced and laughed and sang joyously; only Ephrosi was left standing alone, for no other young man asked her to dance. She was to be the wife of one of the millers, and while the competition was going on it was better to stay away from her.

When she was about ready to leave, Yancu, the lame shoemaker, who had been watching her all the time, asked her to dance with him. And so for the rest of the evening she danced with the lame young man—she who had been too proud to dance with any one before, danced now with the lame shoemaker, while the two millers looked on. When she was ready to go home Bercu approached her.

"My raft is the nearest. Shall I pole you home?"

"Do so," she answered curtly.

A moment later he was standing at the prow of his raft and talking to her.

"I shall get larger millstones soon, for the ones I have are getting to be too small for my trade."

She waited for him to speak about the hut, and when he was going to finish it, but he did not mention it once.

"And I shall have to enlarge the water-wheel, for the strain will be too great for the one turning now, unless I enlarge it."

"It is good, what you say about your mill," Ephrosi answered. Then they were silent.

She was too proud to ask him when he intended to proceed with the building of the hut. But she was in tears when she stepped out of his raft. She looked at him, and wondered whether he understood. Of a sudden Petru's voice was heard singing in the distance. He who had never sung sang now. And somehow the tears which were burning into her eyes went back. And she said in a cold voice, with an ironic sting on the last two words:

"It is good to get yourself *larger millstones.*"

A few days later Petru came to see her, and in one breath he said: "I am getting larger millstones, Ephrosi, larger ones than those Bercu is getting. For the people on my shore are going to sow more wheat than they ever did before, and I shall have to build another water-wheel. I shall leave the small millstones for corn, and have the larger ones ready next year to mill only wheat with them. What say you to that? Ha?"

AND even as he was talking to her a strong north wind rose, and whipped the waves of the river against their course, causing squalls and cross-currents, and in a few moments the snow was falling in furious blasts; like cold, white fire blown from huge bellows. Patches of white hung like soft down on the dried grass and about the stubble of the corn. The naked branches of the trees clothed themselves rapidly in their Winter garb. And as Ephrosi looked out on both sides of the river she saw how the snow was settling itself in heaps within the space left open by the foundations of both huts. And even while they were sitting near each other that open space filled up, until no sign was left of where her hopes had been.

"I had better tow myself home," Petru said after a long silence; "my water-wheel will have to be chained. The river will freeze overnight. We shall have an early Winter."

That night she heard both men's loud voices as they were working with several peasants to shut up the mills for the Winter. And while they were working she cried. She hoped that now they should have more time to spend with her. Her time would soon come.

But when the river had frozen so that heavy ox-carts could be driven across it, a heavy sleigh to which were yoked six oxen crossed the river in front of Bercu's mill. And on it were two large millstones, larger than any Ephrosi or the people in the neighborhood had ever seen. The whole village came to admire them and help put them into place. And they were all proud that the mill which had stood for so many years there, owned by Bercu's father and Bercu's grandfather, should now be enlarged, for it showed prosperity and wealth. More and more land was being wrested from the adjoining forest and sown into wheat and corn. They were proud, for the mill was like their banner.

The number of bags of wheat and corn milled was like the number of sheep and cattle and children; the measure of their well-being and their assiduity.

A scaffold was being built by the carpenters, while the notches in the blue-veined he stones w

"THE DANCE WENT ON, BUT NEITHER BERCU NOR PETRU ASKED HER TO DANCE. EACH GREETED HER WARMLY FROM HIS TABLE, BUT NEITHER GOT UP TO LOCK HIS ARMS INTO HERS"

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deepened and smoothened by the miller. Other carpenters were already preparing the added staves for the water-wheel, and strengthening the floor and the beams upon which the stones were to turn. And there was great merriment that Sunday at the inn.

While they drank to the life of the miller and to the quality of the stones and to the size and hardness of the wheat to be milled by them, the people of Petru's shore, without wishing them ill, but only in friendly rivalry, said: "Just wait until Petru's stones arrive. They are even larger than Bercu's. And instead of replacing the old ones, as your miller has done, he shall build a new mill in which to put them, to mill our wheat; for the people on our shore will sow more wheat than they have ever done before."

They were all happy. The priest spoke blessing words to both young men, for they did better even than their worthy fathers had done, and their grandfathers. And then they sang and danced. But when Ephrosi came the two millers watched each other closely for a while, waiting each for the other to dance with her. Then they forgot her completely and became absorbed in talk about mills in other parts of the country, and stones and wheat and waters and wheels and oxen and sheep; talk that interested them far more than anything that had interested them before. For they were now men of importance, with great obligations and burdens.

And again lame Yancu, the shoemaker, asked Ephrosi to dance with him. And after they had danced he watched her wait for either of the two young men to offer to take her home on his sleigh over the ice to the little island which was her home. But both of them were so busily engaged in listening and talking to the priest of the villages, and to the mayors, that they had no attention for her.

Then Yancu limped up to her. "The gipsies have gone, Ephrosi. There will be no more dance. It is too late for you to walk alone over the ice. My sleigh is at the door. It is not a very good sleigh, and the horse is old, for in my trade I have no use for a fast horse, but it shall carry you home in safety."

Ephrosi gave one last look at the tables at which sat the millers. Then she followed the shoemaker.

On the way Yancu spoke to her about his earnings. He was a pale young man who had been orphaned when very young. He was the only one in the village who knew the letters. The priest had frequently said of him: "If he were not a cripple he would make as good a 'popa' as any one in the neighborhood." For Yancu had read all his books, and was continually buying books from the pack-traders who passed through the village. Many a time, during the long Winter evenings, the men would sit about him while he was working at repairing their boots, and listen to him, reading stories he had just read. And when one of them would go to town he would never forget to buy a book, that Yancu should read for them. For no one could do it as well as he.

When the little sleigh had stopped in front of Ephrosi's hut her mother asked Yancu to come in and have a drink of warm wine. The aroma of the wine was floating in the room. The old woman had heard the bells and had prepared the drink before that the sleigh of the millers was coming.

A Christmas "Ship of Friendship"

IDA CLYDE CLARKE, of Pictorial Review's staff, visited Europe this Summer, having been selected by the Women's Church Committee on International Good-Will to interpret the spirit of American women to the women of foreign lands.

Members of the Women's Church Committee include Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. Among them are Jane Addams, Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Miss Katharine Ludington, Mrs. Alexander Kohut, and Miss Elisabeth Marbury.

This committee believes that the lack of understanding and tolerance is the basic cause of all wars and that world friendliness will bring world peace. As a concrete expression of this belief the committee will send a "Ship of Friendship" at Christmas time carrying food and clothing for the children and mothers of the suffering countries of Europe.

Won't you help fill this ship with warm, serviceable clothing, unbleached muslin, sheets, yarn, layettes, outing flannel, Christmas stockings, evaporated and sweetened condensed milk, cod-liver oil, cocoa, flour, soap, etc.? *Won't you help* by sending donations in money for the purchase of food?

Send all *goods* prepaid, by express, freight, or parcel-post, to the Christmas "Ship of Friendship," care of the American Friends' Service Committee Storeroom, 1521 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Contributions may be designated for organizations, but not for individuals.

Send all *money* contributions and communications to the Women's Church Committee, care of the Executive Secretary, Room 608, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, making all checks payable to the Women's Church Committee. Christmas is not far away. Send your contributions before it is too late.

"That you warm yourself before you go home, Yancu."

Then she left the two young people alone, pretending to be busy in an adjoining room.

"Your boots are worn out, Ephrosi!" Yancu said after a while. "The leather is cracking. They no longer tan leather as durably as they used to."

Ephrosi looked down at her boots. "They seem good enough to me yet."

"Oh, they are good boots yet," Yancu defended himself for fear of giving offense. Ephrosi and her mother were poor. "But the other day Isaac the Jew, from whom I buy all my leather, made me a present of two fine pieces of French leather as soft as silk. And it would give me pleasure to make boots of them for you. If you promise to wear them I shall make you boots the like of which no girl has ever worn."

Ephrosi gave no answer. She thought of the two stalwart men she had set in competition with each other, and now they were forgetting her while they were branching out. Forgetting her, losing the memory of her between pieces of lumber and iron nails and wheels and stones. She gave no answer, but she thought bitterly of the two large squares lying low under the snow on each side of the river. Softly, and without saying another word, Yancu left the hut. He understood. The wind had softened down, and she could hear the bells of his sleigh tinkling.

While she was undressing for bed she recalled to her mind the picture of the little hut in which Yancu lived. It was hardly one-quarter the size of any built by the other men, for he being the youngest son of a large family, the other brothers and sisters had taken their dowry and shared whatever there was of land and cattle, leaving him only with a hut and a small piece of garden ground around him, the tools of his trade, and the yellow stack of paper-bound books which he kept near his bed. Yancu could never amass a fortune to rival that of either of the other two men. Of course he would make her boots more beautiful than any one. His words were soft and melodious. But he was pale and not very strong, and he was a cripple.

She went to the wall on which hung an old mirror and looked at herself. Her hair was nicer and softer than the hair of any other girl in the village. Her eyes were large and brown. Many a young man had told her that they were the most beautiful eyes on either shore of the river. And of her lips others had made songs. She examined her neck. Snow-white, and round and smooth. And her arms, as beautiful and as strong as ever arms of a girl have been. The priest himself had said so, pinching her under the chin. The youths used to vie with one another as to who should dance with her; but now when she came to the inn they merely looked at one another, and went to dance with other women. And yonder there were the two white graves of her hopes, the snow over them growing higher and higher, rising above the level of the snow elsewhere.

Was he all that was left to her, Yancu? It could not be so. And yet his voice was so soft, and that which he had said about making boots for her was so prettily said. She wondered whether he would really make boots for her—or wait until he got better leather.

And so, while the Winter raged, and snow-storm succeeded snow-storm, and the wolves howled through the night, the men inside of Bercu's mill were working with ax and hammer and trowel and lathe to put the millstones in place. At the inn on Sundays they talked of nothing else. But why did Petru not come to see her? She would see him occasionally come out at the door and look impatiently to the road. But never did he look where the little island was. Then one afternoon she heard the crack of whips and the voice of cart-drivers talking to their oxen. Petru ran knee-deep in snow ahead of them. His millstones had arrived. And the whole village on his shore, men, women, and children, came huddled in their wolfskin coats, with black lambskin caps down to their eyes, their feet encased in heavy boots; all to see the unloading of the stones, larger and thicker even than the stones Bercu had already set in his mill. Impatient, Ephrosi approached the young miller.

"My stones have arrived," Petru exclaimed.

Then he repaired with the drivers and the people to the inn, while the women remained to admire the two immense stones that were reposing on the snow-buried sleigh.

"Our mill will be bigger than the mill across the river," said one.

"No, we shall have two mills!" exclaimed another. "A little mill and a big mill. And the little mill shall be one for corn."

"Father says he will grow twice as much wheat as he did last year. It will take Petru six days to mill it, even with his big stones," said Marga, the daughter of the richest peasant of the village, "for he has given Petru money to buy the stones with."

"There is a rich husband for you," said another woman, looking at Marga.

"For me?" laughed Marga as she looked at Ephrosi.

And Ephrosi did not know what to do better than to laugh. Soon the men came back from the inn. Ephrosi went up to Petru again. She wanted to talk to him, so that the people should see them together, so that Marga and the others should see——

"Big stones, Ephrosi, big stones," was all that he had to say, hardly looking at her. He was too much occupied to talk to her.

And then amidst great noise, heeding one another's advice, the peasants, with the help of the drivers, and supervised by Petru, unloaded the stones, and leaned them edgewise against the wall of the mill. Ephrosi stood aside and watched them work. The mayor of the village came to congratulate the young miller. Then the priest came to bless his stones. And Marga's father said in the presence of all of them, loud enough for every one to hear: "When Spring comes, and he begins to build his mill, there shall be no shortage of money, eh, Petru? For these two stones can pay back what they cost in two weeks' work."

And they all shook hands on that.

SLOWLY the Winter dragged on. Snow-storm succeeded snow-storm, and it seemed as tho the ice on the river would never break, and that the trees would never uncover themselves again to the rays of the sun. Sunday after Sunday passed. Ephrosi went to the inn, to the dances, to every one of them. Every time she waited for either Bercu or Petru to come and ask her to dance. But tho they were young, both of them, they were continually kept in earnest conversation about crops and other important things by the older men of the village.

And no one of the other young men came to ask Ephrosi to dance. One by one the young eligible ones formed other alliances. One by one the dates of weddings of one and another were being fixed by the parents and posted on the door of the church. Why should they dance with Ephrosi? She was to marry one of the millers. No one knew which. Sometimes they thought it was Bercu, and at other times Petru. They saw her dance occasionally with the limping Yancu. It was good of her. She was kind to him. The other girls would not dance with him. He had made himself a special shoe for his shorter leg, so that his limping was less perceptible as he danced now.

And while the people were thinking that it was very kind of Ephrosi to dance with Yancu, Ephrosi herself was beginning to think that he was dancing with her out of pity, for there was no greater shame than to have been at a dance on Sunday, and go home undanced by any young man of the village. And he knew that.

Then Spring came. The ice on the river broke. The snow melted. The enlarged wheel on Bercu's mill was set, and unleashed to the accompaniment of songs and music by the gipsies. It splashed and turned. For a few minutes the two were allowed to crunch idly against each other so as to smoothen the edges off by their own weight. Then the first bag of wheat was thrown into them. The empty sack hanging from the tin pipe underneath began to fill rapidly. Then the people put their hands into the bag to ascertain the fineness of the milling, and they each expressed their satisfaction. These were hard stones, and they ground finely.

According to an old custom that bag of flour was to be baked into loaves to be eaten in common the following Sunday at a feast especially arranged for that purpose. Bercu came with a handful of flour to Ephrosi and

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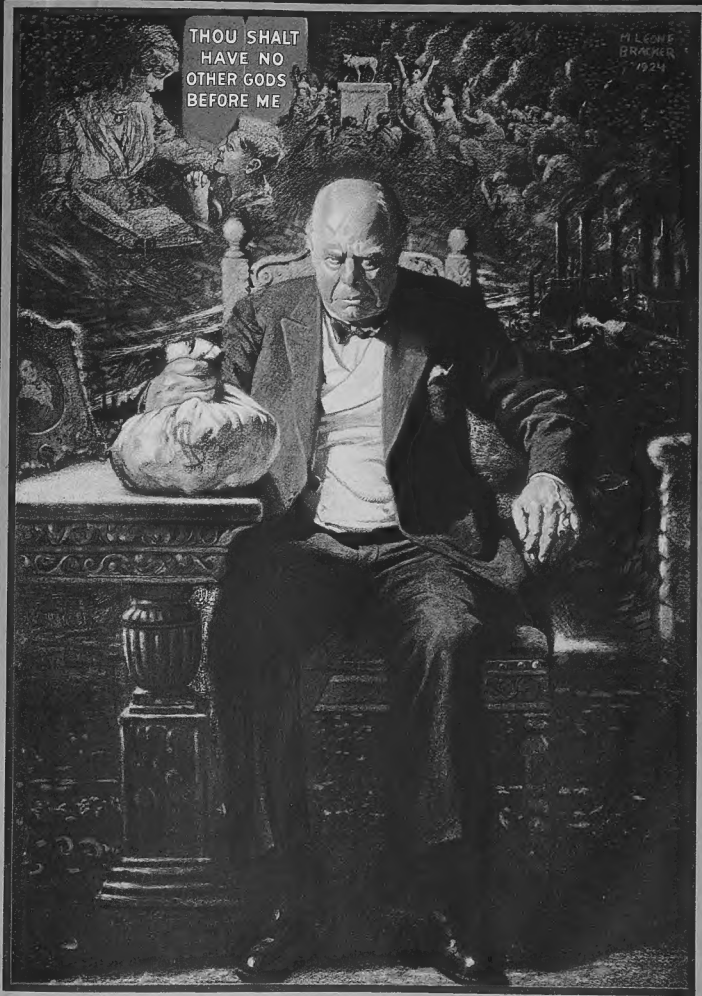

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me" — Exodus 20:3

FIRST COMMANDMENT

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

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An Intimate and Authentic Life-Story of Edward, Seventeenth Prince of Wales

A King *in the* Making

By Genevieve Parkhurst

Part Two—Boyhood

In which, by the death of Edward VII., George, Prince of Wales, becomes George V., King of England, and Prince Edward of York becomes Edward, Prince of Wales, heir direct to the throne. In which, too, a lad learns to know the sea which calls him. But he is now a King's eldest son; his dream drifts past him to frustration

Courtesy of The Illustrated London News

FOLLOWING THE INVESTITURE AT CARNARVON THE PRINCE WAS PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE OF WALES

IN MAY, 1907, Prince Edward, in the blue uniform of a naval cadet, boarded the royal yacht *Alberta* at Portsmouth, and with his father, Prince George of Wales, sailed for Cowes to enter the Royal Naval College at Osborne.

As the *Alberta* left the dock, the young Prince stood on the bridge with his father, looking out toward the sea. He was pensive at first, naturally. He was going into a new world where, for the first time in his life, he would be just a boy among hundreds of other boys. As the yacht came into Spithead he awakened eagerly to that long and formidable line of dreadnoughts and cruisers gathered there for a naval display. Some measure of the power which had created and still maintained the great battle-fleet and which declared England mistress of the sea was made by the child's mind. In his mind, too, a picture was made—a dream-picture—of the years when he might sail the seas, like his father, a "sailor-Prince" in command of one of these armored symbols of his empire's might.

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MIDSHIPMAN H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD H.M.S. *HINDUSTAN*. HE WAS HAPPY THEN

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THE PRINCE, WISTFUL AND DISAPPOINTED, GIVES UP THE SEA AND SAILS FOR FRANCE

At Cowes he was the first to make shore after his father, skipping ardently over the gangplank to the wharf of Trinity Pier, where they were greeted by Captain Alexander Sinclair, who was chief of Osborne Naval College. Father and son were driven away together, going to Kent House, a royal residence close by, for the night. For the last time Prince George talked with his eldest son upon the course he was to follow at Osborne, impressing him with the knowledge that here he was to be no different from the other boys; that he was to work as they worked, to live as they lived, to be disciplined as they were disciplined, and to play as they played.

The next morning he was driven to Osborne, where, without ceremony, he became Cadet Edward of Wales.

His first hour at Osborne must have been a bewildering one, avid tho he was for its adventure. To be permitted to be just himself—a regular boy among other regular boys—and not a glorified symbol—was the thing above all others that he wanted to be—just as it is his wish to-day. It was a thing easier to want, perhaps, than to will. Genuine tho he might be in his friendliness to others, with the knowledge of what was due their future King, they must naturally be ill at ease with him until the eternal nonchalance of the eternal boy had its way.

Edward, or "Eddie," as he later was known to the boys, realized this, and was inclined to keep aloof in the fear that he might spoil their good time. By degrees he was drawn to them and they to him, and he was soon as inconspicuous as the rest of the cadets.

His anxiety to be at home and to make others feel at home when with him worked in an amiable way. Boys are curious and often tactless. They are not careful of the questions they may ask. But Edward of Wales had been born and raised to the necessity for tactfulness and he met his questions with an ineffable good humor.

From the Private Collection of the Prince of Wales

CADET EDWARD OF WALES TAKES A SWIMMING LESSON IN THE SOLENT

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Photo by Campbell-Gray, Ltd.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS MARY AT THE CORONATION. MARY WEARS A TRAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME

He had been at Osborne but a day when a cadet, about his own age, stopped him on the terrace, asking his name.

"Edward," replied the Prince.

"Edward? Edward what?" the boy insisted.

"Just Edward—that's all," he replied shyly, not wishing to embarrass the boy.

The boy, as most boys would have done, gave a disgusted grunt, and left him to join a group of cadets who stood talking not far away. "I say, what do you think of that new boy? I asked him his name and he wouldn't tell me. He said it was 'Edward—just Edward.'"

He was told who "Edward—just Edward" was. Frightened at his audacity, no doubt, and chagrined also, he hastened after the Prince, who had gone his way.

Catching up with him, the boy explained, "I'm sorry. I did not know who you were." The Prince laughingly accepted the apology.

"That's all right," he said. "You see, I really have no last name." Episodes such as this quickly established him in the favor of his mates.

By no means, however, were they permitted to override his affability. A ready wit, a sense of humor, and a certain quietness of manner combined in a gentle gift for putting people in their places. It was a gift he exercised with care, as he did not take offense easily. When he sprang to defense it was only when he felt an invasion of his personal reserves. A perfect model of the "retort courteous" was his answer to a crowd of junior cadets who, one recreation hour, had been plying him with a hundred and one questions. The inquisition evidently palled on him.

Finally one boy asked, "How does it feel to be the eldest son of the Prince of Wales? Isn't it frightfully hard sometimes?"

There was a twinkle in Edward's eye and the curve of comedy on his lips as he gave his seasoned reply: "I've never thought of it in that way. It's always seemed to me great luck to be born the eldest son, because when you're eldest you haven't got to wear any of your brothers' old clothes."

The arrival of the Prince caused little excitement at Osborne. Neither prerogative nor precedent was given him. It was the King's wish that this should be so.

The dormitory in which he slept was a long bare apartment without curtains and without rugs, with iron-enameled beds at intervals, with a sea-chest, containing the owner's entire equipment, at the foot of each bed. Edward's chest was no different from any other, except that it was marked "E. of W."

Taken by Mr. H. P. Hansell

PRINCES EDWARD AND ALBERT HELP REPAIR THE AQUEDUCT AT BALMORAL

Reveille was blown from the bugle at half past six in the morning, and the boys sprang out of bed to the monotonous twang of the corporal, who admonished them, "Turn out there, young gentlemen; turn out." Often it was cold "turning out," for there was no heat of any kind in the dormitory, and the chill sea-winds blew mercilessly in from the Solent, making the boys' teeth chatter and urging them to a swift stampede toward the plunge-baths. Quick dressing followed and then breakfast in the dining-hall, if one could glorify it with the name of breakfast—for all these boys had to go on until eleven o'clock was one cup of cocoa and one sea-biscuit, when they were given a brief "Stand easy," another biscuit, and a glass of milk.

Morning divisions, drill, and gymnastics filled the time until 8:45, when they gathered in the chapel for morning prayers. At nine class-work began, lasting, except for the brief respite at eleven, until one, when dinner was served. Simple, wholesome fare was served the boys, but not such as would cultivate a delicacy of palate, as fine mettle, not fastidious appetites, was the requirement for England's sea-fighters. The meats were always fresh-killed, and the vegetables were home-grown. Whatever craving the boys may have had for a digression from the wholesome had to be satisfied at the little "tuck-shop" and canteen at the college, where they were permitted to spend their small weekly stipends during the two-and-a-half-hour recreation which followed dinner.

The town of Osborne was "out of bounds" and the tradespeople were under official notification that there would be no redress if the boys were allowed credit. Recreation was passed in sports, ever the English boy's best pastime. This period, too, served as the truest instrument of discipline, for "defaulters," as those who infringed the rules or were lax in application, were kept at drill while their messmates had the run of the playground.

At Kingston, about a mile from the college, were located the mechanical shops. Daily the classes, in parade, Edward of Wales always an eager unit, marched to the building, whistling as they went. Here, with the other boys, he learned how to fashion a crank pin out of a bar of steel, to shoot a file, to handle a drill, and to do numerous tricks of elementary mechanics, without knowledge of which no cadet can qualify for His Majesty's Navy.

From 4:10 until 6:30 in the afternoon was study-time. At seven o'clock tea was served—and tea was just tea with scones and jam, cooked fruit, and a bit of cake—then another hour of study, after which recreation in St. Vincent's Hall filled the half-hour before bedtime. Then prayers. At half past eight the bugle sounded "Retire" and the boys went to bed. After the commander had made the rounds the bugle sounded "Lights out," and the neophyte sailors were snug in their cots until the dawn's "Reveille."

For two years this was the young Prince's routine, varied by two half-holidays a week and periodical sea-cruises in his last term. He has said they were two of the happiest years of his life. No doubt they were. While rigid discipline and hard work were their order, his spirit was free—he was doing the thing he wanted to do. Above everything else, he was not made to stand out from the crowd—he was part of it—an average boy with other average boys.

His nickname was "Sardines." When he first heard it he asked a boy who gave it to him, and why.

"The fellows generally," was the answer. "It's plain, you know! You're young W(h)ales, therefore 'Sardines.'" And the Prince loved it.

To be one with his fellows was his desire as well

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

W. & D. Downey

AT FOURTEEN—HEAD OF THE FAMILY LEFT TO RIGHT STANDING, THE DUKE OF YORK, PRINCE HENRY, THE PRINCE OF WALES. SEATED, PRINCE JOHN, PRINCESS MARY, PRINCE GEORGE

Courtesy of Mr. H. P. Hansell

AT FIFTEEN THE PRINCE WAS AN EXPERT MARKSMAN. THIS PICTURE, TAKEN AT BALMORAL, CELEBRATES THE KILLING OF HIS FIRST STAG

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"LILLA, SLIGHTLY DROOPING HER HEAD, LET FALL, 'HE'S BACK AGAIN. HE BOTHERED THE LIFE OUT OF ME TO BRING HIM HERE'"

The Mother's Recompense

BY EDITH WHARTON

Complete in Five Parts—Part Two

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

ANNE, withdrawing from her mother's embrace, had decreed, in a decisive tone, "And now I'm going to ring for Alina to tuck you up in bed. And presently your dinner will be brought: consommé and chicken and champagne. Is that what you'll like?"

"Exactly what I shall like. But why not share it with you down-stairs?"

But the girl had been firm, in a sweet, almost obstinate way. "No, dearest—you're really tired out. You don't know it yet, but you will presently. I want you just to lie here, and enjoy the fire and the paper, and go to sleep as soon as you can."

Where did her fresh, flexible voice get that note of finality? It was—yes, without doubt—an echo of old Mrs. Clephane's way of saying: "We'll consider that *settled*, I think."

Kate shivered a little, but it was only a passing chill. The use the girl made of her authority was so different—as if the old Mrs. Clephane in her spoke from a milder sphere—and it was so sweet to be compelled, to have things decided for one, to be told what one wanted and what was best for one. For years Kate Clephane had had to order herself about: to tell herself to rest and not to worry, to eat when she wasn't hungry, to sleep when she felt staring wide-awake.

She would have preferred, on the whole, that evening, to slip into a tea-gown and go down to a quiet dinner, alone with her daughter and perhaps Fred Landers; she shrank from the hurricane that would start up in her head as soon as she was alone; yet she liked better still to be "mothered" in that fond, blundering way the young have of mothering their elders. And, besides, Anne perhaps felt—not unwisely—that, again, for the moment, she and her mother had nothing

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more to say to each other; that to close on that soft note was better, just then, than further effort. At any rate, Anne evidently did not expect to have her decision questioned. It was that hint of finality in her solicitude that made Kate, as she sank into the lavender-scented pillows, feel—perhaps evoked by the familiar scent of careful linen—the closing in on her of all the old bounds.

The next morning banished the sensation. She felt only, now, the novelty, the strangeness. Anne, entering in the wake of a perfect breakfast-tray, announced that Uncle Hendrik and Aunt Enid Drower were coming to dine, with their eldest son, Alan, with Lilla Gates (Lilla Gates, Kate recalled, was their married daughter) and Uncle Fred Landers—"No one else, dear, on account of this"—the girl touched her mourning dress—"but you'll like to begin quietly, I know; after the fatigue of the crossing, I mean," she added hastily, lest her words should seem to imply that her mother might have other reasons for shrinking from people. "No one else," she continued, "but Joe and Nollie. Joe Tresselton, you know, married Nollie Shriner—yes, one of the Fourteenth Street Shriners, the one who was first married to Frank Haverford. She was divorced two years ago, and married Joe immediately afterward." The words dropped from her as indifferently as if she had said: "She came out two years ago, and married Joe at the end of her first season."

"Nollie Tresselton's everything to me," Anne began after a pause. "You'll see—she's transformed Joe. Everybody in the family adores her. She's waked them all up. Even Aunt Enid, you know— And when Lilla came to grief—"

"Lilla? Lilla Gates?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? It was really dreadful for Aunt Enid especially with her ideas. Lilla behaved really badly; even Nollie thinks she did. But Nollie arranged it as well as she could. Oh, but I'm boring you with all this family gossip."

The girl paused, suddenly embarrassed, then, glancing out of the window: "It's a lovely morning, and not too cold. What do you say to my running you up to Bronx Park and back before lunch, just to give you a glimpse of what Nollie calls our *New* York? Or would you rather take another day to rest?"

THE rush through the vivid air; the spectacle of the new sumptuous city; of the long reaches above the Hudson, with their showy architecture and towering "institutions"; of the smooth boulevards flowing out to cared-for, prosperous suburbs; the vista of Fifth Avenue, as they returned, stretching southward, interminably, between monumental façades and resplendent shop-fronts—all this, and the tone of Anne's talk, her unconscious allusions, revelations of herself and her surroundings, acted like champagne on Kate Clephane's brain, making the world reel about her in a headlong dance that challenged her to join it.

The way they all took their mourning, for instance! She, Anne, being her grandmother's heiress (she explained), would of course not wear colors till Easter, or go to the opera (except to matinées) for at least another month. Didn't her mother think she was right? "Nollie thinks it awfully archaic of me to mix up music and mourning. What have they got to do with each other, as she says? But I know Aunt Enid wouldn't like it—and she's been so kind to me. Don't you agree that I'd better not?"

"But, of course, dear; and I think your aunt's right."

Inwardly, Kate was recalling the inexorable laws which had governed family affliction in the New York to which she had come as a bride: three crape-walled years for a parent, two for sister or brother, at least twelve solid months of black for grandparent or aunt, and half a year (to the full) for cousins, even if you counted them by dozens, as the Clephanes did. As for the weeds of widowhood, they were supposed to be measured only by the extent of the survivor's affliction, and *that* was expected to last as long, and proclaim itself as unmistakably in crape and seclusion, as the most intolerant censor in the family decreed unless you were prepared to flout the whole clan, and could bear to be severely reminded that your veil was a quarter of a yard shorter than Cousin Julia's, tho her bereavement antedated yours by six months.

Much as Kate Clephane had suffered under the old dispensation, she felt a slight recoil from the indifference that had succeeded it. She herself, just before sailing, had replaced the colored finery hastily bought on the Riviera by a few dresses of unnoticeable black, which, without suggesting the hypocrisy of her wearing mourning for old Mrs. Clephane, yet kept her appearance in harmony with her daughter's; and Anne's question made her glad that she had done so.

The new tolerance, she soon began to see, applied to everything; or, if it didn't, she had not yet discovered the new prohibitions, and during all that first-glittering day seemed to move through a millennium where the lamb of pleasure lay down with the lion of propriety. After all, this New York into which she was being reinducted had never, in any of its stages, been hers; and the fact, which had facilitated her flight from it, leaving fewer broken ties and uprooted habits, would now, she saw, in an equal measure simplify her return.

Her absence, all those years, had counted, for the Clephanes, only in terms of her husband's humiliation; there had been no family of her own to lament her fall, take up her defense, quarrel with the clan over the rights and wrongs of the case, force people to take sides, and leave a ramification of vague rancors to which her return would give new life. The old aunts and indifferent cousins in her remote inland town had bowed their heads before the scandal, thanking fortune that the people they visited would probably never hear of it. And now she came back free of everything and every one, and rather like a politician resuming office than a prodigal returning to his own.

The sense of it was so rejuvenating that she was almost sure she was looking her best (and with less help than usual from Alma) when she went down to dinner to meet the clan. Enid Drower's appearance gave a momentary check to her illusion: Enid, after eighteen years, seemed alarmingly the same—pursed-up lips, pure vocabulary, and all. She had even kept, to an astonishing degree, the physical air of her always middle-aged youth, the smooth complexion, symmetrically waved hair, and empty eyes that made her plump, small-nosed face like a statue's.

YET the mere fact of her daughter Lilla profoundly altered her—the fact that she could sit beaming maternally across the table at that impudent stripped version of herself, with dyed hair, dyed lashes, drugged eyes, and unintelligible dialect. And her husband, Hendrik Drover—that typical old New-Yorker—that he too should accept this outlawed daughter, laugh at her slang, and greet her belated entrance with the remark: "Top-notch get-up tonight, Lil!"

"Oh, Lilla's going on," laughed Mrs. Joe Tresselton, slipping her thin brown arm through her cousin's heavy white one.

Lilla laughed indolently: "Ain't *you?*"

"No I mean to stay and bore Aunt Kate till the small hours, if she'll let me."

Aunt Kate! How sweet it sounded, in that endearing young voice! No wonder Anne had spoken as she did of Nollie. Whatever Mrs. Joe Tresselton's past had been, it had left on her no traces like those which had smirched and deadened Lilla. Kate smiled back at Nollie and loved her. She was prepared to love Joe Tresselton too, if only for having brought this live thing into the family.

Personally, Joe didn't at first offer many points of contact: he was so hopelessly like his cousin Alan Drover, and like all the young American officers Kate had seen on leave on the Riviera, and all the young men who showed off collars or fountain-pens or golf-clubs in the backs of American magazines. But then Kate had been away so long that, as yet, the few people she had seen were always on the point of being merged into a collective American Face. She wondered if Anne would marry an American Face, and hoped, before that, to learn to differentiate them; meanwhile she would begin by practising on Joe, who, seating himself beside her with the collective smile, seemed about to give voice to the famous advertising slogan.

Instead he said: "Anne's great, isn't she, Aunt Kate?" and thereby acquired an immediate individuality for Anne's mother.

Dinner was announced, and at the dining-room door Kate wavered, startled by the discovery that it was still exactly the same room—black-and-gold, with imitation tapestries and a staring white bust niched in a red-marble overmantel—and feeling once more uncertain as to what was expected of her. But already Anne was guiding her to her old seat at the head of the table, and waiting for her to assign their places to the others. The girl did it without a word; just a glance and the least touch. If this were indeed a mannerless age, how miraculously Anne's manners had been preserved!

And now the dinner was progressing, John Clephane's champagne bubbling in their glasses (it seemed oddest of all to be drinking her

The Story of the Story

EIGHTEEN years before the story opens Kate Clephane, harassed by a home life that stifled her individuality, left her husband and three-year-old daughter. After a considerable absence from home she desires to see the child once more, but all attempts to see her prove unsuccessful and her letters are returned to her unopened. Her husband dies and she takes up her residence abroad, drifting from place to place until she finally meets Chris Penno, a young artist, with whom she falls desperately in love. Chris leaves her and she eventually becomes identified with a colony of American expatriates on the Riviera.

As the story opens Kate receives two cablegrams from New York. The first announces the death of her mother-in-law, while the second is from her daughter Anne, asking her to come back to her old home. Kate sails for New York, meets her daughter, and begins again the life she had left nearly two decades before.

"IN THE BOX OVER THERE; BUT HE'S GONE NOW; BOLTED. SAID HE WAS TOO SHY TO COME OVER AND SPEAK TO YOU. GIVE YOU MY WORD!"

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husband's Veuve Clicquot), Lilla steadily smoking, both elbows on the table, and Nollie Tresselton leading an exchange of chaff between the younger cousins, with the object, as Kate Clephane guessed, of giving her, the newcomer, time to take breath and get her bearings.

It was wonderful, sitting there, to recall the old "family dinners," when Enid's small censorious smile (Enid, then in her twenties!) seemed as inaccessible to pity as the forbidding line of old Mrs. Clephane's lips; when even Joe Tresselton's mother (that lazy, fat Alethea Tresselton) had taken her cue from the others, and echoed their severities with a mouth made for kissing and forgiving; and John Clephane, at the foot of the table, proud of his house, proud of his wine, proud of his cook, still half proud of his wife, was visibly saying to himself, as he looked about on his healthy, handsome relatives: "After all, blood is thicker than water."

The contrast was the more curious because nothing, after all, could really alter people like the Drovers. Enid was still gently censorious, tho with her range of criticism so deflected by the huge exception to be made for her daughter that her faultfinding had an odd remoteness; and Hendrik Drover, Kate guessed, would be as easily shocked as of old by allusions to the "kind of thing they did in Europe," tho what they did at home was so vividly present to him in Lilla's person, and in the fact of Joe Tresselton's having married a Fourteenth Street Shriner, and a divorced one at that.

It was all too bewildering for a poor exile to come to terms with—Mrs. Clephane could only smile and listen, and be thankful that her own case was so evidently included in the new range of their indulgence.

But the young people—what did they think? That would be the interesting thing to know. They had all, she gathered, far more interests and ideas than had scantily furnished her own youth; but all so broken up, scattered, and perpetually interrupted by the strenuous labor of their endless forms of sport, that they reminded her of a band of young entomologists, equipped with the newest thing in nets, but in far too great a hurry ever to catch anything. But perhaps it seemed so only to the slower motions of middle age.

Kate's glance wandered from Lilla Gates, the most obvious and least interesting of the group, to Nollie Shriner (one of the "awful" Fourteenth Street Shriners): Nollie Shriner first, then Nollie Haverford, wife of a strait-laced Albany Haverford, and now Nollie Tresselton, tho she still looked, with her brown squirrel-face and slim little body, like a girl in the schoolroom. Yes, even Nollie seemed to be in a great hurry; one felt her perpetually ordering and sorting and marshaling things in her mind, and the fact, Kate presently perceived, now and then gave an odd, worn look of fixity to her uncannily youthful face. Kate wondered when there was ever time to enjoy anything, with that perpetual alarm-clock in one's breast.

Her glance traveled on to her own daughter. Anne seemed eager too, but not at such a pace, or about such a multiplicity of unrelated things. Perhaps, tho, it was only the fact of being taller, statelier—old-fashioned words still fitted Anne—which gave her that air of boyish aloofness. But no; it was the mystery of her eyes—those eyes which, as Kate had told her, she had chosen for herself from some forgotten ancestral treasury into which none of the others had dipped. Between olive and brown, but flecked with golden lights, a little too deep set, the lower lid flowing up smooth and quite flat from the cheek, and the thick black lashes as evenly set as the microscopic plumes in a Peruvian feather-ornament; and above them, too prominent, even threatening, yet melting at times to curves of maiden wonder, the obstinate brows of old Mrs. Clephane. What did those eyes portend?

Kate Clephane glanced away, frightened at the riddle, and absorbed herself in the preoccupying fact that the only way to tell the Drovers from the Tresseltons was to remember that the Drovers' noses were even smaller than the Tresseltons' (but *would* that help, if one met one of either tribe alone?). She was roused by hearing Enid Drover question plaintively, as the ladies regained the drawing-room: "But, after all, why *shouldn't* Anne go too?"

The women formed an interrogative group around Mrs. Clephane, who found herself suddenly being scrutinized as if for a verdict. She cast a puzzled glance at Anne, and her daughter slipped an arm through hers, but addressed Mrs. Drover.

"Go to Madge Glenver's cabaret-party with Lilla? But there's no real reason at all why I shouldn't—except that my preference, like Nollie's, happens to be for staying at home this evening."

Mrs. Drover heaved a faint sigh of relief, but her daughter, shrugging impatient shoulders out of her too willing shoulder-straps, grumbled: "Then why doesn't Aunt Kate come too? You'll talk her to death if you all stay here all the evening."

Nollie Tresselton smiled. "So much for what Lilla thinks of the charm of our conversation!"

Lilla shrugged again. "Not *your* conversation particularly. I hate talking. I only like noises that don't mean anything."

"Does that rule out talking—*quite?*"

"Well, I hate cleverness, then; you and Anne are always being clever. You'll tire Aunt Kate a lot more than Madge's party would." She stood there, large and fair, the features of her small, inexpressive face so like her mother's, the lines of her relaxed, inviting body so different from Mrs. Drover's righteous curves. Her painted eyes rested curiously on Mrs. Clephane. "You don't suppose she spent her evenings in Europe sitting at home like this, do you?" she asked the company with simplicity.

"KATE FELT HERSELF CARRYING IT OFF ON WINGS. 'VERY OFTEN I JUST SAT AT HOME ALONE, AND THOUGHT OF YOU ALL HERE, AND OF OUR FIRST EVENING TOGETHER'"

There was a stricken pause. Kate filled it by saying with a laugh: "You'll think I might as well have, when I tell you I've never in my life been to a cabaret-party."

Lilla's stare deepened; she seemed hardly able to take the statement in. "What *did* you do with your evenings, then?" she questioned, after an apparently hopeless search for alternatives.

Mrs. Drover had grown pink and pursed up; even Nollie Tresselton's quick smiles seemed congealed. But Kate felt herself carrying it off on wings. "Very often I just sat at home alone, and thought of you all here, and of our first evening together—this very evening."

She saw Anne color a little, and felt the quick pressure of her arm. That they should have found each other again, she and Anne!

THE butler threw open the drawing-room door with solemnity. "A gentleman has called in his motor for Mrs. Gates; he sends word he's in a hurry, madam, please."

"Oh," said Lilla, leaping upon her fan and vanity-bag. She was out of the room before the butler had rounded off his sentence.

Mrs. Drover, her complacency restored, sank down on a plump Clephane sofa that corresponded in richness and and ponderosity with her own person. "Lilla's such a baby," she sighed; then, with a freer breath, addressed herself to sympathetic inquiries as to Mrs. Clephane's voyage. It was evident that, as far as the family were concerned, Anne's mother had been born again, seven days earlier, on the gangplank of the liner that had brought her home. On these terms they were all delighted to have her back; and Mrs. Drover declared herself particularly thankful that the voyage had been so smooth.

Smoothness, Kate Clephane could see, was going to mark the first stage of her reembarkation on the waters of life. The truth came to her, after that first evening, with the surprized discovery that the family had refrained from touching on her past not so much from prudery, or discretion even, as because such retrogressions were jolting, uncomfortable affairs, and the line of least resistance flowed forward, not back.

She had been right in guessing that her questions as to what people thought of her past were embarrassing to Landers, but wrong in the interpretation of his embarrassment. Like every one else about her, he was caught up in the irresistible flow of existence, which somehow reminded her less of a mighty river tending seaward than of a sliding stairway revolving on itself. "Only they all think it's a river—" she mused.

But such thoughts barely lit on her tired mind and were gone. In the first days, after she had grasped (without seeking its explanation) the fact that she need no longer be on her guard, that henceforth there would be nothing to conjure away, or explain, or disguise, her chief sensation was one of illimitable relief. The rapture with which she let herself sink into the sensation showed her for the first time how tired she was, and for how long she had been tired. It was almost as if this sense of relaxation were totally new to her, so far back did her memory have to travel to recover a time when she had not waked to apprehension, and fallen asleep rehearsing fresh precautions for the morrow.

In the first years of her marriage there had been the continual vain effort to adapt herself to her husband's point of view, to her mother-in-law's standards, to all the unintelligible ritual with which they barricaded themselves against the alarming business of living. After that had

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"'MY GOOD LUCK!' SHE ECHOED AGAIN, WHILE THE TRUTH STILL DANCED IN HER EARS: THE TRUTH THAT SHE WAS FREE, FREE, FREE—OF ANOTHER FIGURE JUST TURNING INTO THE PARK FROM THE SAME

come the bitterness of her first disenchantment, and the insatiable longing to be back on the nursery-floor with Anne; then, through all the ensuing years, the many austere and lonely years, and the few consumed with her last passion, the ever-recurring need of one form of vigilance or another, the effort to keep hold of something that might at any moment slip from her, whether it were her painfully regained "respectability" or the lover for whom she had foregone it. Yes, as she looked back she saw herself always with taut muscles and the grimace of ease; always pretending that she felt herself free, and secretly knowing that the prison of her marriage had been liberty compared with what she had exchanged it for.

That was as far as her thoughts traveled in the first days. She abandoned herself with the others to the flood of material ease, the torrent of facilities on which they were all embarked. She had been scornful of luxury when it had symbolized the lack of everything else; now that it was an adjunct of her recovered peace she began to enjoy it with the rest, and to feel that the daily perfection of her breakfast-tray, the punctual renewal of the flowers in her sitting-room, the inexhaustible hot water in her bath, the swift gliding of Anne's motor, and the attentions of her household of servants were essential elements of this new life.

At last she was at rest. Even the nature of her sleep was changed. Waking one morning—not with a jerk, but slowly, voluntarily, as it were—out of a soundless, dreamless night, a miraculous draft of sleep, she understood that for years even her rest had been unrestful. She recalled the uncertainty and apprehension always woven through her dreams, the sudden nocturnal wakings to a blinding, inextinguishable sense of her fate, her future, her past, and the shallow, turbid half consciousness of her morning sleep, which would leave her, when she finally woke from it, emptied of all power of action, all hope and joy. Then every sound that broke the night-hush had been irritating, had pierced her rest like an insect's nagging hum; now the noises that accompanied her falling asleep and awakening seemed to issue harmoniously out of the silence, and the late and early roar of Fifth Avenue to rock her like the great reiterations of the sea.

"This is peace—this *must* be peace," she repeated to herself, like a botanist arrested by an unknown flower, and at once guessing it to be the rare, exquisite thing he has spent half his life in seeking.

Of course she would not have felt any of these things if Anne had not been the Anne she was. It was from Anne's presence, her smile, her voice, the mystery of her eyes even, that the healing flowed. If Kate Clephane had an apprehension left, it was her awe—almost—of that completeness of Anne's. Was it possible, humanly possible, that one could cast away one's best treasure, and come back after nearly twenty years to find it there, not only as rare as one had remembered it, but ripened, enriched, as only beautiful things are enriched and ripened by time? It was as if one had set out some delicate plant under one's window, so that it might be an object of constant vigilance, and then gone away, leaving it unwatched, unpruned, unwatered—how could one hope to find more than a dead stick in the dust when one returned?

But Anne was real; she was not a mirage or a mockery; as the days passed, and her mother's life and hers became adjusted to each other, Kate felt as if they were two parts of some delicate instrument which fitted together as perfectly as if they had never been disjoined—as if Anne were that other half of her life, the half she had dreamed of and never lived. To see Anne living it would be almost the same as if it were her own; would be better, almost; since she would be there, with her experience, and tenderness, to hold out a guiding hand, to help shape the perfection she had sought and missed.

These thoughts came back to her with particular force on the evening fixed for Anne's reappearance at the opera. During the weeks since old Mrs. Clephane's death the Clephane box had stood severely empty; even when the opera-house was hired for some charity entertainment, Anne sent a check, but refused to give the box. It was awfully "archaic," as Nollie Tresselton said; but somehow it suited Anne; was as much in her "style" as the close braids banded about her temples. "After all, it's not so easy to be statuesque, and I like Anne's memorial manner," Nollie concluded.

TO-NIGHT the period of formal mourning for old Mrs. Clephane was over, and Anne was to go to the opera with her mother. She had asked the Joe Tresseltons and her guardian to join them first at a little dinner, and Kate Clephane had gone up to her room rather earlier than usual to prepare for the evening. It was her first appearance too, and, as on each occasion when, amid the general flux, she came on some survival of her youth—a face, a voice, a point of view, a room in which the furniture had not been changed -she was astonished, and curiously agitated, at setting out from the very same house for the very same opera-box.

The only difference would be in the mode of progression; she remembered the Parisian landau and sixteen-hand chestnuts, with their glittering plated harness, that had waited at the door in her young days. Then she had a vision of her own toilet, of the elaborate business it used to be; Aline's predecessor, with skilled fingers, dividing the generous ripples of her hair, and building little nests of clustered curls about the temples and in the nape; then the stealing up in her dressing-gown to Anne's nursery for a last kiss, and the hurrying back to get into her splendid brocade, to fasten the diamond coronet, the ruby "sunburst," the triple rope of pearls.

John Clephane was fond of jewels, and particularly proud of his wife's, first because he had chosen them, and secondly because he had given them to her. She sometimes thought that he really admired her only when she had them all on, and had often reflected ironically on Esther's wifely guile in donning her regal finery before she ventured into the presence of Ahasuerus. It certainly increased Kate Clephane's importance in her husband's eyes to know that, when she entered her box, no pearls could hold their own against hers except Mrs. Beaufort's and old Mrs. Goldmere's.

It was years since Kate Clephane had thought of those jewels. She smiled at the memory, and at the contrast between the unobtrusive dress Aline had just laid out and her earlier splendors. She supposed the jewels were Anne's now; since young girls, nowadays, dressed as richly as their elders, she had no doubt had them reset for her own use. Mrs. Clephane closed her eyes with a smile of pleasure, picturing Anne (as she had not yet seen her) with bare arms and shoulders, the orient of the pearls merging in that of her young skin. It was lucky that Anne was tall enough to look her best in jewels.

Thence the mother's fancy wandered to the effect Anne must produce on other imaginations; on those, particularly, of young men. Was she already, as they used to say, "interested"? Among the young men Mrs. Clephane had seen, either calling at the house, or in the course of quasi-family dinners at the Tresseltons', the Drovers', and other cousins' or "in-laws'," she had remarked none who seemed to fix her daughter's attention. But there had been, as yet, few opportunities; the mitigated mourning for old Mrs. Clephane did at least seclude them from general society, and if a girl as aloof as Anne was already attracted, she might well, by the law of contrasts, have been drawn to some one unfamiliar and undulled by easy opportunities.

"Or an older man, perhaps?" Kate considered. She thought of Anne's half-daughterly, half-feminine ways with her former guardian, and then shrugged away the possibility that her old angular Fred could exercise a sentimental charm. Yet the young men of Anne's generation, those her mother had hitherto met, seemed curiously undifferentiated and immature, as if they had been kept too long in some pure and enlightening school, eternally preparing for a life into which their parents and professors could never decide to let them plunge.

It struck Mrs. Clephane that Chris, when she first met him, must have been about the age of these beautiful, inarticulate athletes—and Heaven knew how many lives he had already run through! As he said himself, he felt every morning when he woke as if he had come into a new fortune, and had somehow got to "blow it all in" before night.

Kate Clephane sat up and brushed her hand over her eyes. It was the first time Chris had been present to her, in that insistent, immediate way, since her return to New York. She had thought of him, of course—how could she cast even a glance back over her own past without seeing him there, woven into its very texture? But he seemed to have receded to the plane of that past: from his torturing actual presence her new life had delivered her. She pressed both hands against her eyes, as if to crush and disperse the image stealthily forming; then she rose and went into her bedroom, where, a moment before, she had heard Aline.

The maid had finished her preparations and gone; the bedroom was empty. The change of scene, the mere passage from one room to another, the sight of the

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AWAY FROM HIM AT LAST, FAR ENOUGH OFF TO SEE HIM AND JUDGE HIM! AND SUDDENLY, AS THEY HUNG THERE, SHE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE

DIRECTION. IN ANOTHER MOMENT ANNE WOULD BE UPON THEM"

evening dress and opera-cloak on the bed, and of Beatrice Cenci looking down on them through her perpetual snuffles, sufficed to recall Kate to the present. She turned toward the dressing-table, and noticed a box which had been placed before her mirror. It was of ebony and citron-wood, embossed with agates and carnelians, and heavily clasped with chiseled silver; and from the summit of the lid a silver Cupid bent his shaft at her.

Kate broke into a faint laugh. How well she remembered that box! She did not have to lift the lid to see its padded trays and tufted sky-blue satin lining! It had been old Mrs. Clephane's jewel-box, and on Kate's marriage the dowager had solemnly handed it over to her with its contents.

"I wonder where Anne found it?" Kate conjectured, amused by the sight of one more odd survival in that museum of the past which John Clephane's house had become. She touched the lid, but it resisted, and she noticed a little key on one of the handles. She put the key in the lock, and saw all her jewels lying before her. On a slip of paper Anne had written:

"Darling, these belong to you. Please wear some of them to-night."

AS SHE entered the opera-box Kate Clephane felt as if the great central chandelier were raying all its shafts upon her, as if she were somehow caught up into its devouring blaze. But only for a moment—after that it seemed perfectly natural to be sitting there with her daughter and Nollie Tresselton, backed by the usual cluster of white waistcoats. After all, in this new existence it was Anne who mattered, not she. Instantly, after the first plunge, Mrs. Clephane felt herself merged in the blessed anonymity of motherhood, that softening mist which drapes the harsh angles of age and blots out its wrinkles better than any beauty-powder. She had never before understood how exposed and defenseless her poor unsupported personality had been through all the lonely years. Her eyes rested on Anne with a new tenderness; the glance crossed Nollie Tresselton's, and the two triumphed in their shared admiration. "Oh, there's no one like Anne!" their four eyes told each other.

Anne looked round and intercepted the exchange. Her eyes smiled too, and turned with a childish pleasure to the pearls hanging down over her mother's black dress.

"Isn't she beautiful, Nollie?"

Young Mrs. Tresselton laughed. "You were made for each other," she said.

Mrs. Clephane closed her lids for an instant; she wanted to drop a curtain between herself and the stir and brightness, and to keep in her eyes the look of Anne's as they fell on the pearls. The episode of the jewels had moved the mother strangely. It had brought Anne closer than a hundred confidences or endearments. As Kate sat there in the dark, she saw, detached against the blackness of her closed lids, a child stumbling across a windy beach, a funny flushed child with sand in her hair and in the creases of her fat legs, who clutched something that she was bringing to her mother. "It's for mummy," she said solemnly, disclosing a dead starfish between pink palms. Kate saw again the child's illuminated look, and felt the throb of catching her up, starfish and all, and pressing tight the rosy body and tousled hair.

In themselves the jewels were nothing. If Anne had handed her a bit of coal—or another dead starfish—with that look and that intention, the gift would have seemed as priceless. Probably it would have been impossible to convey to Anne how indifferent she had grown to the Clephane jewels. In her other life—that confused intermediate life which now seemed so much more remote than the day when the little girl had given her the starfish—in that other inconceivable life, jewels, she supposed, might have pleased her, as pretty clothes had, or flowers, or anything that flattered the eye.

Yet she could never remember having regretted John Clephane's jewels; and now they would have filled her with disgust, with abhorrence almost, had they not, in the interval, become Anne's. It was the girl who gave them their beauty, made them exquisite to the mother's sight and touch, as tho they had been a part of her child's loveliness, the expression of a tenderness she could not speak.

Mrs. Clephane suddenly exclaimed to herself: "I am rewarded!" It was a queer, almost blasphemous, fancy —but it came to her so. She was rewarded for having given up her daughter; if she had not, could she ever have known such a moment as this? She had been too careless and impetuous in her own youth to be worthy to form and watch this rare creature, and while she seemed to be rushing blindly to her destruction, Providence had saved the best part of her in saving Anne.

All these scrupulous, self-controlled people—Enid and Hendrik Drover, Fred Landers, even the arch-enemy, old Mrs. Clephane—had taken up the task she had flung aside, and carried it out as she could never have done. She had somehow run the mad course allotted to her, and come out of it sane and sound, to find them all waiting there to give her back her daughter. It was incredible, but there it was. She bowed her head in self-abasement.

THE box door was opening and shutting softly; on the stage voices and instruments soared and fell. She did not know how long she sat there, in a kind of brooding rapture. But presently she was roused by hearing a different voice at her elbow; she half opened her eyes, and saw a newcomer sitting by Anne. It was one of the young men who came to the house; his fresh, blunt face was as inexpressive as a football; he might have been made by a manufacturer of sporting-goods.

"—in the box over there; but he's gone now; bolted. Said he was too shy to come over and speak to you. Give you my word, he's got it bad; we couldn't get him off the subject."

"*Shy?*" Anne murmured.

"That's what he said. Said he's never had the microbe before. Anyhow, he's bolted off home. Says he don't know when he'll come back to New York."

Kate Clephane, watching her daughter through narrowed lids, perceived a subtle change in her face. Anne did not blush—that close-textured skin of hers seldom revealed the motions of her blood. Her delicate profile remained shut, immovable; she merely lowered her lids as if to keep in a vision. It was Kate's own gesture, and the mother recognized it with a start. She had been right, then; there was some one—some one whom Anne had to close her eyes to see! But who was he? Why had he been too shy to come to the box? Where did he come from? Whither had he fled?

Kate glanced at Nollie Tresselton, wondering if she had overheard; but Nollie, in the far corner of the box, leaned forward, deep in the music. Joe Tresselton had vanished; Landers slumbered in the rear. With a little tremor of satisfaction, Kate saw that she had her daughter's secret to herself; if there were no one to enlighten her about it at least there was no one to share it with her, and she was glad. For the first time she felt a little nearer to Anne than all the others.

"It's odd," she thought; "I always knew it would be some one from a distance." But there are no real distances nowadays, and she reflected with an inward smile that the fugitive would doubtless soon reappear, and her curiosity be satisfied.

That evening, when Anne followed her into her bedroom, Mrs. Clephane opened the wardrobe in which she had placed the jewel-box. "Here, my dear; you shall choose one for me to wear. But I want you to take back all the rest."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Christmas, 1924

CHRISTMAS short stories and articles, a Christmas play, a Christmas cut-out for the children, Edith Wharton's absorbing serial "The Mother's Recompense," Christmas departments, up-to-the-minute fashions, page after page of colored illustrations, many of them in full color—in short, an issue you can't afford to miss.

PICTORIAL REVIEW
for December

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The Golden Age of the Theater in America

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

In Which We Have a Closeup of the Actors of a Bygone Time and Witness the Early Efforts of the Stage Favorites of the Present Day

By William A. Brady

Part Three

Photo by Newsboy

Photo by Mora

UPPER LEFT—RICHARD MANSFIELD, FOR YEARS OUR PREMIER ACTOR

OVAL—JAMES O'NEILL IN "THE TWO ORPHANS"

LOWER LEFT—ROSE COGHLAN, A FAVORITE THREE DECADES AGO

THE eighties, or perhaps the period from the middle seventies to the early nineties, was, to my way of thinking, the Golden Age of the theater in America.

I sometimes feel that I am authorized to speak on the subject. I have had a large experience—an experience extending from 1876 to the present. Beyond that I have read much and reflected much. I have personally known the best and the worst persons connected with our theater. I have seen many good things fail and many bad things succeed. I am quite as familiar with the hokum of the theater as with its ideals.

Because of the vastness of the subject, I can only touch on certain outstanding particulars. The Golden Age—speaking of this period as if it were a person—witnessed events which were destined, some to throw a constructive, some to throw a destructive influence over the theater.

It witnessed the height of the social power of the theater in America; the flowering of the art of acting in our country; changes in the art from the theatrical to the naturalistic method. It witnessed the discovery and the development of new actors and directors—persons who have had a large part in shaping the destiny of our theater. It witnessed a circumstance which I believe to have been the seed of the great Theater Trust. It witnessed the birth and development of the matinée idol and also a marked innovation in publicity methods.

During the Golden Age the theater was of all things the greatest social element of the day. The production of a new play by Booth, Wallack, Daly, or Palmer—with its Rose Coghlan or its Ada Rehan, its John Drew or its Charles R. Thorne—was the event. The first night was an occasion. From my gallery seat I could pick out the conspicuous men I had learned to know by sight. There were A. Oakey Hall, the Mayor—always a first-nighter—who himself had histrionic aspirations; and Cyrus W. Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable; and his brother, David Dudley, the Judge, who codified the laws of the State of New York—men who really meant something to the country. There were the Vanderbilts and the Astors; Secretary of State Fish and his sons of great stature, Hamilton and Stuyvesant; Bob Cutting—everybody that amounted to anything in the social set. I used to see them exchanging visits from box to box and throughout the orchestra during intermissions, just as you will see male and female notables doing to-day at the Metropolitan.

The new play was the morning-after, breakfast-table topic throughout the length and breadth of the city. We don't have any first nights like those to-day, except at the Metropolitan, or perhaps at a Marlowe and Sothern or a Mrs. Fiske event.

Favorite actors and actresses were deemed social acquisitions. They were sought out, lionized, wined and dined. Lucky was the hostess who could get one of them to adorn her feast. And if any one were so fortunate as to have Edwin Booth for a guest she was the envied of all society.

Nor was this condition peculiar to New York. It was so all over the country. Not only were the favorites of local companies stars of the highest social strata, but a visiting star was seldom allowed to live at a hotel. Prominent society persons of the town always seized him and made him a guest during his stay. The Mayor would call on such a one as John T. Raymond or William J. Florence and give him the key to the city. At present we have so

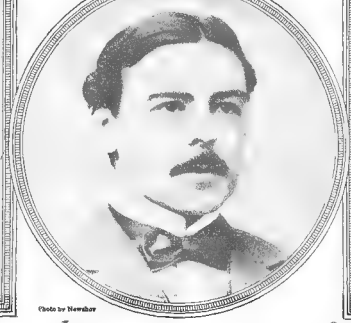

Photo by Newsboy

ADELINA PATTI, WHOSE VOICE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN BY THOSE WHO HEARD IT

CIRCLE—HENRY MILLER, ACTOR AND MANAGER, AS HE APPEARED IN THE NINETIES

Photo by Sarony

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Photo by Mora

THE NAME OF KATE CLAXTON MAY BE UNFAMILIAR TO-DAY—IT WAS ANOTHER STORY THIRTY YEARS AGO

many "openings" every day that not one of them excites any comment unless it be exceptional. Even in a smaller city the coming and going of a dramatic company and a new play excite little comment—so common are these events. And the fame of every play is so broadcast that all small-town folks are familiar with it long before it leaves the larger cities.

I might say further that there were very few scandals in the Golden Age amongst theatrical folk. Most all of them were decently married, and had children and home lives. Family skeletons were not dragged from the cupboards for publicity purposes. In fact they were so carefully guarded that even prying cub reporters couldn't get at them. Actors were members of the finest clubs—honored guests at all principal banquets.

The same social condition obtains among actors in certain parts of Europe to-day. I was in Budapest some time ago. At the Arts Club there—a thoroughly cosmopolitan organization—I saw actors, actresses, authors, musicians mingling on an equal footing—and why not?—with the proudest aristocrats of the city. The composer of "The Merry Widow" was the lion of the occasion, sitting at a piano, playing different airs to the delight of everybody.

Fine dramatic talent, during the Golden Age, would receive instant recognition from press and public, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The actor played as big a part in the newspapers as the politician did.

The Golden Age witnessed the building of the Booth Theater, an epoch-making event. It was a magnificent temple of art—four galleries—and was located at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City. It was deemed too huge for the time. There was nothing that approached it in size except the Academy of Music and the Grand Opera House. The enterprise had been called a financial failure. Be that as it may, it was now at the height of its artistic glory.

The highest tribute to Booth's managerial capacity was made by Dion Boucicault, who, tho a cynic, said:

"I have been in every theater, I trust, in Christendom, and the Booth Theater is the only theater that I've seen properly managed."

Mr. Booth was the idol of the hour. His very appearance was enough to stop traffic in the whole street. He was, above all things, sensitive as to the high moral, artistic reputation of his profession. A clergyman once wrote the great actor-manager asking that he be admitted by a side door so that he might escape observation. Booth answered:

"There is no door to my theater through which the eye of God can not see."

I really think the Booth Theater was the most illustrious playhouse of the Golden Age. It was here Booth made his long run in "Hamlet"; here E. L. Davenport, Fanny Davenport's father, appeared in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"; on this stage Charlotte Cushman played "Queen Catherine"; Frank Banks and Agnes Booth acted "Sardanapalus" here. It was at this house that the noted Irish tragedian, Barry Sullivan, made his first appearance in America.

Here was produced "Fifth Avenue," by George Fawcett Rowe, founded on or suggested by the Nathan murder—one of the most mysterious crimes ever committed anywhere. Benjamin Nathan, a great Jewish philanthropist and banker, who lived on Twenty-third Street, a few doors east of the theater, was found strangled in his bedroom one morning. The door of a private safe was open and papers were scattered about the room. There were other evidences of a violent struggle. It was alleged at the time that the Nathan family offered the producer of "Fifth Avenue" a large sum of money not to bring out the play, but the offer was declined and the play put on. And in it George T. Knight, the noted German comedian, made his great success.

George L. Fox, the great clown, made his last appearance in "Humpty-Dumpty" at the Booth. Fox was beginning to show signs of mental decay and his friends were afraid he would not last. One night he stole out the stage door, went into a nearby bakery, and purchased a basket of French rolls. With these he returned to the stage, and suddenly began to pelt the audience. Thus he signalized his retirement from the stage, for it was his last appearance. He was taken to his home and subsequently put into a sanitarium, from which he never returned.

Three other incomparable New York companies graced the Golden Age—Wallack's, Daly's, and the Union Square—the A. M. Palmer Company. Here was seen the matchless team-work of Lester Wallack, Rose Coghlan, Harry Montague; of Ada Rehan, Charles Thorne, John Drew, Jimmy Lewis, Fanny Davenport; of Clara Morris, Sarah Jewett, and a bit later Richard Mansfield.

At Wallack's I saw many performances—such favorites as "Rosedale," "Money," and other old comedies played by

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Photo by St. James's Studio

KYRLE BELLEW, THE MATINÉE IDOL OF MANY A GIRL WHO NOW HAS GIRLS OF HER OWN

EDWIN BOOTH, THE GREATEST ACTOR OF HIS DAY AND GENERATION

LEFT MAY ROBSON, A WITTY, CLEVER COMÉDIENNE OF BYGONE DAYS

RIGHT—CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, WHO BROUGHT THE SONGS AND ROMANCE OF IRELAND TO THE AMERICAN STAGE

Photo by Harvey

Photo by Launey

TYRONE POWER, STILL SEEN ON THE STAGE AND IN THE FILMS

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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost..."

A Tale of Blond Hair, Blue Eyes, First Love at Fifteen, and Two Juvenile Shylocks

By Alice Van Hise

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

"WHAT DID SHE SAY? WHAT DID HE SAY? SHE COULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU EITHER. SHE COULD ONLY HAVE TOLD YOU HOW HER KNEES HURT. OH, THIS PERPETUAL BACKING OVER A CIRCULAR TRACK—AROUND AND AROUND"

MARMADUKE SHAMEL had come from Gray's preparatory school to spend the Summer with his sister in his home town. In a way, altho he personally had arrived the day before yesterday, he was still coming. His first trunk had entered the house with him, his next trunk had appeared yesterday, and today a box filled with what-nots and this-is-its, an elongated package of golf-sticks, and a crate of now smashed pictures arrived to clutter up his room.

As he sat upon the crate of pictures amid his possessions he was not without pardonable pride in his ownership of effects which he had been gathering for years. But Babes, his comrade, who was sitting on the table near-by, was privately almost bitter upon the subject. He considered Marmaduke, or rather, "Shammy" as he was called, ostentatiously affluent.

There did seem to be a good deal around. Besides the furnishings of a regular room there was that which resembled a sport section from a department store. Also a haberdashery section. And over in the corner, belonging to no section whatsoever, like some desperate *dernier cri* from the wilderness, was part of an African jungle stage-set which had seen better times.

The jungle trees were as high as Shammy's room, and coiled in and about the trunk of one of them was a stuffed-paper rock python with two gleaming eyes. It had not been originally part of the stage-set, but Shammy had added the touch of realism himself.

Newcomers when they first caught sight of the entirety were apt to question their mental equilibrium. Did they see correctly? Was this truly an African jungle stage-set in the intimacy of a bedroom? Deep green foliage with the suggestion of untamed animal life lurking in the background, in a *bedroom?* All of their most reasonable sensibilities were outraged, but if Shammy happened to be present, he always hastily explained that the thing was "just a little bit" he had picked up when he was a kid. And altho he suffered a momentary self-consciousness at the time, he really regarded the jungle as one of the properties which made home for him.

As he looked around him, he mused that his room wasn't such a bad old place to be back in, that fifteen wasn't such a bad old age to have climbed up to, and that Jackson wasn't such a bad old town to be alive in. Suddenly there was a crunching sound and Babes exclaimed:

"What's that?"

"Gosh," said Shammy, hastily jumping from his seat on a crate of pictures. "The Madonna of the Chair!"

"Well," said Babes, "she'll never get up from it again."

Shammy undid the wrappings.

"Li'l' present I got for my sister," he explained. "They say it's very good. Lots of expression. Done by a fella named Vinci."

"Sure. It's cute," said Babes, generously. "What's the one underneath?"

"Ah," said Shammy, as he slowly drew out his photograph of Babe Ruth. "Lamp the shoulders on him."

Babes Bonnell, gently envious, changed the subject. "Well, there's a lot of the old gang back this Summer. Hot times ahead. Just one new arrival, name of June."

"Yah," said Shammy, his black brows drawing together as he held the photograph at arm's length and squinted at it. "Looks just like him."

"You haven't been out to the golf course yet, have you?"

"Ee-sacly like him."

The colossal idea dawned upon Babes.

"You mean you *saw* him?"

"Just happened to run in on the game between the Yanks and the Giants." Having produced the speechless effect he had intended, Shammy was ready to turn his mind elsewhere. "Who did you say was here?"

"Town's jammed. June Cox is here, and Irene Delano, and Clara, and June Cox, and Doris, and June Cox, an' let's see—"

Shammy, placing his hands on his knees, elbows out, stared at his friend.

"Are all the girls June Cox? She must be a strapping hulk to fill the town. Regular steamboat. Aren't there any fellows?"

"Sure, one or two, but she's the only new arrival. Name's June."

"Girls, humph!" said Shammy, with honest sorrow on his face. So far girls had been a minus quantity to him. In fact, his existence had been meticulously free from any such scourge. To be sure, he was fond of his sister who had run their home for the many years since their mother's death, but the rest of the sex was made up of just so much

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baggage to stumble over. He always went to parties and social affairs; but he went explicitly for the food, not for the girls.

"Well," said Babes as he admired his blond, well-fed person in the glass, "if you want me to name the fellows, there's Ferd Thompson."

Ferd Thompson was of a medium height. He had a stocky, powerful build, and steel gray eyes. When he laughed his voice was powerful. He was without doubt uncompromisingly good-looking.

At the mention of Ferd Thompson's name, Shammy winced. He had not forgotten the time last Summer when Ferd had called him "Marmaduke." It was true that his name was Marmaduke, but no one is responsible for the name he has been given when he is a helpless infant. The rest of the fellows called Shammy, Shammy, not Marmaduke. They understood.

Shammy was not *like* a Marmaduke.

He was thin, certainly, but he ate perpetually with the hope that such a situation would be remedied. And even if he was thin, he was strong, and he never wore pink shirts or an eye-glass, and he never touched tea.

So when he was called upon occasionally to give his full name he always skipped a syllable here and there, with the result that the sound was "Mduke," or "Umduck."

The mere mention of Ferd Thompson recalled to Shammy the unfortunate time last Summer when he had answered the door-bell and had been interviewed by the census-taker.

"How many in your family?"

"Oh, about two—I guess."

"Names?"

"Miss Harriet Shamel and Mduke Shamel."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"How do you spell it, Umduck?"

"Spell it the way you want to."

"Peculiar name; never happened to run across it before."

At that moment from nowhere had appeared Ferd Thompson.

"His name is Marmaduke," he said clearly. "Marmaduke—M-a-r-m-a-d-u-k-e."

Shammy had blushed all over.

"Got it all right?" said Ferd, glancing over the census-taker's shoulder to see that the name was on paper, letter for letter.

"Well," continued Babes to the thoughtful Shammy, "I got to tell you about June. June's visiting her aunt here. She's from the East. She's got the prettiest blue eyes. Maybe not blue, but gray. No, I guess sort of blue after all, only sometimes—"

Shammy began to look bored.

"Well, Ferd and June are the main ones. All over the place together."

"Oh, so Ferd gives Steamboat lots of his time?"

"Of course, you idiot pie-biter. Everybody does when they get a chance."

"Yeh! She's got her hooks in the town," exclaimed Shammy with elegance.

Babes became dignified.

"I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Who comes second after Ferd?"

Babes turned his pink cheeks modestly to one side.

"If you come to the Byrnes' party to-morrow night, you'll see her," he said, reaching for his cap.

"HE GREW DESPERATE AND TOOK TWO SIDE STEPS UNTIL HE TOUCHED FERD THEN HE SAID IN A MUFFLED VOICE, 'INTRODUCE ME'"

"Girls, humph!" said Shammy. "Steamboat won't stir me up. But I'll be there. The Byrnes have a good cook."

Before Babes left the room he gave a surreptitious glance at Shammy's photograph of Babe Ruth, and then he slammed the door.

"Their cook's been in the family for years," Shammy called after him.

The next night Shammy began to dress for the party toward eight o'clock. He was slow, quite careful, but bored with his toilet. Distinctly life in his home town did not amount to much. He had tried all morning to get up a game of tennis with the gang, but either the fellows were sleeping late after a party, or they were teaching some girl to shoot craps, or teaching some girl to play bridge, or waiting around for some girl to call them up. The gang was girl-crazy—a sad state of affairs.

SHAMMY had even dropped in at the Jacksons where a foursome of young ladies were having a swift game of tennis—that is, swift into the brook, swift over the fence, but never swift on the courts. And when they made mistakes they laughed without shame.

"Girls have no pride," he decided after he fetched a ball from the gooseberry patch for the third time, and had gone away.

If the girls had been able to read his mind as he had watched they would have been shocked, for Shammy, always open to conviction, had decided to give them a fair trial. He had inspected each one carefully.

Gertrude, oh, Gertrude! How could any one who tried to get a ball by turning around and backing up to it have even normal intelligence?

Mabel, well not so bad. Her hair was rather clean-looking, he approved, but she looked at him instead of at the ball, and giggled all the time. Hyena was his simile—besides, look at her legs.

Mildred Hoaks. Good night! The way she skipped around the court you would think it was a game of street hop-scotch.

Yes, as Shammy twisted his peacock party tie at eight o'clock that night, he felt that life was a great, gray room filled with dullards. Now, if he were only back at Gray's where men were men!

He gave a last look, knees bent, head dipped, at his lean, tall, black-haired self, and whistled. He did not think much one way or the other of the impression he made on the public eye, but accepted his appearance without any especial disappointment, exultation, or resignation. He went by the formula that if his shoes were not muddy, if his hands and ears were clean, nobody would object to him.

The observer, however, might have found something mildly humorous and pathetic about the unsettled chin, the man's hands dangling from the end of a boy's arms and shoulders, and the questioning expression of his eyes.

He straightened his knees, went "galumphing" down the stairs, and started out the door. He was trying to escape his sister. As usual, he was out of luck.

"O-ho," she called from the living-room. "Come in here and let me look at you."

He dragged himself back, and stood glumly before her. She had opened her mouth to mention something, but a glance at his hair had struck her dumb.

Now Shammy was one who oiled. But as every hair on his head cried to be perpendicular, here and there were defying gushes of upright notches that stood out like a cactus on a flat prairie. Harriet, not being able to do the subject justice, changed her attack.

"My word, Shammy, you *are* thin. Where does all the lamb and gravy and pie I feed you go? Where does it *go?*"

"Digestion," replied Shammy.

"Well, my dear, you look very nice, so run along. Aren't you going to take a girl to the party? Really, I don't think it's right for you to go single to those festivities just to glut and come home."

Shammy yanked her affectionately by the hair of her head, and grunted: "Girl? —Humph!"

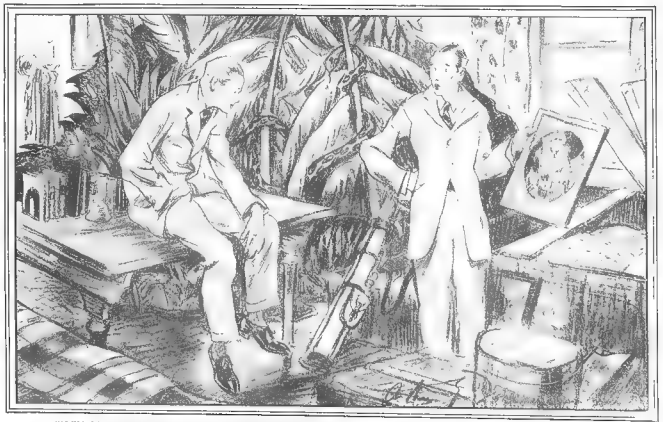
And so he went to the party. After he had shaken hands with his hostess, he took up his usual position between the dancing-room and the dining-room, where he could see what was happening in both places.

Then, seeing that the coast was clear, he sauntered into the kitchen. Since Sadie, the cook, knew him well, he considered that he had an entré into the heart of the household.

"Well, Sadie, what's it to-night?"

"Chocolate wafers, second shelf cooky-jar, and your favorites."

CON'D ON PAGE 97



"'LIL' PRESENT I GOT FOR MY SISTER,' HE EXPLAINED. 'THEY SAY IT'S VERY GOOD. LOTS OF EXPRESSION. DONE BY A FELLA NAMED VINCI.' 'SURE. IT'S CUTE,' SAID BABES, GENERALLY

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IN OLD DAYS *the care of the skin was based almost entirely on superstitious legend; today it is a matter of definite scientific knowledge*

In this BOOKLET—
the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

The famous Woodbury skin treatments represent the best advice that modern science can give to women about the daily care of their skin

IN old books, literally hundreds of recipes can be found, which famous beauties are said to have followed for the sake of a clear, youthful skin.

"Bathing in asses' milk, wherein lettuce leaves have been soaked"; "bathing all the year round in raspberry juice"; "a daily bath of chickweed water, oatmeal, and cow's milk"; "a bath every morning in Italian wine", etc., etc.

The care of the skin was once based almost entirely on superstition. Science has destroyed the value of these fantastic old formulae.

But in return it gives us today such clear, definite knowledge about the skin that any woman, by simple, regular care, can gain the charm of a beautiful complexion.

The care of the skin no longer based on superstition

Today we know that the skin cannot be nourished through the pores, by baths of milk or wine, but only through the blood; and that for cleansing, nothing has ever been found that so satisfactorily meets the skin's requirements as soft water and the best soap.

We know that proper cleansing can transform a dull sallow skin to one that is fresh and full of color. It can free the skin from blackheads, blemishes, and other disfiguring defects.

In order to give women everywhere the right cleansing method for their special type of skin, the famous Woodbury skin treatments were formulated and are published in the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Thousands of women, by following these famous skin treatments, have changed an unattractive complexion into one that is clear, smooth, and flawless.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin the right Woodbury treatment for *your* skin. Within a few weeks you will notice a marked improvement in the whole tone of your complexion.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the Woodbury treatments. For convenience' sake—buy your Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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IMAGINE GOLF IN THIS SPORTS COSTUME WITH ITS TIGHT JACKET AND PINCHED-IN WAIST

Fashions from Volume I. of Pictorial Review, 1899

Beauty—Then and Now

By Kathleen Eddy

NO HUMAN FORM EVER HAD THE LINES OF THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE IN THE LATE NINETIES

MEN always talk about the good old days. Women never do. The phrase "the good old days" was probably used first by Adam as the gates closed between the Garden of Eden and our first family; and in some way the rights of use have been held in trust for masculine posterity. When men gather together their serious discussions consist largely of references to some period in their past which, for happiness and health, overshadows completely all other periods. Man has always been a backward-looking animal. Woman looks forward.

Perhaps she does not like to remember the styles she followed in—shall we call them the good old days?

In 1899, waist-lines, busts, and hips were affected by all. Those were the days when the figure was moulded by the corset. It was a corset of heavy brocade, heavily boned and steeled, cut short on the hips, and flaring generously above and below the tiny waist. Supporters had not been introduced; but a style note of a little later period reads: "The new supporters on the corsets are a great convenience in two ways: they hold the stockings up and the corsets down."

What the corset could not do was accomplished by unmentionable pads and wire frames. The last thing a really nice woman would have done was to reveal any natural line of her figure. Her dresses were made to fit without a wrinkle, but they did not fit her figure.

Slowly we have learned that fashion need not be a system of torture and a menace to health. We have learned also that the natural lines of the body are beautiful and that the corset and costume of to-day are constructed, not in defiance of, but with every regard for the laws of health and hygiene, with a generous margin allowed for comfort.

Beauty on the Increase

THAT healthy competition is good for business is an adage oft repeated; that competition is good for more than business has been proved beyond a doubt. Twenty-five years ago there were comparatively few business and professional women. Beauty was pursued mainly by wealthy women and women of the stage. They went in closed carriages for their treatments to keep the world in general and their friends in particular from suspecting that their complexions could possibly need any improvement.

How feeling ran on even the use of the simplest cosmetics may be estimated by a case recalled by a friend. She was librarian in a large university about this time and remembers the lovely Blackwell girls from the South. They were both pretty and popular in spite of the fact that they did appear in public with powdered faces. Everybody wondered how such lovely girls could do this awful thing.

Women in those days—for most of them stayed at home—had the time and opportunity to take care of themselves; but beauty-culture was regarded as an extravagance, if not, indeed, as a piece of wickedness. But gradually this attitude was softened as more and more women entered the business and professional world. These women realized the importance of being well groomed. They proved to themselves that good shoes, good corsets, good materials were economical; that the care of the teeth and of the health in every way—the hair, complexion, and hands—was essential. The resulting competition between the home woman and the business woman has had no slight influence upon the increase in the number of beautiful and well-dressed women in this country.

Various explanations have been offered—not as to why women wear clothes, but as to why they dress. Anthropologists assure us that the instinct for self-adornment springs eternal in the feminine sex. Does she dress for men, for other women, or to satisfy something within herself? As no known period in the history of man has he been indifferent to the expression of this instinct, but rare is the man who can describe even the colors a woman wears. And fabrics—well—there are a few who can describe the difference between Georgette crêpe and cretonne, gingham and basket-cloth, without much knitting of the brows. Knitting is not always adequate. Some occasionally demand deep solitude. So if women do go to all this trouble for the admiration of men, a good deal of their effort seems to be wasted.

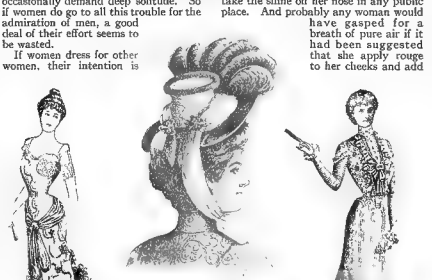
If women dress for other women, their intention is certainly not to please them and not to arouse jealousy or envy, but because their cleverness will be rewarded with approval. When one woman says of another, "She is beautifully dressed," or "She knows how to wear clothes," she means exactly what she says and in most instances could prove it by a detailed description of cut, colors, and materials.

THIS IS PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN NO. 1

When a man makes a remark like that about a woman he means usually that the general effect was agreeable or perhaps he liked the subtle perfume she used. Whatever the explanation, this adorning instinct makes the world colorful and interesting.

Fortunately the cultivation of beauty to-day is not regarded as vanity and extravagance. It is no longer necessary to go for beauty-treatments in a closed carriage. They are so widely resorted to that nearly every woman's budget includes an allowance of money and time for the shampoo, hair-treatment, skin-treatment, manicure, and outdoor exercise. Actually the woman who squanders her possibility of beauty of face, of form, of hair is the extravagant one. She is wasting something that can not be replaced.

In the year that orchids became the fashionable flower in New York City, and audiences thrilled to the tones of Lilli Lehmann, Emma Eames, and Madame Nordica, and Henrietta Crosman appeared in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," it is extremely doubtful if a woman in America would have had the courage to take the shine off her nose in any public place. And probably any woman would have gasped for a breath of pure air if it had been suggested that she apply rouge to her cheeks and add color to her lips while she sat at the luncheon- or dinner-table.



WAIST-LINES WERE EIGHTEEN INCHES; SKIRTS FIVE YARDS AROUND; SLEEVES WERE WORN A BIT MORE SNUGLY THAN THE SKIN ON THE ARM; AND IN THOSE DAYS HATS WERE HATS

Now, altho I do not know this, I suspect that many complexions are arranged and rearranged at the breakfast-table. And why not? There is less talk now about secrets of beauty and more frankness about aids to beauty. Men sometimes are heard to complain that the mystery of woman is disappearing. But she has found it very tiresome to be a mystery. All woman asks is to be accepted as a human being.

Cosmetics from the Kitchen

TWENTY-FIVE years ago many of the beautifiers came out of the kitchen. For the face and hands, honey, white of egg, lemon-juice, bran, corn-meal, oatmeal, and, very sparingly, face-powder were used. The professional beauty-treatment at that time consisted of cold-cream applied with a circular movement, followed by hot towels. From this it has developed into a scientific cleansing, nourishing, and stimulating treatment of the skin based on a knowledge of the anatomy of the face, its nerves, its muscles, and the general health has been given every consideration.

With anxious eyes the sky was watched for signs of rain. A supply of rain-water must be caught and kept for shampooing the hair. It was rinsed with a tea made from camomile-flowers and dried in the sun. This simple operation is now considered but a small beginning. The condition of the scalp, the requirements of the hair, the health generally, are studied, and nourishing preparations are massaged into the scalp. Electricity, too, is important as a stimulant. By the use of colored lights the circulation in the tissues of the scalp that are worn and tired is increased. Oily hair, dry hair, dandruff, hair that is losing its life and color can be restored to a normal state of health and beauty.

Simplicity is fashionable now. It is youthful, too, in its effects. Bobbed hair is more in fashion than ever, and the boyish bob is the simplest, most hygienic of all. It has shown us how beautiful the contour of the head really can be. If the hair is not bobbed it is dressed very simply.

How much cleaner, prettier, less troublesome—everything—is the permanent wave than the curious rats and wire frames that once were a necessary part of every woman's coiffure!

From time to time we hear people who are pessimistic about everything mutter darkly that women are slaves to fashion and that if they do not wear the same atrocities they once wore, they will wear something else equally bad; perhaps worse, they say hopefully. But while women have been slow in finding out that comfort is a precious thing, they have learned that and something more: that it can also be beautiful. So let us hope.

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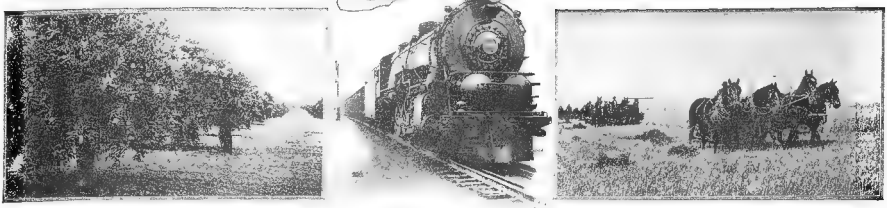
The Health Carriers



OUR youngsters laugh when we tell them that old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard and found it bare. For them the jingle is only a bit of humor, and they are quite sure the old dame promptly went to market and then—food aplenty.

But to folks of many lands, the bare cupboard is a nightmare bringing up instantly the specter of famine. India, with three times our population, has writhed under the maddening torture of nineteen famines in the last century and a half, her people starving by the million. In China, during the famine of 1876-79 alone, more than eleven millions went to death through hunger, disease and violence. In both countries there was food enough for every man, woman and child, but no way to carry it fast enough from the spots where it was abundant to the neighborhoods where it was scarce. India had less than 30,000 miles of railroad and the only railroad China had at that time was destroyed during the famine's first year.

If we are immune to famine, it is largely because we have 375,000 miles of thoroughly efficient railroads. As long as their growth is encouraged and they are allowed to function freely, food scarcities will be relieved before they become acute. But our railroads have sometimes been hampered and in October of 1921 they were threatened with a complete stoppage.

At that time, the authorities of the district of New York with eight million people to care for, were at their wit's end. The flour stored in the district would be exhausted in a month; the fresh meat in a week. The fresh milk so essential for babies and invalids would be gone in a day and storage was out of the question.

From city to village, the whole country was alarmed. The farmer gravely pictured himself rich in grain, but poor in flour; robbed of his markets, and cut off from supplies, with his car and motor-truck powerless; his children sick, and medicines unobtainable.

But the crisis passed, the motor-truck chugged over the hills, the grain went to the mill, shipments of flour and meal rolled into town and village, ice-cooled cars of meat and fruits sped across the continent, the good old milk train whizzed through the night to deliver the morning milk. And the sturdy lad who sees the morning sun gild the Statue of Liberty, the vigorous youngster who watches its parting rays streaming in through the Golden Gate—and all the rest of us—continue to enjoy the *balanced ration essential to health:* fresh meats, fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, fresh eggs, fresh milk.

So, when at night, we hear the panting of the ponderous freight train, heavy with health-giving products of farm and field, let us pull the blankets closer and breathe a prayer of thanks that we live where brains, money, vision, brawn, pluck, and grit have made New York and San Francisco neighbors and have set the orange groves of the Southern states beside the vast wheat fields of Canada.

Our railroads fetch and carry from every corner of the land. Their efficiency is personal to every one of us. They are indispensable health carriers.

With only 6% of the people of the world, we have 50% of the railroads and the most effective railroad service that has ever been known.

The freight rates of Canada and the United States are the lowest in the world, and the railroads pay more than $1,000,000 a day in taxes.

Our Government tells our railroads how much they may earn, how much they may charge us for their service, how much they should pay their men. It supervises their bookkeeping and it knows where every dollar comes from and where it goes.

The railroads carry us from town to town and do it well, but they make their living in a service that is even more important, the carrying of freight. For every passenger coach, they have forty freight cars. And their great achievement is not even the tremendous number of freight cars—2,500,000—but the ice-cooled cars, almost unknown in other lands, which carry our perishable foods thousands of miles and deliver them in perfect condition. So, whether you travel or stay at home, the railroads are serving you every minute of the day.

The railroad question, for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is more than a matter of politics and economics. It includes the most vital question of all—health and longevity, not only for the 21,000,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan, but for every man, woman, and child in the United States and Canada.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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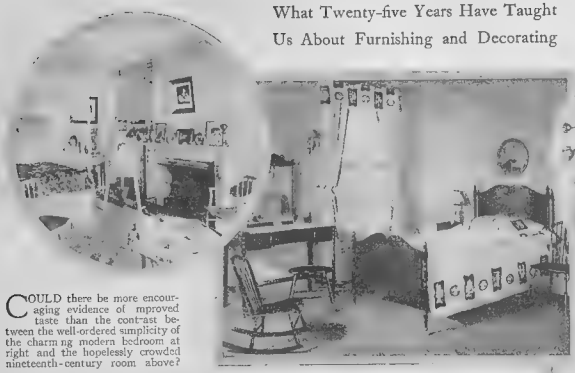
BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Furnishing and Decorating

Conducted by WINNIFRED FALES

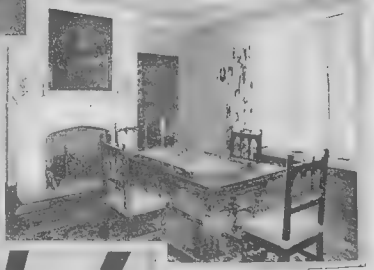
1899—Homes of Yesterday and To-day—1924

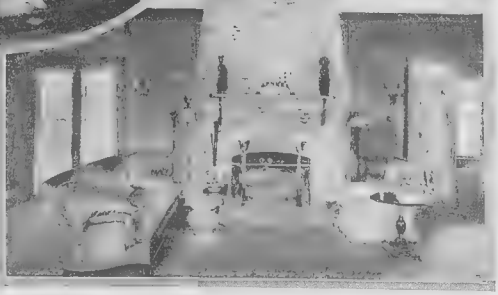
What Twenty-five Years Have Taught Us About Furnishing and Decorating



COULD there be more encouraging evidence of improved taste than the contrast between the well-ordered simplicity of the charming modern bedroom at right and the hopelessly crowded nineteenth-century room above?

THE top-heavy "grandeur," frieze and fussy door-hangings of the dining-room diagonally above were the acme of elegance according to the standards of twenty-five years ago. To-day's ideal is simple dignity, as shown at right.





NO WONDER "nervous prostration" was a popular complaint among the housewives of the last century when we consider the colossal waste of time and effort entailed in caring for the furnishings of that era. Pride in the ornate grillework, the row of fancy plates, and the crowded mantel ornaments must have been enormous to compensate for the drudgery of the daily dusting, to say nothing of the constant stumbling over superfluous jardinières and urns and the labor of keeping moths out of the treasured [illegible]

PERHAPS the most valuable lesson the years have taught us is the simplifying of our homes. Not only does the presence of fewer articles of furnishing lessen the labors of the housewife, but their effectiveness as decorations is astonishingly increased. How much more impressive is the mantel at the left, with its three well-spaced ornaments, than that of the room of earlier date diagonally above, or of the bedroom in the upper left corner! Note, too, the [illegible] disregard of comfort in yesterday's living-room in contrast with its careful consideration in that of to-day as expressed in the thoughtfully studied relationship of chair and sofa to fire and windows, and the provision of well-placed book-tables and lamps. The importance of choosing only objects [illegible] with one another in a room is another lesson we are [illegible] learning. Simplicity — Harmony — Convenience: this is the key-note of the modern home.

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Shopping for meat

How to use round of beef cuts

There are many fine "steaks" and "roasts" of beef. The list, however, is not confined to club, sirloin, and porterhouse steaks, and rib roasts.

Take the "round" for example; the housewife will be pleased with the variety of cuts to be obtained and with the opportunity offered for economy in their purchase.

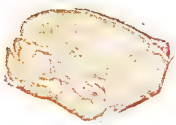
To learn of these cuts and their possibilities use this chart; and write today for recipes that tell how best to prepare them.

This is an extra service of information to the public which Swift & Company gladly gives.

The public, by its daily purchases of meat through retailers, has furnished us with a volume of business that enables us to turn our stocks frequently.

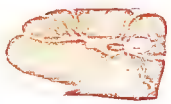
This rapid "turn-over" helps us to pay dividends to our more than 46,000 shareholders, even though our profit from all sources averages only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Beef Round



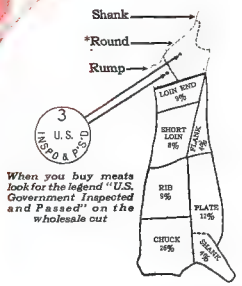
Roast Round of Beef

A slice 4" thick from the top round makes a delicious roast



Round Steak

There are countless ways to serve it. You will find several new ones on the recipe cards



When you buy meats look for the legend "U.S. Government Inspected and Passed" on the wholesale cut

* **The Whole Round**

Consists of the round, shank, and rump and is 24% of a side of beef

Swiss Steak

A slice 1½" to 2" thick cut from the round, made into Swiss Steak makes a dish "fit for a king"

Shank

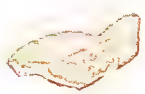
For rich and meaty soups, and stews with flavory gravies

Rump Slice

A good slice may be cut from face of rump for broiling or frying

Write for recipes on filing cards

Recipes designed especially for these cuts of beef round, also additional copies of this chart will be sent free upon request to Home Economics Dept., Swift & Company, Chicago



Rump Roast

A solid piece of tender meat which is especially satisfactory for roasting

Knuckle Pot Roast

An economical cut for a savory pot roast

Swift & Company

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The Wedding Present

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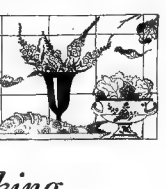
THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers



Twenty-five Years of Home-Making

Through the Eyes of a Woman Whose Life-Work Has Been the Training of Young Women for the Management of Their Future Homes

By Isabel Bevier

TWENTY-FIVE years of home-making!

One is at a loss to know where to begin. Shall we talk about it as an art, as a science, or as a business? Must we not go back to the colonial period, and consider the industrial period, in order to appreciate what I am calling, for want of a better name, our present civic period?

Abigail Foote of Connecticut in her diary in 1775 describes a day's work as follows:

"Fix'd gown for Prude,—Mend Mother's Riding-hood,—Spun short thread,—Fix'd two gowns for Welsh's girls,—Carded tow,—Spun linen,—Worked on Cheese-basket,—Hatchel'd flax with Hannah, we did 51 lbs. a-piece,—Pleated and ironed,—Read a sermon of Doddridge's,—Spooled a piece,—Milked the cows,—Spun linen, did 50 knots,—Made a Broom of Guinea-wheat straw,—Spun thread to whiten,—Set a Red dye,—Had two scholars from Mrs. Taylor's,—I carded two pounds of whole wool and left Nationaly,—Spun harness twine, scoured the pewter."*)

How does my reader feel as she compares this with her day? Does it show as much skill and resourcefulness? Does the reader "feel Nationaly" at the end of her working-hours? That seems to me a real achievement for Abigail.

The occupations and industry of the colonial home-maker have been celebrated in history and in poetry. The processes of spinning, weaving, cooking, brewing, and candle-making were tangible evidence of the woman's power to do. Coal, iron, and steam, however, well-nigh remade America and changed most radically the life of the home and the work of the woman in it. Time-honored processes were forgotten in the use of new factory products.)

To me the transition from the colonial home to the industrial home is best symbolized by the change from "the old oaken bucket" to the modern plumbing system. Think for a moment what that meant to the home-maker! No more lifting of that heavy bucket, no more carrying of clean water into the house, or, still worse, the lugging of dirty water out of the house. It meant not only saving steps and tired muscles, but also more water and less mosa!

The home was the last fortress to give way before the oncoming tide of industrial evolution—or shall I say revolution? Quite unconsciously and yet surely, not only the material equipment of home-making was changed, but also the attitude of both men and women toward it. Men had the opportunity to see and to feel keenly how machinery had revolutionized the world of industry and could easily appreciate that it must mean changes in the home. Thinking women realized that this great wave was not limited to man's world and his activities. They saw it reaching into the home, and began making the necessary adjustments. By the last quarter of the nineteenth century the *art* of home-making was slowly giving way to the *science* of home-making.

The conservatism of the woman, however, did not readily yield to the new industrial order. Moreover, men, tradition, custom all combined to keep the old ideas of the home, to cling to them as to a safe harbor in the midst of the revolutions of the world of industry. But by the first years of the twentieth century even the most conservative recognized that the old order was fast disappearing. I, at least, am not prepared to name all the factors which changed the life of the home and the work of the home-maker, but at this distance I see quite clearly how invention, discovery, and transportation were putting into the home-maker's hands new tools for her work, new products for her use, new ideas for her mind.

Twenty-five years ago the United States Government was talking about pure food and about understanding what the labels meant; it was trying to have the women know that aluminum sulfate was their old friend "alum"; that a fruit "compound" might contain a generous quantity of what they would call "hay-seeds." The public press was declaring that flies and mosquitoes were carriers of disease and that typhoid fever might come into the home through contaminated milk or water. I remember well the dear old ladies who feared to eat or drink away from home because of those "terrible germs." One woman was known to declare that "children were no longer brought up in the fear of the Lord, but in the fear of the germ," and I have always remembered with pleasure the reply of the old man in Maine to a question about the death-rate in his locality. He did not understand the import of the question asked by the Summer visitor, but had the suspicion it might in some way mean a reflection upon his fair land; so he replied, "Same as for the rest of the world—one to each inhabitant."

ISABEL BEVIER
Professor Emeritus, University of Illinois

For almost a quarter of a century Miss Bevier devoted herself to the development of the Department of Home Economics at the University of Illinois, in which thousands of girls have been taught not only the successful management of a home, but at the same time have been given, in their well-rounded training, a vision of the spiritual values of home-making.

The makers of equipment were talking about labor-saving devices, such as bread-mixers, vacuum-sweepers, and electric washers. Moreover, the managers of the Farmers' Institutes were adding a "Woman's Day" to their program, where these appliances were exhibited and discussed. Country fairs, city expositions, and shop-windows all joined in the display of equipment for the much-talked-of new housekeeping.

Truly, these were distracting days for the home-maker. The older and more conservative woman looked with questioning eyes at the newfangled things and said with perfect truth and good judgment, "I would rather mix the bread with my hands than wash that thing." I agreed heartily with that statement concerning the first bread-mixer exhibited to us. The younger woman, lacking her mother's skill, wearied with her tasks, eager, restless in the new situation, and wondering what life was to bring her, welcomed the new device. But there were many whose feelings were voiced by the reply of a phlegmatic soul to an enthusiastic appeal about adopting the new order for the home-maker—"I dunno; mostly I'd druther do as I'd druther."

In the midst of these influences developed a movement that has proved a powerful factor in its influence on the home and the home-maker—the woman's club idea, now grown to such huge proportions. In those early club days it took a brave woman to present a paper to the State Federation of Women's Clubs on "The Elimination of the Clutter." The idea of the privacy and the sanctity of the home, and her own reticence, kept many a woman silent about hers. She preferred to speak on "The Angelus in Art." But the pictures that were presented to these groups of home-makers helped many a one to a better sense of values about her time-honored possessions.

The Woman's Day program in the Farmers' Institute exposed, often with brutal frankness, the unnecessary labors of the farmer's wife, but it gave hope of the dawn of a better day and showed how to improve the kitchen by bringing running water into it, and how to make better living-rooms and bedrooms with heat and good artificial light. Prejudice gave way to progress, and one began to hear about the "comfortable" home—that adjective could hardly be used until heat, water, and light were available in it. It seems to me that by 1905 the home-maker who was really interested in her job and intelligent about it had pretty clearly set before her several desirable and attainable goals. The press, the school, the club, and the church showed her four great lines of activity essential for her home and children—*food, clothing, shelter,* and *higher life.*

It was a great achievement to have four roads blazed in what was to many women the trackless desert of home-making. Understanding of labels meant better selection of foods and fabrics. Labor-saving devices saved time as well as labor, and time-schedules came into ordinary conversation. That brought order and system. I well remember my surprize at Miss Urie Watson's nineteen rules for dish-washing, printed on a large placard and hung above the sink. I said to her, "I didn't know there were that many steps in dish-washing." But later in my own home I wished many times that I had those explicit directions for my maid. All this is just another way of saying that the home-maker was doing some clear thinking about her field of effort; that *science* was having its chance at home-making, with its resulting classification of processes and products. The woman was studying her field and beginning to organize its activities.

Food and shelter had always interested the modern home-maker, but this talk about the science of home-making, the chemistry and nutritive value of food, the planning of the meals was unfamiliar. "Bless you, I have trouble enough to get them without planning," said one woman. And then there was the clothing question—so many clothes to be made; so little time to sew; and in sheer desperation the woman is an unequal struggle to meet the demands of the new life

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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"When the Frost Is On the Punkin"

THAT'S when it's sweetened and ready for the luscious Thanksgiving Pie.

And where is there a grown-up who doesn't fondly recall the enticing baking fragrance that rose from the old home kitchen when "Mother" baked the "Punkin" Pie. But Mothers of today can make far better pies because of

Nucoa

The Wholesome Spread for Bread

For this pure, delicate fat that spreads your bread with goodness also insures the tenderest, flakiest pastry ever eaten—Nucoa pastry and creamy pumpkin just melt into one delicious blend of pie perfection.

Best of all, Nucoa makes pastry that is so easily digested the youngsters can safely have a "second helping."

Begin using Nucoa today as the three times a day Spread for bread. Nucoa is rich in the Vitamins which promote growth and health, so is the ideal fat for children.

Finest Table Quality about half the price

THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Machinery Makes the Work Lighter

The Drudgery of Twenty-five Years Ago Becomes a Joy with Up-to-Date Appliances

THE inconveniences of poking in wood to keep the stove hot enough, hunting up holders, and lifting the heavy old-time sad irons back and forth are unknown to the modern housekeeper who has a good electric iron always ready to be plugged in quickly for any kind of pressing.

Photo by Brown Bros.

DISHES, when washed in an electric washer, come out bright and shining with a great deal less labor than is required with the old two pan-and-drainingboard system, which makes dish-washing a burden.

THE hard work of carrying water for laundering, lifting heavy tubs, and hours of bending over wash boards is fast disappearing in these days, when we do the "family wash" with set tubs running water, and up-to-date washing-machines.

THE newer way of sweeping with an electric cleaner saves the back and also keeps down the dust. The carpets, upholstery, and curtains may all be cleaned without disturbing any of the furniture in the room

SMOKY, hot kitchens from wood- or coal-ranges are eliminated with the use of modern stoves. The stove at the right is electric, with automatic heat-control, and needs only a turn of the switch to be ready for use.

Copyright Brown Bros.

Photo by Brown Bros.

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The PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI

on the importance of caring for the skin

"I have been so much impressed by the way American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions. Indeed, their charming youthfulness is due largely to their clear, fresh, beautifully cared-for skins. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Princesse Matchabelli

SLENDER but commanding; features of chiseled beauty; fine dark eyes; a skin as ivory-white as the roses that bloom in the gardens of her Italian villa.

This is the Princesse Matchabelli. But add to the picture the imperious graciousness of a noble-woman with a name and title nine centuries old.

The Princesse who knew Vienna and Petrograd in their days of brilliant gaiety, and Constantinople where East challenges West, today shares the life of the sophisticated inner circles of Rome, Paris, London and New York.

"Princesse," I asked, as we talked in her stately apartment overlooking New York's Central Park, "tell me how American women have impressed you."

"But they are beautiful," said the Princesse Matchabelli. "So fresh and young. Their skin — it is like satin. And that is because they are now doing what European women have done for years — for centuries, almost. They are caring for their skin with cold cream."

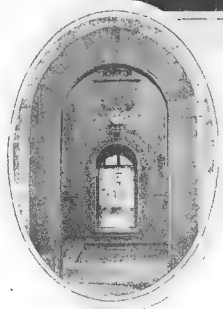
Then we discussed the method these lovely American women are following to keep their complexions so youthful — the method for the daily care of the skin developed by the Pond's Laboratories. It consists in the simple use of just Two Creams — which together provide the balanced care every normal skin requires.

How exquisite women keep their youth

Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to the face and neck. Wipe it off with a soft cloth taking away the day's accumulation of dust, dirt, and powder. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with a bit of ice.

Before you powder, smooth over your newly cleansed face a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps your complexion fresh and protected for hours against any weather, and makes your powder stay on longer and more smoothly than ever before.

Begin for yourself this method which the beautiful women of the *beau monde* everywhere are following. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. Soon you'll find a new radiance appearing in your skin, that very smoothness, that delicacy, that look of youth which the Princesse Matchabelli finds so charming. The Pond's Extract Company.



POND'S TWO CREAMS, USED BY WOMEN OF THE SOCIAL WORLD TO KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

The beautiful Princesse Matchabelli has praised the perfection of skin resulting from "the use of Pond's Two Creams." Her villa, near Florence, "Villa Il Pozzino" (Villa of the Little Well) is three centuries old. On the walls of its three courts which succeed each other in lovely vistas are exquisite frescoes painted by Giovanni Da San Giovanni before 1636.

THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, Sr.
MRS. JULIA HOYT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE
MRS. CONDÉ NAST

are among the women of distinguished taste **and high** position who have expressed their approval **of Pond's Method of caring for the skin.**

FREE OFFER — Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and instructions for following Pond's method of caring for the skin.

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129 Hudson Street, New York
Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection

Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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Don't Be Afraid of the Classics

By Ethel Peyser and Marion Bauer

Part Two

LAST month we discussed the ancestors of the symphony. In this article you will read about the quartet, the concerto, and the symphony, and some of the whys and wherefores of the seemingly cryptic names given to such musical compositions.

What is meant, you ask, by the sonata or symphony in D or the sonata in A flat? Just this, that even as you ask your rug-maker for a rug in brown or blue as the predominating color or tone-scale, so does the musical piece usually have to be placed in some tonal key. Instead of saying "I want a Beethoven symphony in red," you say "Please give me the Beethoven 'Symphony in C Major'"—the *tonal scale* or color in which it is written; and, to be more exact, if you give the opus or "stock" number, you will always get just what you want.

We have mentioned the concerto, the symphony, and chamber-music, but have not "defined our terms." For example: a piano concerto is a piece written for the piano and orchestra; a violin concerto is for violin and orchestra, etc. Very often you will find that the concerto is written in three large movements, while the symphony and sonata often have four. So don't leave the concert until you are quite sure that you have heard the last movement.

The string quartet, composed of the first and second violins, viola, and violoncello, is the holy of holies in music. It has inspired the greatest composers to write their very finest for these four instruments. One of the greatest joys that you can have wherever you may live is to form one of these quartets to play the glorious wealth of music written by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Dvořák, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Brahms, Debussy, Ravel. Who doesn't know the "Andante Cantabile" of Tschaikowsky from his string quartet? If you don't know it get it in record, sheet music, or player-piano roll.

Then, in addition, we have works for piano and strings called trios, quartets, quintets, septets, according to the number of instruments used. And sometimes strings, flutes, oboes, clarinets, and other orchestral instruments are called in to help out. Some of this chamber-music is so captivating that you fairly swing in your chair when you hear it. Highbrow? Certainly not, for nothing is highbrow that is familiar and has been made your own.

The symphony is a sonata written for the whole orchestra. It is usually a little longer, but its form is the same, just as in the case of the large rug—bigger, but its form is similar to that of the little rug. So we Americans, who are never annoyed by size, ought to welcome this immensity! The symphony is the largest of the compositions which are unfamiliar to us, but ought, because of their true American proportions, be our intimates. As an aside: They are bundles of dance, folk-song, and original tunes; they are full, too, of national characteristics. If you play the Dvořák "New World Symphony" you can't fail to find "Three Blind Mice" chasing "Annie Laurie," and many other familiars running about, to say nothing of negro folk-songs. Get this symphony for your phonograph, piano, or player.

The instrument by which the symphony is played is called the symphony orchestra, and, to be very brief, the families in this clan are the following:

1. Strings: first and second violins, violas, violoncellos ("cellos" for short; pronounced "chel'os"), and double basses (big, man-sized violins). The harp is the "visiting lady" here!

2. Wood-winds (blown by the mouth through wooden tubes): flutes, piccolos (little flutes), oboes, English horns (a deeper oboe, not really a horn), clarinets, and bassoons.

3. Brasses: all the horns—French horns, trumpets, trombones, tubas.

4. Percussion: tympani (kettle-drums), drums (snare, etc.), cymbals, bells, triangles, etc.

All this is really very simple, only it has been clothed in such remote words that it seems foreign and ominous. You see the old-time masters were not Americans and but few were Anglo-Saxon; so that all the terms necessarily were in foreign tongues. One thing we can do for this country, however, is to understand and love good music, and its terms will then be rapidly translated into our tongue. Many American composers (as MacDowell) are already writing their pieces with English directions, and are saying "slow" for "andante"; "jokingly," or some such word, for "scherzo"; "moderately slow" for "moderato"; "fast" for "allegro"; "not very fast" for "allegro non troppo," etc. But unless they have the big American public to listen to their pieces how are they going to be heard? So it behooves us to know what's going on, doesn't it?

Familiarity in music breeds content—joy, love, and growth. The good American to-day wants good music, fine orchestras, and fine plays. You must welcome the American musician and not think because he hasn't a foreign-sounding name that he is not good! For example, we need in this country American appreciation of our Americans, such as Albert Spalding, violinist; Reinald Werrenrath, singer; Cecil Arden and Anna Case, both of the Metropolitan Opera; Carolyn Beebe, noted for her ensembles, and who has worked for years for Yankee musicians and the public; young players such as Ruth Kemper, etc., and such organizations as the American Music Guild, which plays at its concerts nothing but American music. You see unless we appreciate the music of our own country we won't have any. And maybe if we do appreciate it, some day we will have a great musical conservatory where poor but gifted girls and boys can rise to such heights as have Heifetz and Elman, who, had they been American boys and poor as they were, could never have afforded music lessons!

Music is a part of every individual's and every country's necessity. Do you know the fun of singing in a community "sing"? Use any instrument you can play and pick out the tunes. If you play the harmonica, saxophone, zither, banjo, ukulele, guitar, mandolin, or what-not, you will soon find yourself adopting some more expressive instrument for your own need. If you want suggestions for musical selections, see the list of compositions which appeared with Part One of this article in the October issue of Pictorial Review.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Another article on music by Miss Peyser and Miss Bauer will follow in an early issue.*

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A few cents each week . . .
Vigorous, glowing Health again!

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

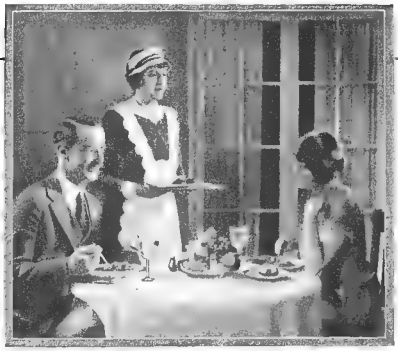
There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation — or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected — this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

CONSTIPATION, skin and stomach troubles yield naturally and permanently to the powerful action of this simple food. Doctors, nurses, farmers, lawyers, policemen, business girls—people of every age and in every walk of life have found the road to health with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink) — before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. A-10, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"Until six months ago I was virtually a hermit, only going out to work every day and then spending the evening reading in my room. I was an extreme example of a pimple-faced youth. It seemed nothing could remove these eruptions.

"Then I tried the Fleischmann treatment. In one month my face had indeed cleared up greatly. I continued the treatment for three months, and by that time my face had become as clear as anybody's. I go everywhere now and bless the day I started to use Fleischmann's Yeast."

(Mr. Bernard Kliman of Philadelphia, Pa.)

"For years I suffered from habitual constipation. Cathartics gave but temporary relief. I could not enjoy my favorite dishes without fear of flatulence, disturbed sleep, etc. I read of the merits of Fleischmann's Yeast. In despair I took the Yeast haphazardly—later—three times daily. Today I hardly know myself—face all aglow with the pink of health—no constipation annoyances. Again I eat my favorite New England boiled dinner without after discomfort!"

(A letter from Mr. G. Henderson Coyle of Detroit, Mich.)

"I did not eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, *my chronic constipation commenced to give way*—I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast. . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past—thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."

(A letter from Miss Ruth Rolland of Utica, N. Y.)

"Fleischmann's Yeast gave me everything that four years' chronic constipation, with its then continual purgative taking, took from me. As a 'rifleman' I saw active service on four fronts, and constipation undermined my constitution until I became a nervous wreck, invalided from the service; classified neurasthenic, I was awarded a pension with disability 40%. Life was hell. After persuasion I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and now eat well, sleep well and what's better, work well and cheerfully.

"A month ago I wrote the pension authorities asking for a final award. I don't need my pension any longer."

(A letter from Mr. Charles McGrath of Halifax, N. Sc.)

"From the time I was twelve years old until I was thirty-three, every year I had an attack of boils. No remedy or treatment had any effect. My profession was teaching. Seven years ago my annual attack of boils began. The school physician examined me and told me to buy Fleischmann's Yeast and take it daily for ten days. In those ten days my boils disappeared.

The doctor told me to repeat this once every three months for a year. I was sure that I would have no more right. For the past seven years I [illegible] from them."

(A letter from Miss Elsey H. Bre[illegible])

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for several days.*

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Reduce Exquisitely, Sanely and Safely

Nemolastik Rubber Girdles and Brassieres

Exquisitely, because of the specially fine rubber, covered on both sides with very absorbent silk of peaches and cream shade. Protected Nemo garments dainty as silken lingerie.

Safely because no rubber touches the skin, and the figure is healthfully supported and controlled.

Surely because the continuous auto-massage furnished by the elastic action of Nemolastik gradually eliminates excess fatty tissue and produces from the start a fashionable slenderness of appearance.

Nemolastik Girdles and Brassieres designed and made by the Master Makers of Nemo Corsets are the corset sensation of the fashion world. Guaranteed against tearing. Give long service and easily washed.

Cannot "Ride-Up"

Exclusive "Stayput" device on back of brassiere fastens securely to eyelets on girdle (see cut at left) and positively prevents brassieres from riding up over top of girdle.

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THE HOME BUREAU

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Fresh Air and Sunshine—Two of Baby's Best Friends

NOW that the cold months are coming, just how much fresh air and sunshine should my six-weeks old baby have? When should I stop his out-of-door naps?—MRS. F., New York.

The early Fall letters that reach me every year are full of questions like the foregoing. Some mothers are afraid of the least bit of cold weather, while others go to the opposite extreme and run great risks in trying to harden their babies. The Babies' Health Department advocates a middle course or common-sense moderation in this as well as in everything else where babies are concerned.

Climate varies very much in different parts of the United States, which must be taken into consideration in deciding just how much fresh air a baby may have.

In the warm Southern States he may spend more time in the open air; in the Northern and extreme Eastern States as well as some of the Western States he may have to spend less time than is planned for a New York baby.

We will begin with a new baby. In cold weather the tiny baby may begin his systematic airings in the house by the time he is one month old. There should have been some out-of-door air in his room from the first, but his regular airings are generally postponed until he is three or four weeks old. In Summer he may go out-of-doors when one week old; in Spring and Fall usually when about three or four weeks old. If born in Winter the out-of-door airing may have to be given up until the baby is two or three months old, his indoor airings being all that is needed while there is snow on the ground and sharp, cold winds. Fifteen or twenty minutes is enough for the first indoor airing a new baby may take in cold weather. Every day add a few minutes more of fresh air till before a month has elapsed he is taking four or five hours' airing every day.

This regular indoor airing is the best sort of prevention a baby can have against taking cold. Babies who are kept in rooms badly ventilated, too warm, and stuffy are the ones most likely to catch cold on the slightest exposure.

For his early indoor airing a baby should be dressed in his coat and cap as if he were going out into the street. He should then be placed in his carriage or his crib a few feet away from an open window. At first the window should be lowered only part way from the top; the air will then get a little warm before it strikes the baby. As he becomes used to the fresh air all the windows may be opened, but he should not be placed directly between two windows, nor should his carriage or crib stand between a window and an open door, in a direct draft.

The doors should be kept closed while the windows are wide open. His little hands should be tucked under a blanket or afghan, or wool mittens may be worn. If he is very young and the day very cold, it is best to place a covered hot-water bag in his crib or carriage, but not near enough to touch the child.

The best hours for taking a young baby out-of-doors in Winter, after he has become accustomed to the fresh air in the house, are between 10 or 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. On days when there is a very cold, sharp wind blowing, or much melting snow on the ground, or when the thermometer is below freezing point a baby under four months of age should usually not go out, but should take his airing in the house as described for a younger baby. Babies under one year of age may usually go out if the sun is out brightly and the thermometer not below twenty degrees F. In some parts of the West a much lower temperature may be stood because the air is so perfectly dry and clear that there is no damp, penetrating chill felt.

Babies' cheeks freeze easily, and this must be thought of in deciding about going out on a very cold day. Frost-bitten cheeks are often very painful, and take a long time to heal. Veils are not advisable; they get wet, and the tender skin then chafes or the veil freezes to the face.

A six weeks-old baby, *who has become accustomed* to the out-of-door air in early Fall or late Summer, may continue to go out-of-doors all Winter on suitable days, as stated above. He should not remain out after 3 or 4 P. M., however, until the days begin to grow milder. He may take his naps out-of-doors all Winter provided the sun is out brightly and there are no sharp winds.

"How to Plan a Baby's Day" is a very helpful leaflet that will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop.

Enroll Your Baby

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with a self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, the self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Go gle

The HOME BUREAU

The Up-to-Date Tea

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

TO-DAY a tea is as much of a function in its place as a dance or a formal dinner-party, and there are rules of etiquette covering teas which every successful hostess must know.

I have served menus recently at teas which included soup, chicken cutlets, a choice of three salads, lobster, fruit or sweetbread, buttered biscuits and sandwiches, ice-cream in spun-sugar nests, nuts, cakes, bonbons coffee, and the tea. But I am frank to say that most people much prefer a lighter menu, and I feel that these heavy teas will soon be out of fashion.

I much prefer the simpler tea which centers around the "cheering cup." But the "cheering cup" may be tea, coffee, or cocoa—very often all three are served.

At a simple tea the plate and napkin are passed first. A doily may be placed on the plate to prevent the cup from sliding about. Of course there are sandwiches, and I always like to serve thin slices of bread and butter also. In cold weather cinnamon toast, a hot toasted sandwich, or toasted muffins are always welcome. Then you will want your cakes and tea. This is really sufficient.

It is quite optional whether you have the tea poured in the dining-room or not. It is true that when poured in the dining-room it does make for slower service; cups can be filled much more quickly in the kitchen. And if the tea is very large this must be taken into consideration. But it does lend an air of hospitality, and I must say that it does add a great deal to the function to have two beautifully gowned, gracious women, one at each end of the table, with the silver service before them. I like it. In case cocoa is served it is poured in the kitchen and brought in.

Don't have your table overcrowded. The day of the groaning board is past. Use your handsomest cloth, preferably a lace one. Do not put too many cups and saucers and too much silver on the table. It spoils the effect. These can be added from the kitchen at frequent intervals.

If your table is large enough you will find that plates of fancy cakes and candies are very decorative, especially if they carry out the color-scheme. When I am serving a tea I leave these plates on the table untouched, and pass others to the guests. You can have your sandwiches, cakes, nuts, and candy on muffin-stands, little side-tables, and the buffet so they are easily available.

When you are planning a tea, the old rule of estimating still holds: After counting off all those who are ill or out of town, or whom you know can not be present, you count on two-thirds of the remainder coming. In a small town, however, the number who will come will be more than the two-thirds.

THE usual hour for a tea is from four to six. Sometimes, when many invitations have been sent out, the hostess has two hours, from three to five and from four to six.

At a great many teas recently we have served a pâté and a jellied salad. These were usually passed on platters. I much prefer having them served in this way instead of having the plates filled in the kitchen because it eliminates waste. We came to realize the waste that comes from careless serving when we were "Hooverizing" during the War. So many guests do not want both the salad and the pâté, and now and then one cares for nothing but the ice.

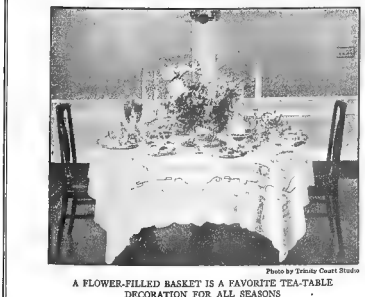
The order of serving such a menu is as follows:

Pass the napkin and the plate with the fork on it.
Pass the platter, then the sandwiches or biscuits.
Remove the plate.
Bring in the ice with a spoon.
Pass cakes and nuts.
Remove plate.
Bring in tea or coffee.
Pass bonbons.

One question which I am asked again and again is, Do the aids wear hats? In your own home, never. If you stop to think, you will see the reason for this.

The aid is simply an extension of the hostess, enabling the latter to be, so to speak, in several places at the same time.

An aid might be called the subhostess The aids should not wear hats when the tea is given in a small homelike club, either; but in a hotel or in a large clubhouse, where other members are constantly coming and going, they do.



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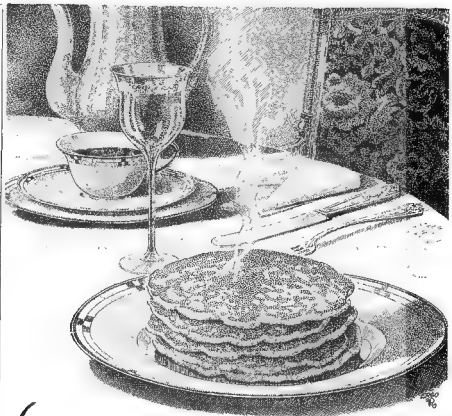

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The Terrible Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

it, shuts up like a bitter clam, and turns away. Passing the table, she picks up a magazine, returns to the divan, settles to read. Chris, discovering her defection, closes the door and comes around to her on guilty tiptoe. She continues oblivious. He clears his throat once or twice; then in a small voice]: Yes, there's gas in the car. [*Mary turns a page. Chris rebels, like the camel against that straw.*] Now you look here, Mary! At the very least, it seems to me, you might show a little human understanding——

MARY [*marking her place*]: Beg pardon?

CHRIS: It seems to me, instead of lying down on the job——

MARY [*eyebrows*]: Job?

CHRIS: The perfectly brutal, fatal job of deciding *what we're going to do.*

MARY: It seemed to me just now I was being given to understand that you *had* decided—*against.* In a way it was a relief. After three months of backings and fillings——

CHRIS: Stop it! Mary Longbow, once and for all, will you or will you not be human? Will you try and have some little glimmer at least of how a man might worry—at least half worry—for half a second—over the whereabouts of a runaway kid—hopping freights—and—? [*Catching her hands ferociously*] Oh, *please!*

MARY [*after a deep perusal of his eyes*]: Do you really *want* to carry it through? Really *want* to go?

CHRIS [*writhing for words*]: Does a man want—want—does he want— Oh, the devil!

MARY [*softening, one eye on the clock*]: Well, then, let's see about it. Let's begin.

CHRIS: Yes, you're right; let's begin Wh-where? [*Reminded by an incipient scathing look, he shakes himself, puts his chin, strides to the door leading to the passageway.*] I'll want a hat, *anyhow,* won't I? [*Anxiety begins to betray him again, and his attention has gone to the outer world. Shaking her head, with an exasperated smile.*]

MARY: Chris, if you're going on *that* way! Listen, please; let me ask you a question. Have you ever in your life known, or heard, or read of anything happening to the boy that runs away? Say!

CHRIS [*his face long and red*]: N-n-no, I guess that's [*rapping the nearest wood three times with surreptitious knuckles*] probably true. Only I wish he were——

MARY: You wish he were here?

CHRIS: I *don't!* Darn it, I told you once—I told Martha—I'm tickled to death he's shown enough spunk to——

MARY: To do as his father before him is desperately trying to make up his mind

CHRIS: -to rebel! Revolt! Get out! Out into the world that's his by rights! Out into the big adventurous open spaces of——

MARY [*with a glance at the clock*]: I know; yes. So it's really for the best he's not here, after all.

CHRIS: Best? I should say it *was.* Heavens! I couldn't have gone, and left Tubs *here.* It would have been too much like deserting a comrade in the trenches. I couldn't have! But now—now—[*facing the outer world, he lifts both arms in solemn finality*]—now—let's go! [*Pulling the passage-door open.*] I'll want a hat, anyhow. Yes, and a coat.

MARY: Yes, and your bags.

CHRIS [*wheedling*]: My—b-b-b-bags?

MARY: You don't mean to tell me you haven't got them *packed.* Oh, Chris! And you promised me faithfully! And you had all the afternoon all to yourself! And now——

CHRIS: Why can't I take my hat and coat and just—g-g-go?

MARY: All the way to——

CHRIS: All the way to *freedom! Yes!* What the devil has the crease in a man's pants got to do with his soul's salvation?

MARY: All the way to Europe without so much as a tooth-brush or a-

CHRIS: Yes, but *how?* Good Heavens! How can I get 'em *now,* with *her* around? [*Charging at Mary.*] It's impossible! Fantastic! It would be like one of those awful dreams where you're trying—you know—desperately—hopeless—hobbled—you know ——

MARY [*countercharging, gripping him by the shoulders*]: The trouble with *you* is that you *don't* dream. You never dream you can do things you never dreamed you could do.

CHRIS: Yes, but *that.* Packing for Europe under her very *eyes*——

MARY: *Dream* you can! Chris, if you love me as you say—if you *are* head over heels—if all this talk for weeks and months——

CHRIS [*fascinated, and knowing it, and terrified by the knowledge*]: But h-how? H-h h-how? How do I go *about* it?

MARY: Hark then! Pay attention! For my part, I'll get Martha down here, and I'll keep her here—somehow—hook or crook—for twenty minutes by that clock. For your part, you dash upstairs and——

CHRIS: And—? And I—? Yes, and I ——

MARY [*holding him off, studying him with a curling lip*]: By the bye, Christopher, is it *you* that's running off with *me,* or is it I that's——

CHRIS [*reddening, ruffling, growling*]. I'm doing this——

MARY: Well, for pity's sake, then, *do* it. Wait; I'll call her down.

CHRIS [*putting her out of the way with a sweep*]: *I'll* attend to this. *I'll* call her. [*Going to the stairs foot, he clears his throat. Glancing at Mary.*] Twenty minutes, you say? By—by the clock? [*Again he clears his throat. He shifts his feet. Puts his hands in his pockets; takes them out. Clears his throat again. Again.*]

MARY: Oh, Mar-tha! *Mar*——tha! [*The sound of a door up-stairs.*]

MARTHA'S VOICE: Yes? [*Chris, flopping on the divan, buries himself in the magazine.*]

MARY [*sweetly*]: What you doing so long up there, dear? We're lonesome.

MARTHA: I was coming this minute. [*Descending, her arms heaped with folded underlinen.*] What mountains of clothes it takes to keep a family half Christian! What perfect acres! *Where's* Chris? Oh, *there* he is! What luck, Mary?

MARY: Oh, he's milk and honey. Chris, look up and smile for the lady. [*Chris uncovers a sultry grin over the magazine.*]

MARTHA [*passing to her chair*]: Really, Mary, you're too wonderful with Chris. How *do* you do it?

MARY: Well, I simply—I—[*with a sudden glint on the eye*]—I'll tell you the secret, darling. I simply make the most violent love to him. [*A disdended eye over the magazine.*] This evening, for instance, I've had to go so far as to make him *swear* to elope with me. You'll find, Martha, almost any man, after—say—[*with a significant glance at the clock*]—twenty minutes of that— [*Chris is on his giddy feet as the two join, soprano and contralto, in whimsical merriment.*]

MARTHA: And did he swear?

MARY: For twenty minutes by the clock—you should have heard him.

MARTHA [*with a humorous sigh, reaching her armful toward Mary*]: Thank Heaven! These go with him. [*Laying the pile on the table, and a little bag on top.*] And the buttons are in this. [*Sinking down with empty hands, she smiles over her shoulder at Chris, on the bottom step, one-legged as a wading bird, confused, empurpled.*] There, you see, my dear, whatever happens, you're provided for.

CHRIS: All this—*asininity!*

MARY: Why don't you get out of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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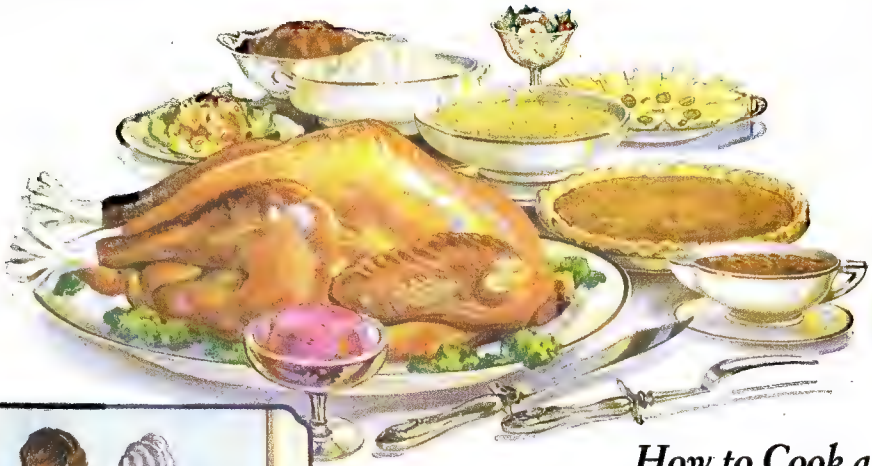

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Note—The illustration above was made from a photograph of a complete Thanksgiving Dinner prepared in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range *at one time* and ***without any attention*** on the part of the housewife. This, her first attempt, was made after reading the Lorain Thanksgiving Menu and "Time and Temperature" Recipes prepared in the Research Kitchens of American Stove Company. Fill in and mail the coupon and we'll gladly send you the Menus and Recipes.

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The Terrible Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

hearing, then? Go on with you, up-stairs! Shouldn't he, Martha?

MARTHA: It would be much nicer.

CHRIS: By thunder, I *will!* [*As he presents his back to mount, Martha jumps up and catches him, bobbing a finger in a gaping seam at the shoulder of his coat.*]

MARTHA: Mmmm! Lucky I caught that rip in time. Off with it, Chris!

CHRIS [*struggling*]: Le'me be! It's all right! That's the thing about you—[*Silently, firmly, Martha peels the coat from him and carries it to her chair, leaving Chris more than ever helpless in his shirt-sleeves.*] Well, of all — *Now* what am I going to wear?

MARTHA [*pawing her basket for thread, her back to the others*]: Hark to the man! As if he hadn't another rag to his name! Do you know, Mary, I suppose if I weren't to help him find something—if I were to sit here for twenty minutes by the clock— [*This succeeds where all of Mary's feverish shooing has failed. Chris's feet clatter up—three steps—and there he hangs again over the rail.*] Well, *he's* gone, poor man. Mary, dear, you've been such a help; so good for Chris this Winter—[*behind her, Mary sticks out a tongue of sudden malice*]—I'm sorry we're to lose you now.

MARY [*her start echoed from the stairs*]: Lose me?

MARTHA: Oh, I know, you dear girl. You've put off telling me—knowing well how I'd implore and protest—as always —but I happened to notice this evening that your bag was packed.

MARY: You notice *everything*, don't you, Martha darling?

MARTHA: Have you ever kept house? [*No answer. Turning her head, she discovers the fascinated Chris.*] You still here? Mary, what did I tell you—if I were to sit here twenty minutes? Here's three of them gone, and there he stands—

MARY: Dreaming.

MARTHA: Not even dreaming. Just dreaming he's dreaming. Men who really dream *do* things. It's the dreamers who accomplish the impossible.

CHRIS [*leaning far off, his face congested, his eyes aflame*]: And *you say that?* You say that *to me? V-e-r-y w-e-l-l! [Pacing up-stairs.] Remember, please, that you said that. [Jutting his jaw, he takes two steps, pauses again, runs his fingers through his hair. Returned to her sewing.*]

MARTHA: One thing about Chris—if ever he *should* elope——

MARY [*always shooing Chris*]: Would you mind so terribly?

MARTHA [*brooding into space*]: I should die if he—if he wasn't presentable. If I didn't know he had what he needed—going around among strangers like a tramp —cuffs cracked, seams out, and that battered old suitcase—he's got a beautiful new bag in the closet under the stairs, but he'd never remember it, not he! Well, if I had to sit here alone and imagine him, *my husband*, going around the world like that—it would prey on my mind. It's different with Tubs—at his age—tho even so I'd rather he'd look Christian. I believe the next time he runs away I shall insist on his— [*Turning and spying Chris again.*] Dear me! Still dreaming that you're dreaming——

CHRIS [*his teeth locked*]: No, I've just *begun to dream!*

MARTHA: Obstacles beginning to melt away?

CHRIS: One has. It makes no difference tho, now. What don't melt I'll knock down.

MARY: Well, for pity's *sake*, then— [*In the passage the phone rings thrice. Martha, arrested, is about to return to her work; then a thought strikes her. Assuring herself that Chris isn't going up, she rises and walks to the passage. Mary calls.*] It was three, Martha, not two.

MARTHA: I was sure it was two

MARY: But I *know*——

CHRIS [*in a cold-blooded undertone*]: Let her go! [*Entering, Martha closes the door. Her murmur is heard, as:*]

MARY [*hissing*]: *Now!*

CHRIS: I'm going, don't worry. She said I *couldn't!* To my *face!* Said I couldn't *dream!* We'll see.

MARY: Well, you've wasted a good ten minutes——

CHRIS: It won't take me *five*, now I've started. And now I know where that bag is. If you can keep her here just five minutes——

MARY: Yes, but if I *can't*——

CHRIS: *Dream* you can!

MARY: I'll try. If you'd only *gone*— but now the difficulties——

CHRIS: Difficulties? [*He makes a destroying sweep of the arm, and has taken one majestic step upward when Martha reappears.*]

MARTHA: Oh, dear, it's mother again; one of her spells. She wants me to run over a "minute"—you know what that means—three hours. [*A sigh; then energy.*] Where's my coat?

CHRIS [*with a triumphant gesture toward Mary*]: *There!* What did I tell you?

MARTHA: What?

MARY: Oh—just that—that it wasn't about Tubs.

MARTHA [*taking the coat and work-basket and starting up-stairs*]: It's early yet. Don't worry about Tubs.

CHRIS [*as she passes*]: I'm not. Did you ever hear of anything happening to the boy that runs away—[*as Martha disappears above; in a lower tone*]—or to the man? [*Coming down to Mary.*] Difficulties? Obstacles? What did I tell you about *dreams?* [*Martha comes down-stairs, her coat on; Chris's coat under her arm.*]

MARTHA: I'll take my sewing and be back as soon as I can. Poor mother. But isn't it the luck! Oh, dear! [*She has crossed the room, and as if impelled by habit is tidying the desk, laying out paper, pens, and a book she gets from the shelves above. The others watch her, wagging their heads in almost pitying amusement.*]

CHRIS: What's all that for? Going to write a letter before you go?

MARTHA [*laughing at her own expense*]: I suppose it's because I always like things ready—for—for *any* emergency. [*Going to the door.*] Well, children, try and be happy till we meet again. Be sure and put the screen in front of the fire, Chris. By-by. [*Exit Martha. Mary and Chris sink down, the one in Martha's chair, the other on the divan, fanning themselves with anything handy.*]

MARY: Well, I'll confess *that's* a piece of luck.

CHRIS [*rising to his height, expanding his chest*]: Luck? Never a bit! Unless you want to call it "luck" when a man — Well, you noticed it was the very second I got mad, and that my foot down finally, that the "luck" began. No, Mary, I've discovered the secret of life now, and I shan't forget it. *Dream your dream*—and to the devil with— *He fetches up, listening. Outside the beat of a motor is heard.*] Oh, *Heavens!* She's gone and taken the *car!*

MARY: Dream *that* away—if you can.

CHRIS: Wait! Sssh! Darn it! [*He runs his fingers through his hair.*] Wait till I— *There!* [*He points exultantly; outside the motor has stopped.*] What did I tell you?

MARTHA'S VOICE OUTSIDE: Oh, Chris!

CHRIS [*flopping on the divan, his face in the magazine*]: Yes?

MARTHA'S VOICE: I forgot to tell you —see that the cat goes out. And I guess I won't take the car, after all; I need the walk. Will you tend to it?

CHRIS: *Will I?* [*Then aloud:*] Sure, Martha. And about the cat, too.

MARTHA: That's a dear! By-by.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

Now—oats cook in 3 to 5 minutes

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There is a new Quaker Oats which takes less cooking time than coffee. And scarcely more than simple toasted bread.

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2½	cups Quaker Oats	1	teaspoon salt
2	cups flour	1	teaspoon baking powder
1	cup chopped peanuts	1¼	cup milk or water
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Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).

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The Terrible Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

CHRIS *[mopping his brow with a shirt-sleeve]*: Like a charm, like a charm.

MARY: Yes, like a charm. *[Thoughtfully.]* Mmmmmm!

CHRIS: Well, it's done! It's accomplished! *[Springing up, his arms out.]* Mary darling, at last we're——

MARY *[thinning her lips and holding him off]*: Accomplished? I like your idea of accomplished. Are we on the steamer? Even on the train? Even packed?

CHRIS: All that is now *[a magnificent sweep]*—inevitable! It follows! *[With compassion.]* You're nervous, tho. Wait! Watch me now! Sit there and count! *[He dashes up-stairs. Sounds of doors banging. As Mary listens her eyes fall on the pile of underwear on the table. She studies it with growing doubt. Shouts of "Are you counting?" from above. She strays to the door and listens at the panels. Drifts toward her own door, down-stage, right, but then, fascinated, returns to the pile. She lifts the button-bag and seems to weigh it with rising uneasiness.]*

MARY: Almost *too* like a charm. Mmmm. I wonder. *[Chris rattles down, hitching the last of him into a fresh dark suit, and waving a large, new, gaping hit-bag. Exhibiting the suit.]*

CHRIS: How's that for tu—for a dream? Laid right out on the bed just back from the tailor's! And this! *[The bag.]* I'd never have known where it was if she hadn't happened to mention it. *[Placing it on the floor and gloating.]* Now count again, and I'll show you how long it takes me to— *[Starting for the stairs, his eyes chance on the pile of underwear.]* Say! This is almost *funny!*

MARY: Almost—yes. Where are you going with them? *[Chris, who has started up-stairs with them, comes back, smickering at himself.]*

CHRIS: Oh, that's right; the bag *is* down here. *You* stick 'em in. *[Tossing them into her arms, he is off again, and vanishes above, noisily. Mary stands staring at the hit-bag, from that to the pile, from that to the button-bag, from that to the door. Nodding darkly.]*

MARY: Almost—*too* funny!

CHRIS *[abalanching down, laden with collars, socks, shirts, etc.]*: It couldn't have been better if she'd planned it. Wash just home—day early too—everything still around nice little piles. *[Stuffing the bag.]* Dreaming! Say! It goes like a clock; I could do it with my eyes shut; it's positively *weird!*

MARY: I begin to think so. I believe you'd better hurry, you know? Listen, Chris; get your hat.

CHRIS: Yes—*[crossing to the passage]*—and I'll want a coat— *[As he opens the door to go in he trips; picks from the threshold:]* My *rubbers!* Say, it doesn't seem I could forget *anything!*

MARY: Not even your precious—rubbers!

CHRIS: By Jingo, tho, there *is* something. A man can't just drop out without a word. I ought to leave a line, anyhow—*[as he approaches the desk he laughs, indicating the neat layout]*—for any emergency! If that isn't one of life's grim little ironies! *[He sits down, takes pen, furrows his brow. Mary laughs, her sarcasm half nerves, half bitterness.]*

MARY: Well, take your time about it!

CHRIS: But, now, what shall I—how in thunder do you begin a— *[His idle fingers riffle the leaves of the book left there. He eyes a heading. Suddenly turns the book over and looks at the back.]* Well, of all *the*— What'd you know about that, for a dream? Look, will you? "HALEY'S READY LETTER-WRITER"! *[Overcome by the humor of all this cosmic coincidence, he slaps his thigh and bursts into laughter. It is interrupted by Mary, plucking the book from him in a fury and slamming it to the floor.]*

MARY: You idiot! You simpleton! *[Clutching her hair; pointing at the clock; eying the door.]* Christopher Hume, if we're not out of here in three minutes—*[Lowering her voice.]* Listen to me. You've everything you need. *Close up that bag! [Dragging him, stupefied, to his feet, she is in and out of her room at a dark bringing her own bag, a hat, and coat. She sets the bag on the table. Chris squats over his. As she pulls on hat and coat:]* Well —*why don't you close it?*

CHRIS: I ought to have a tooth-brush.

MARY: Ohhh! *[Stamping.]* Listen, you *innocent;* if we're not out of here in two seconds by that clock we'll be —too late— *[The last in a gasp, at a sound outside. They freeze, their jaws fallen; they wait, powerless to move. The door begins to open. It seems it will never finish opening. Slowly, sheepishly, a small boy's head appears. Enter Tubs, sliding around the edge. He has on overalls, green sweater, cap hind side to, and a khaki kit-roll dangling from his arm. Closing the door, he stands with his back to it, eying them sullenly.]*

TUBS: Where's ma? *[No answer. Advancing stolidly.]* Where's ma? *[Chris, willing on divan, pats his hip-pockets. In a rapt voice:]*

CHRIS: That's another thing I'll want -handkerchiefs. Oh, yes—yes—she's—she's over at your grandmother's.

MARY: I wish I were so sure. *[Into space.]*

CHRIS *[upending, aroused to recollection]*: But what are *you* doing here? I thought you'd *run away.*

TUBS *[walking down into Martha's chasr, bitter chin on fists]*: What's the fun runnin' away? Where's the good makin' a break an' startin' sumpin' when it's all started for yuh, 'n' all fixed? Pa—where's ma?

CHRIS: But but I thought you were going *West!* Going to be a man! Herd cows and wash in water-holes and—and *hop freights!*

TUBS: Sure I was goin' to hop freights. I was over to Chesterton—I hiked there —and I was in a freight-car standin' there, and I was goin' to roll up in my blanket for the night, like a regular guy, and then when I come to get my pack undone—*[feverishly unbuckling the pack at his feet]*—when I got it undone—look, will yuh? Look! *[A fold of whiteness at the core.]* A *nightgown!* Clean, too! An' look! Un'erclo'es! *Stockin's! Tooth-brush! [From Mary's throat issues a high, high note of mirthless mirth.]*

CHRIS: But how how on earth how did they come——

TUBS: Gosh knows how she ever got 'em sneaked in. I thought I——

CHRIS: I thought you *stole out!*

TUBS: I might *'a' known* it was all workin' too much like a dream. Too much like a charm— *[Chris opens his mouth, shuts it, opens it again. A greenness comes over his face. His gaze passes from his bag to his suit, to the linen on the table, to his rubbers on the floor, to the desk, to the "Ready Letter-Writer"; everywhere but to Mary. Tubs grows impatient.]* When's ma comin' home, Pa?

MARY *[in mocking echo, daring Chris's eyes to meet hers]*: When's ma coming home, Pa?

CHRIS *[with febrile authority]*: Tubs, you go straight up to bed! Not a word now! Yes, I'll tell you when your mother comes in. Now march!

TUBS *[as he drags his feet up the first of the stairs]*: Aw, but Pa——

CHRIS: Talbot Hume! *[He stands glaring painfully after the boy, his back to Mary, his hands knotted behind it. Mary remains motionless, her eyes boring through his skull into his giddy brain, smiling a thin, intolerable smile.]*

TUBS *[near the top]*: Aw, Pa——

CHRIS *[with sudden fatherly compassion; anything to escape Mary's smile.]* You're tired, tho, aren't you, Tubs? Maybe I ought to come up and—after walking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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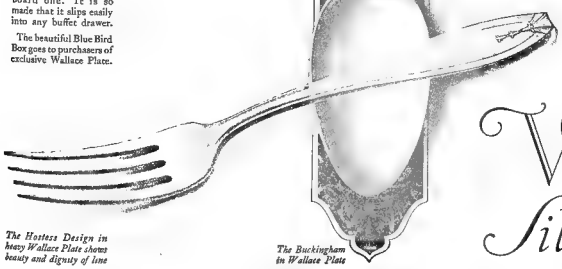

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The Terrible Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

from *Chesterton*, and on an empty stomach—

TUBBS: Aw, I had supper; quick lunch there. An' rode back in the train

CHRIS: But—but you left word you had no money.

TUBBS: Yeh, but there was a fi'-dollar bill stuck in that nightgown. Gosh, you'd think ma didn't care if I run away or not.

CHRIS: Even to the *money*. [*Shaking his distraction; incisively.*] Tubbs, go on up now; straight! [*Begins to fumble his hip-pockets.*]

MARY [*cuttingly sweet, as Tubbs vanishes*]: That's one of the things you'll want, isn't it?—handkerchiefs. [*Chris dashes a sleeve across his brow; starts to whirl on her; ends by shaking his head over his bag, in melodramatic dismay.*]

CHRIS: I've just now thought! It was what Tubbs said brought it to me. Isn't it the *limit*? Mary, darn it! Darn it! We're stopped, after all. My pocket-book! The tickets! The PASSPORTS!

MARY: Yes?

CHRIS [*triumphantly*]: *They were in that coat that* MARTHA TOOK!

MARY [*the basilisk*]: But since you're such a potent dreamer, darling, perhaps you can—

CHRIS [*in an abandon of fury, clapping his arms into waistcoat-pockets*]: By thunder, Woman! What do you— [*His left hand pats more slowly; an awful look comes over his face. Reaching in, he draws forth an envelope and a pocket-book, hypnotized.*] H-h-how did they get—h-how— Why, of course! When she took that coat up-stairs—she'd want to clear the pockets——

MARY: She is *so* methodical, isn't she? And now—since the dream is still working—like a charm— [*Chris slaps his brow with a resounding slap. He shouts.*]

CHRIS: I knew! I knew there was *something*! [*He begins to stride excitedly about the room.*] It's been eating at me all evening: "Something you've forgot! Something you've forgot!" *Money!* Yes, sir! I haven't a—*red*—*cent!* I wrote a cash-check this morning—was going to dash over to the bank—then something—and then this afternoon again— Honest! Honest to Heaven! Mary, why do you look at me like *that*? Think I'm *lying*? Why the devil should I be *lying*? But look, if you want proof, I stuck the check away in this pigeonhole. [*At the desk, pawing, his face a study as he finds nothing.*] Well—it's been mislaid—or—anyway, I swear—by all that's holy— Well, darn you then, *wait!* I'll let you see for yourself! [*Drawing himself up, he pulls out his pocketbook and opens it wide to show its emptiness. A sheaf of crackly bank-notes is revealed.*]

MARY [*softly*]: Like a charm——

CHRIS [*saucer-eyed*]: Mary, I swear to you by—I swear by—by all I hold sacred— [*Gingerly, as tho they were occult explosives, he starts to draw the notes forth, when a paper flutters out. He picks it up and reads:*] "*To be remembered, important: June 2d, life insurance to pay; 18th, fire, same; first week August, teeth gone over, early September, begin think Tubs's birthday—promised air-rifle—birthday 25th, so send well ahead; October 8th*——"

TUBBS'S VOICE [*above*]: Pa, where's ma?

CHRIS [*out of inner chaos, mechanically*]: Yes, yes, that's a good boy——

MARY [*with lethal amusement*]: And besides, now that he's here, you know, you couldn't. It would be too much like deserting a comrade in the trenches. [*Perceiving that nothing penetrates, she shrugs with finality, and makes to remove her hat. Over her shoulder in honeyed irony:*] You and your wife wouldn't mind if I stayed on, just the night, would you? It would be rather a bother getting a train *now*. [*Still receiving no answer, she swaps open her bag, and is about to lift it when something arrests her. Plucking out a book, she stares at it. Aroused by her gasp, Chris approaches to peer over her shoulder.*]

CHRIS [*reading the title*]: "WHAT THE YOUNG BRIDE SHOULD KNOW."

MARY: Now, where did that thing—[*Her face suddenly contorted; the breath hissing between her teeth.*] Of all the intolerable—all the cheap—the shallow-witted—*merde! O-h-h-h-h!* [*Catching sight of Chris's purpling face, she shakes herself, jams her hat on, takes the bag, marches high-headed, flings open the outer door. With her back to Chris and the room:*] If you'll be good enough to tell your wife how deeply I appreciate her hospitality—

CHRIS [*embarrassed, guilty, red, foot-bound, tongue-tied*]: But, Mary—I—you—but listen—but, Mary—but this is all—darn it—listen, will you? [*With one wild, vulpine laugh Mary goes out, slamming the door behind her. Chris sinks back against the table. Searches his pockets for that handkerchief again, his head wabbly, shoulders limp.*]

TUBBS [*appearing above in his mighty, hissing down*]: Couldn't yuh phone 'er, Pa? [*Chris springs up, goes to the passage, leaving the door open.*]

CHRIS'S VOICE: One— nine— nine— three. Hurry it up, please. [*Tubbs hops half-way down, ears erect.*] Hello! Is Mrs. —— is *that* you, Mother Randolph? Why—I thought you were—I'm so glad. Martha still there? *What?* Not been there this *evening*? [*The outer door opens and Martha comes half-way in, unobserved. An ear toward the passage, a quick eye for the bag, the fallen rubbers, the book on the floor, she withdraws, closing the door softly. The receiver is hung up and Chris appears, puffing, mystified. Once more the door opens, briskly this time, and Martha comes walking in.*]

CHRIS: *Martha!*

TUBBS [*charging down in a shower of slippers*]: *Ma! Ma!* [*Chris catches her shoulders; Tubs her waist.*]

CHRIS: Where—darling—where have you been so *long*?

MARTHA: That's a question *no* one should ask *any* one—in the Spring of the year. But where's—

TUBBS: Ma! Ma! Oh, Ma! I took a bath!

MARTHA [*laughing*]: But where's Mary, Chris?

CHRIS [*laboring heavily*]: Well, you see—Mary said to give you—she was so upset—but you s-s-see—she had a telegram—she absolutely *had* to—g-g-go!

MARTHA: Oh, I'm *so* sorry. I so love having Mary——

CHRIS [*almost shaking her*]: Mary! Mary—Mary—Mary! Why always—Don't you care anything about *me*?

MARTHA [*kissing the tip of his nose*]: You poor blessed!

TUBBS: Ma, didn't yuh hear? I took a bath, *all myself!*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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Made for children up to fourteen years old. *Prices low for the quality.*

Insist on genuine Dentons. Name is on neck hanger. Our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment. Sold in over 5,500 Dry Good Stores.

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A Doll With 3 to 12 Heads

Changes Faces, Changes Clothes, Walks and Talks

Many Dolls In One—Heaps of Fun

A doll with one body—but three to a dozen heads! And a different costume for each head! Heads and costumes changed in a jiffy—each change making an entirely different character—that's the Famlee Doll.

Heads screw on and off—simply a turn at the neck; a two-year-old can do it.

Great fun to change from a Girl Doll to a Boy Doll—then to Little-Miss-From-Holland—then to Ching-Ching-Chinaman—and so on through ...f the lovable and life-like ...racters in each set.

...ver before a doll like this—...changing playmate that multiplies the fun of every play-hour.

Each character walks and talks. 16 inches high. Non-breakable. Quality in every detail.

In attractively boxed sets—each with one body and three, five, seven or twelve interchangeable heads, with a special dress, or costume for each head. Additional heads and costumes to add to the family can be bought at any time.

A Wonderful Birthday or Christmas Gift

At leading department and toy stores. *Or write for a free Doll-alogue—showing and describing Famlee sets.*

BERWICK DOLL CO.
Dept. 63, 480 Broadway, New York

The Famlee Doll

A Whole Family of Dolls In One
A Brand New and Patented Idea

The Terrible Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

MARTHA [*hissing the top of his head*]: You poor precious! [*As she is doing this, Chris's glance happens upon his telltale bag. He is petrified. Noting this, obliquely, Martha smiles, obliquely. Shoving Tubs up-stairs and keeping her eyes definitely away from the bag's quarter, she goes to the desk and sits down.*] Give me peace for two seconds, dear; there's something before I forget it. [*Biting the pen, musing humorously at the paper.*] I knew there'd be *some* emergency. [*She writes, head carefully bent. Chris, holding his breath, rescues the bag and tiptoes upstairs to safety. When she is sure of this she sighs, folds the paper, and jabs it on the sticker.*] There! *That's* finished! [*Rising, she goes to her chair by the table and sits down again.*]

TUBS'S VOICE: *Ma!*

CHRIS'S VOICE: Martha! Come to bed! [*Of a sudden Martha goes down, her face in her two hands, all a heap and a shiver and a sigh.*]

TUBS'S VOICE: Ma, ain't yuh never comin'?

MARTHA [*rising, straightening, with a new smile, and starting up the stairs*]: Yes, dear.

CHRIS'S VOICE [*muffled*]: Maaaarthа—

MARTHA: Yes, dear?

CHRIS'S VOICE: Know where my pajaaamas are?

MARTHA: Yes, dear.

CURTAIN

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

The girl's face clouded. "You won't keep them, then? But they're all yours!"

"Even if they were, I shouldn't want them any longer. But they're not; they're only a trust—" she paused, half smiling—"a trust till your wedding."

She had tried to say the word lightly, but it echoed on through the silence like a little peal of silver bells.

"Oh, my wedding! But I shall never marry," said Anne, laughing joyously, and catching her mother in her arms. It was the first time she had made so impulsive a movement. Kate Clephane, trembling a little, held her close.

It brought the girl nearer, made her less aloof, to hear that familiar old denial. "Some day before long," the mother thought, "she'll tell me who he is."

KATE CLEPHANE lay awake all night thinking of the man who had been too shy to come into the box.

Her sense of security, of permanence, was gone. She understood now that it had been based on the idea that her life would henceforth go on just as it had for the two months since her return; that she and Anne would always remain side by side. The idea was absurd, of course; if she followed it up, her mind recoiled from it. To keep Anne for the rest of her life, unchanged, and undesirous of change—the aspiration was inconceivable. She wanted for her daughter the common human round of experience, no more, but certainly no less. Only she did not want her to marry yet—not till they two had grown to know each other better, till Kate had had time to establish herself in her new life.

So she put it to herself; but she knew that what she felt was just an abject fear of change, more change—of being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

FOR COUGHS—*take a teaspoonful*

Tickling coughs and sore throat will be over sooner if you take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night and occasionally during the day. *It is tasteless and odorless* and stops that irritating tickling, soothes inflamed membranes and gives nature a chance to do its healing work. As "Vaseline" Jelly is absolutely harmless, it may be taken repeatedly until relief is obtained.

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THE brightest lights hold no revealing terrors for the woman who uses Pert Rouge. She never fears lest the lovely complexion she started with may have faded to a tired pallor. Pert Rouge stays on until she removes it herself with cold cream or soap.

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

uprooted again, cast once more upon her own resources.

No! She could not picture herself living alone in a little house in New York, dependent on the Drovers and Tresseltons, and on the good Fred Landers, for her moral sustenance. To be with Anne, to play the part of Anne's mother—the one part, she now saw, that Fate had meant her for—that was what she wanted with all her starved and world-worn soul. To be the background, the atmosphere, of her daughter's life; to depend on Anne, to feel that Anne depended on her; it was the one perfect companionship she had ever known, the only close tie unmarred by dissimulation and distrust. The mere restfulness of it had made her contracted soul expand as if it were sinking into a deep warm bath.

Now the sense of restfulness was gone From the moment when she had seen Anne's lids drop over that secret vision, the mother had known that her days of quietude were over. Anne's choice might be perfect; she, Kate Clephane, might live out the rest of her days in peace, between Anne and Anne's husband. But the mere possibility of a husband made everything incalculable again.

THE morning brought better counsel. There was Anne herself, in her riding-habit, fresh and aglow from an early canter, and bringing in her mother's breakfast, with no trace of mystery in her clear eyes. There was the day's pleasant routine, easy and insidious, the planning and adjusting of engagements, notes to be answered, invitations to be sent out; the habitual took her in its soothing hold. "After all," she reflected, "young men don't run away nowadays from falling in love." Probably the whole thing had been some cryptic chaff of the youth with the football face; Nollie, indirectly, might enlighten her.

Indirectly; for it was clear to Kate that whatever she learned about her daughter must be learned through observing her, and not through questioning others. The mother could not picture herself as having any rights over the girl, as being, under that roof, anything more than a privileged guest. Anne's very insistence on treating her as the mistress of the house only emphasized her sense of not being at home there: it was the verbal courtesy of the Spaniard who puts all his possessions at the disposal of a casual visitor.

Not that there was anything in Anne's manner to justify this feeling, but that to Kate it seemed inherent in the situation. It was absurd to assume that her mere return to John Clephane's house could invest her, in any one else's eyes, and much less in her own, with the authority she had lost in leaving it; she would never have dreamed of basing her conduct on such an assumption. Her task, she knew, was gradually, patiently, to win back, of all she had forfeited, the one thing she really valued: her daughter's love and confidence. The love, in a measure, was there already; how could the confidence fail to follow?

Meanwhile, at any rate, she could be no more than the fondest of lookers-on, the discreetest of listeners; and for the moment she neither saw nor heard anything to explain that secret tremor of Anne's eyelids.

At the Joe Tresseltons', a few nights later, she had hoped for a glimpse, a hint. Nollie had invited mother and daughter (with affectionate insistence on the mother's presence) to a little evening party at which some one who was not Russian was to sing—for Nollie was original in everything. The Joe Tresseltons had managed to lend a freshly picturesque air to a dull old Tresselton house near Washington Square, of which the stable had become a studio, and other parts of the house suffered like transformations without too much loss of character. It was typical of Nollie that she could give an appearance of stability to her modern furnishings, just as her modern manner kept its repose.

The party was easy and amusing, but even Lilla Gates (whom Nollie always included) took her tone from the mistress of the house, and, dressed with a kind of savage soberness, sat there in her heavy, lusterless beauty, bored but triumphant. It was evident that, tho at Nollie's she was not in her element, she would not for the world have been left out.

Kate Clephane, while the music immobilized the groups scattered about the great shadowy room, found herself scanning them with a fresh intensity of attention. She no longer thought of herself as an object of curiosity to any of these careless, self-engrossed young people; she had learned that a woman of her age, however conspicuous her past, and whatever her present claims to notice, is fated to pass unremarked in a society where youth so undiscriminatingly prevails. The first discovery had come with a slight shock; then she blessed the anonymity which made observation so much easier.

Only—what was there to observe? Again the sameness of the American Face enveloped her in its innocent uniformity. How many of them it seemed to take to make up a single individuality! Most of them were like the miles and miles between two railway-stations, and she saw again, with gathering wonder, that one may be young and handsome and healthy and eager, and yet unable, out of such rich elements, to evolve a personality.

Her thoughts wandered back with a certain impatience to the shabby faces peopling her former life. She knew every seam of their shabbiness, but now for the first time she seemed to see that they had been worn down by emotions and passions, however sordid, and not merely by ice-water and dyspepsia.

"Since the Americans have ceased to have dyspepsia," she reflected, "they have lost the only thing that gave them any expression."

LANDERS came up as the thought flashed through her mind, and apparently caught its reflection in her smile.

"You look at me as if you'd never seen me before; is it because my tie's crooked?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"No; your tie is beautifully straight. So is everything else about you. That's the reason I was looking at you in that way; I can't get used to it!"

He reddened a little, as if unaccustomed to such insistent scrutiny. "Used to what?"

"Well, the universal straightness. You're all so young and—and so regular! I feel as if I were in a gallery of marble masterpieces."

"As that can hardly apply to our features, I suppose it's intended to describe our morals," he said with a faint grimace.

"I don't know—I wish I did! What I'm trying to do, of course," she added abruptly and unguardedly, "is to guess how I should feel about all these young men—if I were Anne."

She was vexed with herself that the words should have slipped out, and yet not altogether sorry. After all, one could always trust Landers to hold his tongue—and almost always understand. His smile showed that he understood now.

"Of course you're trying; we all are. But, as far as I know, Sister Anne hasn't yet seen any one from her tower."

She drew a breath of relief that seemed to expand her contracted heart. "Ah, well, you'd be sure to know—especially as, when she does, it ought to be some one visible a long way off!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Suppose your eyelids failed to close

when a cloud of dust blows toward you

Dust in the eyes? How rarely does this unwelcome experience occur, for the protecting eyelids "quick as a wink" snap shut when trouble looms.

Unhappily there is no such protection for the skin. And often its soft, natural fineness is sacrificed because the tiny, delicate pores are subject to the irritating effects of this same dust-laden air.

Nature does her best. The little pore ducts night and day cast out foreign particles and preserve the pliant fineness of the skin. We help by using our face creams faithfully to cleanse and nourish. But most face creams leave the pores wide open, unprotected as before.

Tired, overtaxed, the pores become weak in functioning. And then we wonder why they become enlarged.

Some of us accept this condition as "just natural to my skin." But those of us who really *care* find ways to refine the pores.

Ice is one tested way. But it is harsh to tender skins, and always more or less inconvenient.

Now there is a new and better way—with all the pore-contracting benefits of ice, and with none of its trouble—a delightful, refreshing cream, that feels and acts like ice on the skin.

This new cream is called Princess Pat Ice Astringent. It does not take the place of your nourishing creams. It simply finishes the task—closes to normal fineness the open, unprotected pores.

Apply this icy and refreshing cream right over your nourishing cream. The sensation is like a cool lake breeze—the effect, an immediate contraction of the pores.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent does not *enter* the pores. Its smooth contracting action merely restores the refinement of texture to your skin; and its welcome "freezy" chill brings a tide of fresh natural color.

You will be entranced at the youthful beauty which Princess Pat Ice Astringent brings to your complexion, and amazed at how wonderfully your powder adheres—without possibility of its entering and choking the pores.

Beauty Hints by "The Princess"

My night treatment: Cleanse the skin thoroughly with a soft, solvent cleansing cream. Remove with soft cloth Feed the pores generously with nourishing cream, gently manipulating with finger tips. Let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

My morning treatment: Awaken the skin with cool, not cold, water. Dry the face. Now just a light coat of nourishing cream, again gently manipulating, always with upward and outward strokes. Now your ice astringent right on top of the nourishing cream. Then wipe off both together.

My final touch: I find dry tint most natural—Princess Pat English Tint. Apply in the shape of a V, the point toward the nose, leaving a clear space in front of the ear. For waterproof effect, apply before powdering. I use an almond base powder—both soothing and beautifying.

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You don't need turkey to enjoy cranberries! Delicious cranberry jelly or cranberry sauce goes fine with all roast meats. Particularly appetizing with roast beef.

And cranberries are so easy to prepare. Little work—no peeling—no coring—no waste! And every part of the cranberry is wholesome and appetizing.

8 lbs. of cranberries and 2½ lbs. of sugar make 10 tumblers of beautiful jelly.

Try this recipe—

Cranberry Jelly

Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each two quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers, porcelain or crockery molds.

When you have cranberry sauce or cranberry jelly in the pantry there isn't a day in the year that you can't enjoy cranberries in some form.

They make a variety of delicious and different desserts. Healthful a real aid to digestion. Economical—always!

To be sure of getting the choicest cultivated varieties, ask for EATMOR CRANBERRIES. And always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined or aluminum vessels.

Illustrated recipe folder showing many ways in which cranberries may be preserved and prepared free upon request.

American Cranberry Exchange

90 West Broadway, New York

The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

"It ought to be, yes. The more so as she seems in no hurry." He looked away. "But don't build too much on that," he added. "I learned long ago, in such matters, to expect only the unexpected."

Kate Clephane glanced at him quickly; his ingenuous countenance wore an unaccustomed shadow. She remembered that, in the old days, John Clephane had always jokingly declared—in a tone proclaiming the matter to be one conceivable only as a joke—that Fred Landers was in love with her; and she said to herself that the lesson her old friend referred to was perhaps the one she had unwittingly given him when she went away with another man.

It was on the tip of her tongue to exclaim: "Oh, but I didn't know anything then—I wasn't anybody! My real life, my only life, began years later—" but she checked herself with a start. Why, in the very act of thinking of her daughter, had she suddenly strayed away into thinking of Chris? It was the first time it had happened to her to confront the two images, and she felt as if she had committed a sort of profanation.

She took refuge in another thought that Landers's last words had suggested—the thought that if she herself had matured late, why, so might Anne. The idea was faintly reassuring.

"No; I won't build on any theory," she said, answering him. "But one can't help hoping she'll wait till some one turns up good enough for what I believe she's going to be."

"Oh, these mothers!" he laughed, his face relaxing into its unusual lines of guileless good nature.

The music was over. The groups, breaking up, flowed past them toward the little tables in another picturesque room, and Lilla Gates, with the others, swept by in a cluster of guffawing youths. She seemed to have attracted all the kindred spirits in the room, and her sluggish stare was shot with provocation. Ah, there was another mystery! No one explained Lilla—every one seemed to take her for granted. Not that it really mattered. Kate had seen enough of her daughter to feel sure that Anne would never be in danger of falling under Lilla's influence. The perils in wait for her would wear a subtler form.

BUT, as a mere matter of curiosity, and a possible light on the new America, Kate would have liked to know why her husband's niece—surprising offshoot of the prudent Clephanes and stolid Drovers—had been dangled out in the new easy-going society, to be at once reproved and countenanced. Lilla in herself was too uninteresting to stimulate curiosity, but as a symptom she might prove enlightening. Here again, Kate was checked by the sense that she, of all the world, was least in a position to ask questions. What if people should turn around and ask about *her?* Since she had been living under her old roof, and at her daughter's side, the mere suggestion made her tremble. It was curious—and she herself was aware of it—how quickly, unconsciously almost, she had slipped at last into the very attitude the Clephanes had so long tried to force upon her: the attitude of caution and conservatism.

Her glance, in following Lilla, caught Fred Landers's, and he smiled again, but with a slight constraint. Instantly she thought: "He'd like to tell me her whole story, but he doesn't dare, because, very likely, it began like my own. And it will always go on being like that; whatever I'm afraid to ask they'll be equally afraid to tell." It would be what people called "starting with a clean slate," she supposed; would no one ever again scribble anything unguardedly on hers? She felt indescribably alone.

On the way home the sense of Anne's arm against hers drew her out of her solitariness. After all, she had only to wait. The new life was but a few weeks old: and already Anne's nearness seemed to fill it. If only she could keep Anne near enough!

"Did you like it, Mother? How do we all strike you, I wonder?"

"As kinder than anything I ever dreamed."

She thought she felt Anne's surprized glance on her in the darkness. "Oh, *that!* But why not? It's you who must try to be kind to us. I feel as if at times we must be so hard to tell apart. In Europe there are more contrasts, I suppose. I saw Uncle Fred helping you to sort us out this evening."

"You mean you caught me staring? I dare say I do. I want so much not to miss anything—anything that's a part of your life—" Her voice shook with the avowal.

She was answered by a closer pressure. "You wonderful mother! I don't believe you ever will." She was conscious in Anne, mysteriously, of a tension answering her own. "Isn't it splendid to be two to talk things over? I never had anybody before," the girl confessed.

"What things?" Kate Clephane thought, but dared not speak. Her hand on Anne's, she sat silent, feeling her child's heart tremble nearer.

EVERY ONE noticed how beautifully it worked; the way, as Fred Landers said, she and Anne hit it off from their first look at each other on the deck of the steamer.

Enid Drover was almost emotional about it one evening when she and Kate sat alone in the Clephane drawing-room. It was after one of Anne's "young" dinners, and the other guests, with Anne herself, had been whirled off to some form of midnight entertainment.

"It's wonderful, my dear, how you've done it. Poor mother didn't always find Anne easy, you know."

Kate felt herself redden with pride. "I suppose it's the novelty, partly," Mrs. Drover continued, with her heavy-stepping simplicity. "Perhaps that's an advantage, in a way." She she pulled up, apparently feeling that, in some obscure manner, she might be offending where she sought to please. "Anne admires your looks so much, you know, and your slightness." A sigh came from her adipose depths. "I do believe it gives one more hold over one's girls to have kept one's figure. One can at least go on wearing the kind of clothes they like."

Kate felt an inward glow of satisfaction. The irony of the situation hardly touched her: the fact that the youth and elasticity she had clung to so desperately should prove one of the chief assets of her new venture. It was beginning to seem natural that everything should lead up to Anne.

"The business of setting up a studio, now; Anne's so pleased that you approve. She had a struggle with her grandmother about it, but poor mother wouldn't give in. She was too horrified. She thought paint so messy—and then how could she have got up the studio stairs?

"Ah, well ." it was so easy to be generous! "that sort of thing did seem horrifying to Mrs. Clephane's generation. After all, it was not so long before her day that Dr. Johnson said portrait-painting was indelicate in a female."

Mrs. Drover gave her sister-in-law a puzzled look. Her mind seldom retained more than one word in any sentence, and her answer was based on the reaction that particular word provoked. "*Female*—" she murmured—"is that word being used again? I never thought it very nice to apply it to women, did you?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

$100,000 in cash prizes for NEW ways of using G. Washington's Delicious-Instant Coffee

Housewives everywhere know G. Washington's Coffee—how good—how convenient it is. The coffee ready to drink when dissolved in hot water. The coffee with the delicious flavor.

G. Washington's Coffee is wonderful for preparing desserts, ices, jellies, cakes, candies and other dainties. By simply adding G. Washington's Coffee to other ingredients, a delicious coffee flavor is obtained. It comes in concentrated powdered form and no water is required. Its use in desserts is simplicity itself and results are certain.

If you can make good cake, a new dessert or confection, enter this contest, which is limited to those who have used G. Washington's Coffee prior to September 1, 1924.

$1,000 in cash prizes for new G. Washington's Coffee recipes. First prize is $500. No restrictions, no conditions.

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For G. Washington's Coffee New Recipes	
For the best	$500
For the next best	250
For the next best	75
For the next best	50
For the next best	25
For the 20 next best, $5 each,	100
Twenty-five prizes in all	$1,000

Contest Closes Dec. 31, 1924.

All prizes will be paid on or before February 1st, 1925, and in event of tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to tying contestants.

The judges of the contest will be chosen from a selected list of managers and famous chefs of the leading hotels of New York City.

Write recipe on one side of paper only. No letters can be answered concerning the contest. All recipes must be mailed on or before December 31, 1924, and to become our property.

Use the coupon below, or a copy of it, attaching your suggestions for new recipes.

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Dolly Dingle and Mama Dingle as She Was Twenty-Five Years Ago

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Stars That Shine on Broadway's Stage and Screen

MADGE BELLAMY plays a tremendously dramatic rôle in William Fox's successful moving picture, "The Iron Horse," dramatizing the building of transcontinental railroads.

HELEN FORD who with Eddie Buzzell is amusing large audiences in the musical play, "No Other Girl" (below)

Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photographed by White Studio

SCINTILLATING among the beauties of Ziegfeld's Follies is lovely Gloria Dawn.

BECAUSE of her admirable singing and dancing, Ethel Shutta has scored a personal success in the new and entertaining musical comedy, "Marjorie" (below).

Photographed by Bachrach

THE beauty of Avonne Taylor is one of the stellar attractions of "Kid Boots," in which Eddie Cantor entertains in his inimitable way (left)

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

LILLIAN GISH'S newest picture, "Romola," based on the George Eliot novel, was filmed in Italy (above).

"DEAR SIR" is the title of the tuneful musical comedy in which Kathlene Martyn appears below)

Photographed by Strauss Peyton

ANOTHER pose of charming Florence Fair.

Photographed by Maillard

FAY Bainter has returned to the musical comedy stage in "The Dream Girl," the last score written by Victor Herbert.

Photographed by Wide World Studio

THRILLING with mysterious situations is "The Green Beetle," which gives Florence Fair an opportunity to do some splendid acting (above).

Photographed by Ira L. Hill's Studio

THE musical version of Clare Kummer's comedy, "Good Gracious Annabelle," is the vehicle for Billie Burke's newest stage success.

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"Don't let your face touch its pillow until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed"

—and now for those "three golden minutes" I call my own

"The long, busy day over at last.

"And now for those 'three golden minutes' I call my own, when I wipe away all of the day's dirt and tiredness. Then my skin can function normally all night and by morning be fresh and radiant.

"I have found a cold cream that cleanses, revives and smooths out tired lines all at the same time; one of such purences, doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

"If you, too, will make it a rule never to let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin is thoroughly cleansed with this perfect cold cream—you'll notice a difference."

For sale at department and drug stores —the white package with the red bands—Tubes,10c, 25c, 50c. Jars,35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Just send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"
I—*Smooth a coat of this luxurious cold cream over your face and neck.*
II—*Leave it on a minute to sink in.*
III—*Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a wash cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.*

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

But I dare say I'm hopelessly old-fashioned. Nothing shocks the young people nowadays—not even the Bible."

Nothing could have given Kate Clephane greater confidence in her own success than this little talk with Enid Drover. She had been feeling her way so patiently, so stealthily almost, among the outworks and defenses of her daughter's character; and here she was actually instated in the citadel.

Anne's "studio-warming" strengthened the conviction. Mrs. Clephane had not been allowed to see the studio; Anne and Nollie and Joe Tresselton, for a breathless week, had locked themselves in with nails and hammers and pots of paint, sealing their ears against all questioning. Then one afternoon the doors were opened, and Kate, coming out of the half-lit room with a single wide window overlooking the reaches of the Sound, all jeweled and netted with lights, the fairy span of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the dark roof-forest of the intervening city. It seemed strangely significant and mysterious in that disguising dusk—full of shadows, distances, invitations. She leaned a moment in the window, surprized at this brush of the wings of poetry.

IN THE room Anne had had the good taste to let the sense of space prolong itself. It looked more like a great library, waiting for its books, than a modern studio; as tho the girl had measured the distance between that mighty nocturne and her own timid attempts, and wanted the implements of her art to pass unnoticed.

They were sitting—Mrs. Clephane, the Joe Tresseltons, and one or two others —about the teacups set out at one end of a long oak table, when the door opened and Lilla Gates appeared, swarthy and staring, in white furs and big pendulous earrings. She brought with her a mingled smell of cigarets and perfume, and as she stood there, circling the room with her sulky, contemptuous stare, Kate felt a stir of annoyance.

"Why must one forever go on being sorry for Lilla?" she wondered, wincing a little as Anne's lips touched her cousin's mauve cheek.

"It was nice of you to come, Lilla."

"Well—I chucked something bang-up for you," said Lilla coolly. It was evidently her pride to be perpetually invited, perpetually swamped in a multiplicity of boring engagements. She looked about her again, and then dropped into an armchair. "Mercy—you *have* cleared the decks!" she remarked. "Ain't there going to be any more furniture than this?"

"Oh, the furniture's all outside—and the pictures too," Anne said, pointing to the great window.

"Brooklyn Bridge? Excuse *me*! Oh, but I see; you've kept the place clear for dancing. Good girl, Anne! Can I bring in some of my little boys sometime? Is that a player-piano?" she added, with a pounce toward the grand piano in a shadowy corner. "I like this kindergarten," she pronounced.

Nollie Tresselton laughed. "If you come, Anne won't let you dance. You'll all have to sit for her—for hours and hours."

"Well, we'll sit between the dances, then. Ain't I going to have a latch-key, Anne?"

She stood leaning against the piano, sipping the cocktail some one had handed her, her head thrown back, and the light from a shaded lamp striking up at her columnar throat and the green glitter of her earrings, which suggested to Kate Clephane the poisonous antennæ of some giant insect. Anne stood close to her, slender, erect, her small head clasped in close braids, her hands hanging at her sides, dead white against the straight dark folds of her dress. There was something distinctly unpleasant to Kate Clephane in the proximity of the two, and she rose and moved toward the piano.

As she sat down before the keyboard, letting her hands drift into the opening bars of a half-remembered melody, she saw Lilla, in her vague, lounging way, draw closer to Anne, who held out a hand for the empty glass. The gesture brought them so near each other that Lilla, slightly drooping her head, could let fall, hardly above her breath, but audibly to Kate: "He's back again. He bothered the life out of me to bring him here."

Again Kate saw that quick drop of her daughter's lids; this time it was accompanied by a just perceptible tremor of the hand that received the glass.

"Nonsense, Lilla!"

"Well, what on earth am I to do about it? I can't get the police to run him in, can I?"

Anne laughed—the faintest laugh of impatience and dismissal. "You may have to," she said.

Nollie Tresselton, in the interval, had glided up and slipped an arm through Lilla's.

"Come along, my dear. There's to be no dancing here to-day." Her little brown face had the worn, sharp look it often took on when she was mothering Lilla. But Lilla's feet were firmly planted. "I don't budge till I get another cocktail."

One of the young men hastened to supply her, and Anne turned to her other guests. A moment or two later the Tresseltons and Lilla took their departure, and one by one the remaining visitors followed, leaving mother and daughter alone in the recovered serenity of the empty room.

But there was no serenity in Kate. That half-whispered exchange between Lilla Gates and Anne had stirred all her old apprehensions, and awakened new ones. The idea that her daughter was one of Lilla's confidantes was inexpressibly disturbing. Yet the more she considered, the less she knew how to convey her anxiety to her daughter.

"If I knew how intimate they really are—what she really thinks of Lilla!"

For the first time she understood on what unknown foundations her fellowship with Anne was built. Were they solid? Would they hold? Was Anne's feeling for her more than a sudden girlish enthusiasm for an agreeable older woman, the kind of sympathy based on things one can enumerate, and may change one's mind about, rather than the blind warmth of habit?

SHE stood musing while Anne moved about the studio, putting away the music, straightening a picture here and there.

"And this is where you're going to work——"

Anne nodded joyously.

"Lilla apparently expects you to turn it into a dance-hall for her benefit.

"Poor Lilla! She can't see a new room without wanting to fox-trot in it. Life, for her, wherever she is, consists in going somewhere else in order to do exactly the same thing."

Kate was relieved: there was no mistaking the half-disdainful pity of the tone.

"Well—don't give her that latch-key!" she laughed, gathering up her furs.

Anne echoed the laugh. "There are to be only two latch-keys—yours and mine," she said; and mother and daughter went gaily down the steep stairs.

The days, after that, moved on with the undefinable reassurance of habit. Kate Clephane was beginning to feel herself part of an old-established routine. She had tried to organize her life in such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

Women who eat soft food

must beware of tender gums

DAINTY FOODS are the natural choice of dainty women. And yet, these soft, delicious creations you are so fond of—has it ever occurred to you that, to your teeth and gums, they are a real and constant menace?

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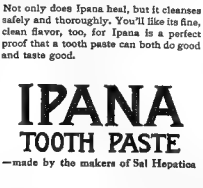

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

a way that it should fit into Anne's without awkward overlapping. Anne, nowadays, after her early canter, went daily to the studio and painted till lunch; sometimes, as the days lengthened, she went back for another two hours' work in the afternoon.

When the going was too bad for her morning ride she usually walked to the studio, and Kate sometimes walked with her, or went through the Park to meet her on her return. When she painted in the afternoon, Kate would occasionally drop in for tea, and they would return home together on foot in the dusk. But Mrs. Clephane was scrupulously careful not to intrude on her daughter's working-hours; she held back, not with any tiresome display of discretion, but with the air of valuing her own independence too much not to respect Anne's.

SOMETIMES, now that she had settled down into this new routine, she was secretly aware of feeling a little lonely; there were hours when the sense of being only a visitor in the house where her life ought to have been lived gave her the same drifting, uprooted feeling which had been the curse of her other existence. It was not Anne's fault; nor that, in this new life, every moment was not interesting and even purposeful, since each might give her the chance of serving Anne, pleasing Anne in some way or another getting still closer to Anne. But this very feeling took a morbid intensity from the fact of having no common memories, no shared associations, to feed on.

Kate was frightened, sometimes, by its likeness to that other isolated and devouring emotion which her love for Chris had been. Everything might have been different, she thought, if she had had more to do, or more friends of her own to occupy her. But Anne's establishment, which had been her grandmother's, still traveled smoothly enough on its own momentum; and tho the girl insisted that her mother was now the head of the house, the headship involved little more than ordinary dinner and talking over linen and carpets and curtains with old Mrs. Clephane's housekeeper.

Then, as to friends—was it because she was too much engrossed in her daughter to make any? Or because her life had been too incommunicably different from that of her bustling middle-aged contemporaries, absorbed by a hundred local and domestic questions she had no part in? Or had she been too suddenly changed from a self-absorbed woman, insatiable for personal excitements, into that mere being, a mother, her center of gravity in a life not hers?

She did not know; she felt only that she no longer had time for anything but motherhood, and must be content to bridge over, as best she could, the unoccupied intervals. And, after all, they were not many. Her daughter never appeared without instantly filling up every crevice of the present, and overflowing into the past and the future, so that, even in the mother's rare reactions of despondency, life without Anne, like life before Anne, had become unthinkable.

She was revolving this for the thousandth time as she turned into the Park one afternoon to meet Anne on the latter's way homeward. The delays were already much longer; the difference in the light, and that premature languor of the air which comes, in America, before the sleeping earth seems to expect it, made Mrs. Clephane feel that the year had turned, that a new season was opening in her new life. She walked on with that vague sense of confidence in the future which the first touch of Spring sunlight gives. The worst of the way was past —how easily, how smoothly to the feet! Where misunderstanding and failure had been so probable, she was increasingly sure of having understood and succeeded. And already she and Anne were making delightful plans for the Spring.

Ahead of her, in a transverse alley, she was disagreeably surprized by the sight of Lilla Gates. There was no mistaking that tall, lounging figure, tho it was moving slowly away. Lilla at that hour in the Park? It seemed curious and improbable. Yet Lilla it was; and Mrs. Clephane's conclusion was drawn immediately. "Who is she waiting for?"

Whoever it was had not come; the perspective beyond Lilla was empty. She hastened her step, and vanished behind a clump of evergreens at the crossing of the paths. Kate did not linger for her reappearance. The incident was too trifling to fix the attention; after all, what had one ever expected of Lilla but that she might be found loitering in unlikely places, in quest of objectionable people? There was nothing new in that —nor did Kate even regret not having a glimpse of the objectionable person. In her growing reassurance about Anne, Lilla's affairs had lost whatever slight interest they once offered.

She walked on but her mood was altered. The sight of Lilla lingering in that deserted path had called up old associations. She remembered meetings of the same kind—but was it her own young figure she saw fading down those far-off perspectives? Well—if it were, let it go! She owned no kinship with that unhappy ghost. Serene, middle-aged, respected, and respectable, she walked on again out of that vanishing past into the warm, tangible present. And at any moment now she might meet Anne.

She had turned down a wide walk leading to one of the Fifth Avenue entrances. One could see a long way ahead; there were people coming and going. Two women passed, with some noisy children racing before them; a milliner's boy, whistling, his boxes slung over his shoulder; a paralytic pushing himself along in a wheeled chair; then, coming toward her from the direction of Fifth Avenue, a man who half stopped, recognized her, and raised his hat.

"CHRIS!" she said.

She felt herself trembling all over; then, abruptly, mysteriously, and in the very act of uttering his name, she ceased to tremble, and it came flooding over her with a shock of wonder that the worst was already over—that at last she was going to be free.

"Well, well," she heard him saying, in that round, full voice which always became fuller and more melodious when it had any inner uncertainty to mask; and "If only," she thought, "it doesn't come back when he laughs!"

He laughed. "I'm so glad *glad*," he reiterated, as if explaining; and with the laugh in her ears she still felt herself as lucidly, as incredibly remote from him.

"Glad?" she echoed, a little less sure of her speech than of her thoughts, and remembering how sometimes the smile in his eyes used to break up her words into little, meaningless splinters that she could never put together again till he was gone.

"Of your good luck, I mean. I've heard, of course—" And now she had him, for the first time, actually reddening and stammering as she used to do, and catching at the splinters of his own words! Ah, the trick was done—she could even see, as they continued to face each other in the searching Spring light, that he had reddened, thickened, hardened—as if the old Chris had been walled into this new one, and were not even looking at her out of the windows of his prison.

"My good luck?" she echoed again, while the truth still danced in her ears, the truth that she was free, free, free

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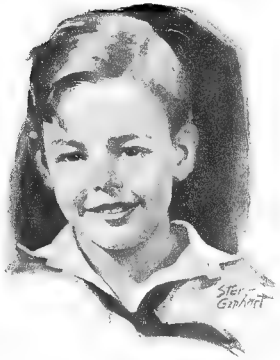

The boy you want him to be

A "REGULAR FELLOW"—healthy, active, brimful of vitality—a good sport in work and play—that's what you want your boy to be.

The first requisite, then, is a sound, *well-nourished* body.

Malnutrition is the great handicap which keeps millions of children today from developing into vigorous, sturdy men and women. On an average, one child out of every three is suffering from the menace of undernourishment.

If your child is underweight—if he is listless, cross or finicky—you should at once regard it as a danger signal. Make sure first through your doctor that your child has no actual organic defects to be overcome. The correction of malnutrition then becomes largely a matter of selecting the proper food—food that is rich in nourishment, easily digested, and that your child likes.

Eagle Brand does much to fill this need. It is a familiar food that you know is pure and safe. Extensive experiments with Eagle Brand for undernourished children have proved beyond a doubt its new usefulness in combating malnutrition.

Give your child this corrective food regularly, every day. It is easiest to serve diluted, as a drink—2 tablespoonfuls to ⅔ cup of water. This daily ration taken between meals will build up the underweight child of any age.

Tempting the finicky child who does not eat readily

Food that your child likes will do him twice as much good as food he is fussy about.

That's why Eagle Brand is *doubly effective* in overcoming malnutrition. It supplies all the nourishment and energy a growing child needs, and at the same time appeals to the most finicky appetite.

Even the child who is captious or indifferent about his food will enjoy Eagle Brand. For it can be served in a variety of attractive ways that will tempt his appetite and arouse his interest in good food.

Once this interest has been aroused, new energy is developed. New energy in turn leads to greater interest and better appetite for wholesome food.

Ways to serve Eagle Brand

If your child does not want always to drink plain diluted Eagle Brand, you can vary it in any number of delightful ways. Serve it one day in the form of a delicious little baked custard. Another day made up in an eggnog, or flavored appetizingly with chocolate. Pour it liberally over a big dish of cereal in the morning. Children love it, too, served with all kinds of attractive gelatine desserts.

The form in which it is given is of minor importance. The principal fact to bear in mind is that the child should have at least four tablespoonfuls of Eagle Brand every day. If he takes it undiluted, be sure he drinks plenty of water.

You will find a great variety of recipes and suggestions for serving Eagle Brand—including the dishes pictured below—in *Menus for Little People*, one of the 3 Little Books you should write for today.

Mothers must fight MALNUTRITION

6,000,000 children in our country—one out of every three you see—are victims of malnutrition. If malnutrition were a contagious disease, not a school could remain open.

And there lies the danger of malnutrition!

Malnutrition is invisible, insidious. You notice it only in its advanced stages, when underweight and lack of energy become very apparent. Long before that time malnutrition may make serious inroads on your child's health—effects that last a life-time.

Underweight is one of the most easily recognized symptoms of malnutrition. *Weigh your child* and find out if he is up to normal for his height and age. Complete authoritative height and weight charts are given in the 3 Little Books, published by the Borden Company.

Unless you are sure your child is perfectly normal in weight and health, do these four things now: (1) Order Eagle Brand from your grocer and start feeding it *at once*. (2) Check up his health habits—cleanliness, sleep, fresh air, exercise, and diet. (3) Take your child to the doctor for examination. (4) Send for the 3 Little Books—they tell you all about malnutrition.

Use the coupon for the 3 Little Books

In the 3 Little Books you will find full information about malnutrition and what to do for it—its cause, effects, and treatment; important height and weight charts; diet and health rules; menus and recipes; calory and vitamin tables; and records of the Borden experiments with malnourished children.

Menus for Little People, one of these three books, is full of interesting menus, recipes and suggestions that will prove a real boon to mothers faced with the problem of feeding children.

Send for the 3 Little Books at once. Nowhere else can you get this information. Nothing like the 3 Little Books has ever been written before. Fill out the coupon and mail it today. The Borden Company, 254 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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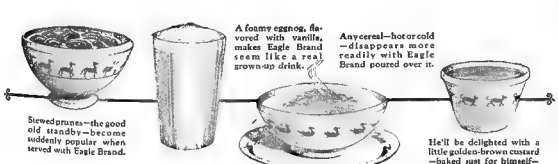

Stewed prunes—the good old standby—become suddenly popular when served with Eagle Brand.

A foamy eggnog, flavored with vanilla, makes Eagle Brand seem like a real grown-up drink.

Any cereal—hot or cold—disappears more readily with Eagle Brand poured over it.

He'll be delighted with a little golden-brown custard—baked just for himself—with Eagle Brand.

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Additional Requisites for the Toilet

are now announced by the makers of *Lablache* as incomparable as of old.

Lablache, with its delicate perfume of flowers, is invisible, adhering, smooth in texture and absolutely pure. It caresses, protects and beautifies, and best of all *it stays on. Send for free sample.*

The New Lablache Requisites

are fitting companions to *Lablache* FACE POWDER in fragrance, daintiness and quality. Each is distinctive in itself, and each an acquisition to feminine charm.

New Generous Dollar Box

New Generous Dollar Box for the Boudoir

Lablache Compact Extra thin Purse Size Price, $1.00; refill, 60c

Lablache Compact Powder and Rouge Price, $1.50

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If your druggist or favorite store does not have the new *Lablache Toilet Requisites*, write us direct, the quality will repay you.

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Does Your Skin Attract?

Does it add to your beauty? Does it charm your admirers? Does it allure your sweetheart? It should. It should be soft and smooth. Feminine in texture; free of every suggestion of masculinity; free of every trace of unwanted hair. It is the first and final expression of your beauty, dominating all else, and deserving your utmost care.

Free yourself of superfluous hair, don't try to get rid of it temporarily methods which simply remove surface hair as you a chemical shave . . . by throwing the strength back into the hair beneath the skin. In using ZIP you avoid this. You actually check the growth by destroying not the hair from under the skin—painlessly and surely. Once is enough. You can apply it and obtain the most remarkable results.

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I GUARANTEE that ZIP will do all I claim for it, or your money will be refunded. It accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness and gives instantaneous relief. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder and your Free Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret," in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP.

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

~away from him at last, far enough off to see him and judge him!

It must have been his bad taste—the bad taste that could lead him into such an opening as that—which, from the very first, she had felt in him, and tried not to feel, even when she was worshiping him most blindly.

BUT, after all, if she felt so free, why be so cruel? Ah, because the terror was still there—it had only shifted its ground. What frightened her now was not the thought of their past, but of their future. And she must not let him see that it frightened her. What had his last words been? Ah, yes— She answered: "Of course I'm very happy to be at home again."

He lowered his voice to murmur: "And I'm happy *for* you."

Yes; she remembered now; it was always in emotional moments that his tact failed him, his subtlety vanished, and he seemed to be reciting speeches learned by heart out of some sentimental novel ~the very kind he was so clever at ridiculing.

They continued to stand facing each other, their inspiration spent, as if waiting for the accident that had swept them together to whirl them apart again.

Suddenly she risked (since it was better to know): "So you're living now in New York?"

He shook his head with an air of melancholy. "No such luck! I'm back in Baltimore with my people. Come full circle. For a time, after the War, I was on a newspaper there; interviewing film stars and baseball fans and female prohibitionists. Then I tried to run a country club—awful job! All bookkeeping, and rows between members. Now Horace Maclew has taken pity on me; I'm what I suppose you'd call his private secretary. No eight-hour day: he keeps me pretty close. It's only once in a blue moon I can get away."

She felt her tightened heart dilating. Baltimore wasn't very far away; but it was far enough as long as he had anything to keep him there. She knew about Horace Maclew, an elderly wealthy bibliophile and philanthropist with countless municipal and social interests in his own town, and a big country-place just outside it. No; Mr. Maclew's private secretary was not likely to have many holidays. But how long would Chris resign himself to such drudgery? She wanted to be kind and say: "And your painting? Your writing?" but she didn't dare. Besides, he had probably left both phases far behind him, and there was no need, really, for her to concern herself with his new hobbies, whatever they might be.

Of course she knew that he and she would have to stand there staring at each other till she made a gesture of dismissal, but on what note was she to make it? The natural thing (since she felt so safe and easy with him) would have been to say: "The next time you're in town you must be sure to look me up." But, with him, how could one be certain of not having such a suggestion taken literally? Now that he had seen she was not afraid of him he would probably not be afraid of *her*; if he wanted a good dinner, or an evening at the opera, he'd be as likely as not to call her up and ask for it.

AND suddenly, as they hung there, she caught over his shoulder a glimpse of another figure just turning into the Park from the same direction; Anne, with her quick step, her intent, inward air, as she always moved and looked when she had just left her easel. In another moment Anne would be upon them.

The third instalment of "The Mother's Recompense" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published November 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Woman Looks at Her World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

democracy as a true principle of social living, then advertisements of articles of real use and value began to appear.

This is not the place to consider the business of advertising. What is more important just now is to realize that the American woman's triumph over a society in which there is no serving class, which I regard as one of the greatest triumphs in history, is bound up with her use of serviceable things.

In order to distinguish between objects and inventions that are truly serviceable and those that merely clutter up the home, a woman must know a great deal more than the advertisers always give her credit for. Before she can take an interest in a hundred sanitary devices, she must know about modern theories of the spread of disease and the difference between "contagion" and "infection." She must know how epidemics spread from infected districts, from open cesspools and unsanitary tenements, from filthy gutters and streets in which the refuse is swept into the air instead of being scientifically collected.

She must know that germs may be carried by house-flies from hospitals, by mosquitoes from distant swamps, and by milk from uninspected dairies. And if she is intelligent enough to know these things she is going to know that she must not depend entirely on inventions and patent devices. She must also know how these sources of evil can be treated at their source, and how the woman who is too poor to pay for protective devices can be protected by the community.

Then there is the problem of factory-preserved foods. There is probably more nonsense spoken on this question than almost any other problem of modern housekeeping, because there is no logical reason why factory-preserved foods may not be as good as, and many reasons why they might be better than, most home cooking.

Easy cooking is largely a matter of equipment, and in these servantless days, when so much white-tile and nickel-plated sanitation is necessary to bring up even one infant properly, something must be eliminated from the service of the kitchen gods.

Most women know what a Juggernaut the kitchen gods used to be in the hot weather when we had to put up all our own fruits and vegetables, when the baby was teething, and the older children had colic from eating unripe fruit, with the head of the family hovering on the edge of a breakdown from heat-prostration. And every sensible woman knows that the real shift in modern housekeeping is a shift from labor to intelligence.

That is why I feel so sure that our European—and some American—critics are wrong in assuming that the increase of advertising in women's magazines indicates that American women are growing lazy and obsessed with things, and equally sure that the Englishwomen in subscribing for American women's magazines for the sake of the patterns and the advertisements are taking a necessary, sensible step toward democracy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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"This Photo Was Taken Five Months After Waving"

"Yet my "LANOIL" Wave looks as pretty as the first day," writes Miss Mary Sherry, St. Mary's, Pa. "Your wonderful Home Outfit has saved me hours of time and given me 'oodles' of comfort."

Water Improves Her LANOIL-Waves

"My hair was very fine, dry, and straight The waving was a success from the very beginning. In rainy or damp weather it curls around my face just as though it were naturally curly," writes Miss Marjorie MacDonald, 1049 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Waving Benefited Her Child's Hair

"Laura May is five and one-half years old," writes Mrs. Chas. M. Hale, Americus, Ga. "Your Outfit has been a constant source of delight in my home."

The Nestle Home Outfit *for* Permanent Waving
(by the Famous "LANOIL" Process)

Creates a Sensation Wherever It Goes — Entire Families Enjoy Naturally Wavy Hair ALL THE TIME, Through a Single Application

The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A whole head can be waved comfortably in just a few hours. The work is interesting, simple, and safe. The results are permanent and lovely.

No other recent invention has won such *friendly* attention from women all over the world as has permanent waving.

This year, in the United States alone, Nestle Permanent Waving tripled its popularity mainly through the discovery of the "LANOIL" process. This simple method, as if by magic, removed every element of danger from permanent waving. It reduced the heat and the time required to almost nothing. It simplified the application to the point where even children, twelve years old, can follow the instructions successfully. Scores of thousands of women have sent for the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit on trial and found it—mostly—even *better* than represented. They have kept their Outfits, and waved their children's and their friends' hair, as well, for the work is interesting, and brings the cost of the best permanent hair wave down to the price of two or three ordinary waves, made with hot irons.

"My Curls Cost Me Exactly 2c Per Day"

Writes Miss Mary Arthur, of Louisville, Ky., "and what is more, they save me hours of tedious trouble daily. My hair is positively growing better since I used the Nestle "LANOIL" Permanent Waving Outfit." We believe this. Hundreds of others have said the same. Naturally so. Because, after all, the Nestle Process of Permanent Waving only makes a wrong *right*. It does something to the hair far more natural than when such hair is put into crimpers, or pressed with heated irons. By the "LANOIL" Process, the hair is waved by expansion under slight steam pressure. That is why, forever after, humidity, perspiration, rain, shampoos, fog, etc., make such hair more instead of less curly as they do hair waved with curlers or hot irons. This is as it should be. We should all have hair which responds to moisture by forming waves and curls. Such hair is usually called naturally curly and IS the hair of our race, although we seem to be losing it gradually through over-washing the head in babyhood.

"Our Hair Has Shrunk"

Said Mr. Nestle, famous inventor of permanent waving, at a recent lecture, "because this daily washing in early life removes all sustaining fat from the tiny hair shafts. The structure then shrinks, and thereafter refuses to take up humidity which always surrounds the body, and to which naturally curly hair owes its waviness. The "LANOIL" process opens up this closed structure *again*, so that, after your "LANOIL" Wave, your hair, *even under the microscope*, looks as if it had never been straight. That is why it is called "permanent" —it keeps curling and waving forever. Is it surprising that practically every progressive hairdresser has installed a large professional Nestle apparatus with which to give permanent waves by the "LANOIL" Process, and that our Home Outfits go out on every postal route in the United States, to bring relief, new pleasure and a better hair appearance to women and children, everywhere?

"Just What I Wanted for Christmas"

Can you imagine a more welcome gift than natural waves and curls to stay with you ALL THE TIME? That is what a single application of the Home Outfit will give you. Last Christmas, and the year before, this gift made many women and children happier than they had *ever* been in their lives—husbands surprised their wives, mothers their children, and friends delighted one another with the little French Grey box that did such a wonderful thing for their hair.

30 Days' Free Trial in Your Home

Send a letter, postal, or the coupon below today, enclosing your check, money order or bank draft for $15 as a deposit, or pay the postman when it arrives. Apart from the regular supply of materials, we send you a package for absolutely free trial. You may use this, and then test the curls and waves you get, in every way you can possibly imagine. From this point on there is *no* argument. If the Outfit does not suit you in every way, you simply return it within 30 days, and every cent of the $15 cost will be refunded to you immediately without question or delay.

This is not a special offer. We have sent out the Home Outfit in this way since September, 1922. It is successful wherever it goes. You cannot do a better thing for your hair than to give it a Nestle "LANOIL" Wave. Join the hundreds of thousands of women who give thanks to this wonderful invention which brought them permanent relief from their straight hair affliction. Write for your Outfit today.

If you want further particulars, before ordering the Home Outfit on free trial, send immediately for our free illustrated booklet and testimonials.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept P
Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

☐ I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D. OR, check HERE..... if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

(From foreign countries, send $16 check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, $20 duty free.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

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BEFORE those little particles of dandruff appear on his dinner jacket, *before* your hair loses its charm—then is the easiest and safest time for him to insure against baldness, and for you to make sure that your hair will stay *attractive*.

No hair tonic can *cure* baldness. But Wildroot does wonders by way of prevention. And in thousands of cases it has actually eliminated dandruff—the usual cause of bald-headedness.

But most women use Wildroot Hair Tonic to keep their hair charming, rather than through any fear of dandruff. In fact, millions of women use Wildroot simply to keep their scalp healthy and to make their hair soft, wavy, silky, and attractive.

From the standpoint of looks, the care of the hair is almost as important as the care of the teeth.

* * * *

Keep your bottle of Wildroot right alongside the tooth paste. Use it regularly on your own hair. And persuade him to do likewise. Use it on your children, too. Wildroot is so mild it cannot irritate even a baby's tender scalp. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

Woman Looks at Her World

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Now if you will look back over your files again, you will discover that the growth of advertisements of labor-saving devices keeps pace with the increase of health and food essays written by health and food experts, that discussions of infant diseases lead to discussions of municipal ordinances about milk-inspection and antituberculosis campaigns. The same widening processes are observed in reference to education and public morals.

The modern mother isn't allowed to teach her child very much, so if she wishes to interest herself in his education she must join a Parents' and Teachers' Association or get herself elected to the School Board so that she may choose the people that do teach him. If she wishes to protect him from indecent bill-boards and other hurtful sights on his way to and from school, she must fight the matter out in the town council.

In those funny old days when women wore their hats sitting on top of their hair, and girls used to write in to the etiquette editor to ask if it is proper to let young men kiss them after escorting them home from the church sociable, an unsigned editorial in an early number of Pictorial Review solemnly announces that "woman's mother-love is her greatest quality." But if you were obliged to pick out the one really indispensable quality of greatness in modern women you would, by all the evidence, have to call it "mother-mindedness."

Mother-love is something that women share with all creatures that bear young; but mother-mindedness—the quality of intelligence that is constantly at work, selecting the best thing out of a multitude of similar things, that runs ahead of the occasion and beyond the environment, sometimes by years, that is wise not only for its own young, but, for all young things, for the race—that is the quality that has come to be the distinguishing quality of women to-day. And this it is which the last twenty-five years have made conscious in the life of American women.

YOU will perhaps get a clearer idea of the emergence of mother-mindedness by comparing the fiction offered to women a quarter of a century ago with that which they demand to-day. That it was formerly almost always inexcusably bad and silly was not entirely the fault of the men who insisted on selecting it for them. That it was mostly written with the idea that the chief business of women is pleasing men may be laid to the door of those early editors. But women themselves were much to blame because fiction in 1899 bore so little resemblance to life as it is really lived.

For example, one of the earliest serials in Pictorial Review begins with the caption "Ruined!" That was a word freely applied in those days to a woman who had perhaps lost unwisely, or to a man who had invested his money badly. But it is not mother-mindedness to think of the child's first tumble as "ruin." True mother-mindedness tells him to get up, not to cry so loud over his hurt, and to try again. With the spread of this attitude toward life, that terrible, silly old notion about anybody being "ruined" by a single act, ceases even to show itself either in real life or fiction.

The reason why so many unreal things found their way into women's fiction in the past, was that women up to the beginning of this century had, very few of them, looked squarely at their world. They had looked at the man's world through novels written by men, or even written by women in imitation of men's way of writing. A great many American women, sprung from peasant stock of Europe, who had not acquired the habit of reading, had never looked at any world other than their own four walls. These women had not only to acquire a taste for fiction, but they had to learn to read fiction as a mirror in which they could see their own lives, not as they looked to men, or even wholly as they looked to women, but as they looked to intelligent human beings without any prepossessions.

So in all women's magazines, along with special articles describing the work that women were doing in the world, and telling also how they looked and lived while they were doing it, you will find a steady improvement in the quality of the fiction, as it drew closer and closer to reality.

Confessing that, when I was younger, I shared the contempt still entertained by many critics for "woman's magazine fiction"—perhaps with some justice then—I must also make another acknowledgment. I have come around, partly through knowing and talking with the women who select most of the fiction now offered in women's magazines, to thinking it almost the most important kind of fiction being done in the United States. I find that they are all proceeding deliberately and conscientiously to help women of to-day become self-conscious in a world sense, so that they may function effectively in the world.

IN EVERY upward movement there are events, sometimes happening quite outside the movement itself, which bring it to a focus. In the movement of women to find a working base of self-conscious expression, the great European war was such an event. Up to this time woman's chief part in war had been waving handkerchiefs from balconies. About the middle of the last century they began to take an unskilled and sometimes meddlesome part in nursing the wounded.

I venture it is still possible to find in many a family album old photographs of Civil War nurses in hoop-skirts and flowing sleeves! But year by year as the European war went on, women found themselves taking a more active and direct part in it. They found out things about war only dimly suspected before, and began to develop a pressing need to talk these things over among themselves.

This need was promptly met for the readers of Pictorial Review by securing Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke to write signed editorials on current topics.

Few women not in the magazine world realize what an unprecedented step this was. Up to 1916 all editors had been quite firmly of the opinion that women do not care to read the opinions of other women. They willingly read fiction written by women and special descriptive articles, but when it comes to editorial writing, women as a class prefer to read the opinions of men.

This has always been a handicap to the woman thinker. She could never get her written opinion accepted on the same basis of importance as a man's. If women did succeed in getting their point of view accepted in the magazines and newspapers, they were seldom allowed to sign what they had written, under the wide-spread belief that women's opinions were less respected than men's. Perhaps this has been actually true in the past. Women doctors have always complained that women will not accept them professionally as they accept men doctors; and it may be true that before 1916 they were not yet ready for the woman thinker.

But the very first of Mrs. Clarke's editorials proved not only that they were able to get ready overnight, but that they were keenly interested in discussions of public questions from a woman's point of view. For by this time women generally were ready to admit that the woman's point of view is distinguished from the man's by one, deep, ineradicable

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The dance she sat out

THE man was an attractive fellow and a good dancer. But she didn't want to dance with him again.

By a clever excuse, she slipped away and "sat i out" on the balcony.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (an ant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this w Rub a little onion on your finger Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A*

Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.

Go gle

AN INTERVIEW WITH *Carrie Blanchard*

She does more entertaining than any other woman in the world

"YOU are from Philadelphia, aren't you? You were here—let me see—about two years ago. Of course, I remember you."

The greeting, gracious and spontaneous, is characteristic of Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, personality and hostess extraordinary. Her reception rooms are in the Fine Arts Building of the Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek. There she receives approximately 25,000 visitors yearly. And she has never been bored.

"I like people," is her swift summing up of the situation. "No matter how short a time I may be with them, I always learn something interesting about each one. Will you have a cup of Postum?"

If you are wise, you will. Carrie Blanchard's Postum is famous. Men have a habit of saying reminiscently, "I once had a cup of Carrie Blanchard's Postum"—as if they were talking of the nectar of the gods. It is delicious!

The Question they always ask

"How in the world do you make it?" is the first question that pops into your mind.

"That is what I am always asked," she smiles. "And, do you know, it is the easiest thing in the world. Naturally, the first time you try you may not make it the way you like best. It is the same way with anything else.

"So often men and women say to me, 'Why, I had no idea Postum was as good as this!' They had never tasted it, you see, but because Postum is spoken of as a health drink they had just assumed they wouldn't like it. Absurd!

"Of course people like Postum! Millions of them like it better than any other hot drink in the world! I know, because I've talked with so many thousands myself.

"I am hearing some interesting stories lately about Instant Postum made with milk. It has made a great impression on thoughtful mothers, for their children. You know how much children like to have the same drink as grown-ups! And you know how many of them dislike milk.

"Instant Postum is made just as well with hot milk as with water. The drink is delightful! It has all the nourishment of warm milk, plus the real Postum flavor. Isn't that fine?

"You know the last few years have been rather tense. Everybody hurrying, everybody driving themselves to keep up the pace. I believe many of us have forgotten the simple laws of health we learned in school. Avoid stimulants. Do you remember how often that was repeated?

"I hear of people breaking down, and see on their faces the sallowness and tired lines which come from stimulated nerves and sleeplessness. It makes one think. So we are going to ask people to try Postum for thirty days, and give them their first week's supply.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

© 1924, P. C. Co.

P. R. 11 24

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

Name . . . . .
Street . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . .
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum is made in the cup by adding boiling water. There's no easier drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.

Woman Looks at Her World

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quality—the quality I have tried to express by calling it "mother-mindedness."

There is nothing like an international war for showing up this difference. Men have many approaches to war derived from their man nature—the fighting instinct, the love of adventure, the love of power, the dramatic instinct; but the great mass of women make their approach to the same subject out of their mother-natures. Under all the other considerations that influence women there is always this strong pull of the mother-mind, pulling them around to thoughts of how the younger generation is going to be affected.

SO IT turned out that Mrs. Clarke's editorials did not deal only with the War in Europe, nor, later, wholly with our part in it. They treated any and every subject which came close to what is always closest to women—the race. Both Mrs. Clarke and other writers following her trail discussed education, marriage and divorce, all the problems of men and women, social evils, hereditary disease, and birth-control.

Few women, because they are given naturally to thinking of these things, realize how much more advanced the average woman is on these topics than is the average man. A year or so ago I was interested in getting a land bill through Congress, which was backed by a man interested in eugenics, and the opposition, in order to discredit him, started a rumor that he was a "eugenist."

Astonishingly, a great many politicians took it up and whispered it about as if it were the gravest sort of scandal, evidently not knowing that a eugenist is simply any one who thinks that parents should take every possible pains to see that their children are well born.

But to the mother-minded any subject bearing on the welfare of children is a proper one to be discussed, as Pictorial Review found when it published an article on birth-control, expecting a storm of disapproval but receiving instead a storm of approbation.

Not long ago I was speaking to a club of writers inclined to be rather snippy about women who write. The chairman of the evening had just hinted that women weren't expected to write very well anyway, poor things, also reflecting an attitude of many men writers especially supercilious toward women's magazines. When my turn came to speak I told them the story about the politicians who thought that a eugenist was something scandalous, insisting that it is only in women's magazines that women are permitted to write what we really considered worth writing about.

A little later Fannie Hurst spoke, and said practically the same thing, adding that when she had written something deep out of the heart of life she felt sure of finding an audience for it only in the woman's magazine. It is in incidents like this that I find women agreeing that the discovery of themselves is the greatest thing for them that has come out of the last quarter of a century.

It is true that this is the quarter of a century that has brought suffrage for millions of women all over the world. But suffrage, without self-conscious discussion of their own problems, would do women very little good. By self-conscious I mean women recognizing themselves as having a special place in society and a special point of view growing out of their mother-wisdom, and talking about it together in the public press.

Until this has gone on long enough for the majority of women to be penetrated through and through with it, as yeast penetrates a loaf of bread, there is not much that the vote can do for them. And this kind of penetration of women with the true significance of mother-mindedness can not go on without the kind of help that women editorial writers are giving them.

When I asked Mrs. Clarke to put her philosophy of editorial writing for a woman's magazine in a few words, she said it was simply to furnish women with woman-news. She called my attention to the fact that men's news is chiefly news of destruction—somebody killed, a factory exploded, a ship wrecked, a battle fought, a family broken up, a country torn apart by revolution. But news for women must be constructive, something being built up as woman is always building up the body and life of her child.

So if you look back you will see how Pictorial Review editorials all have to do with something which is new in our social life, growing and being built up with it. Sometimes it is a new institution, sometimes a new method of managing an old situation, and sometimes a new idea which must be talked over and tried out from the woman's point of view before being put into working order. And always the point to which every idea is brought back, from which every method is tested, is the focus of the mother-mind, that unfailing question: What will it do for the coming generation?

It is necessary to emphasize this because there are people who fancy that because women's thinking is moving in wider and wider circles, because it is less sentimental and more sensible, it is getting away from the mother-idea. What is really happening is that the mother-idea is becoming more social.

Mother-mindedness differs from maternal emotion in being something that belongs to all women, involving them in the common obligation to work for the race, whether they have a child of their bodies or not. So we no longer jeer at "old maids' children," and join gladly with unmarried women like Jane Addams and Lillian Wald in mothering the poor of great cities.

It is from this new center of self-conscious mother-mindedness that we have to look forward in order to get anything like a true prophecy of what is likely to happen to, and through, American women in the next quarter of a century.

IT MAY be surprising and perhaps disappointing to many women who put all their energy into the fight for the vote, to know that I do not expect much to come by political means. In the first place, I feel sure that the political methods which men have been using will not prove the best methods for women. But there is no way for the mass of women to find that out, and so develop a better way, except to join themselves to political parties as invented and managed by men, and prove by experience just what are and what are not efficient political methods.

This is a matter which will take some years of experimentation. There is also another difficulty which women have hardly recognized as yet, and that is that they have never developed any method of discovering who are the statesmanly women among them. It was rather disheartening a few years ago to discover, when the newspapers were trying to identify the ten greatest women in the United States, that the lists made up by women tended to include, not the great women, but the most prominent.

It is to aid women to form a criterion of judgment by which greatness in women may be discovered that the Pictorial Review prize for the woman who makes each year the greatest contribution to civilization has been established. The United States is a large place. The business of selecting not only its great women, but women great for a particular place in public life, to accomplish a

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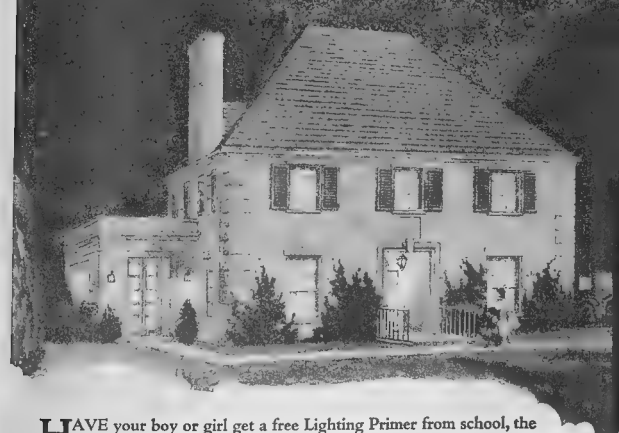
Your Own Child may win this $15,000 electrical home!



HAVE your boy or girl get a free Lighting Primer from school, the local electrical club or light company.

It tells how to win this beautiful model electrical home, contains a complete series of illustrated lessons on better home lighting and fully explains the International Home Lighting Contest.

Contest Among School Children

All school children, 10 years of age or older, may enter the Home Lighting Contest. Local prizes will be awarded for the best essays and the winning children are contestants for the $15,000 model electrical home and college scholarships.

The Home Lighting Contest is a co-operative educational activity sponsored and supported by the entire electrical industry, and is designed to give to the public, through the school children, a better knowledge of the use of electric light.

Applied by the public, this knowledge will be of great benefit. Homes will be brightened and made more beautiful by properly shaded and correctly placed lights. Eyes that suffer from too bright or too little light will be relieved of strain, vision will improve and the result will be better health, better scholars and happier homes.

INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—
$15,000 Model Electrical Home
(To be built on lot provided by winner)

TWO SECOND PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

TWO THIRD PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

TWO FOURTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FIFTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

REMEMBER: To enter the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people.

Watch Your Home Paper for details of the Home Lighting Contest

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue · · · New York, N.Y.

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The secret of lasting loveliness

A CLEAN SKIN is the basis of beauty and the one way to cleanliness is through the use of soap. But—and this is where the secret lies—it must be the *right kind* of soap.

Scientifically blended from pure ingredients—Resinol Soap is free from all injurious properties, and satisfies the need of every skin. Soft, foamy and luxurious, its lather sinks into the pores, rooting out the impurities and providing that thorough cleansing which promotes lasting loveliness.

But soap must do more than wash away visible dirt, and that is why Resinol Soap is so indispensable to those who really want a perfect complexion. Through its peculiar-Resinol properties it helps to keep the skin functioning normally and builds a healthy condition which resists germ development. An unprotected skin is as bad as a neglected one. Resinol Soap protects the skin.

With blackheads, roughnesses, etc., apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is a favorite in thousands of homes where experience has proved that it is unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

RESINOL SOAP

SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL

Dept. 1-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Woman Looks at Her World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

particular piece of work, and to know them as soon as they show themselves in national life, will require at least a generation of study and experiment.

This is the chief reason why I do not expect to see any great Congresswoman or woman Cabinet Member or State Governor coming into power for a number of years yet. And since politics is so much a matter of great personalities in positions of power and influence, women will never be able to play a leading part in politics until they have some method of discovering quickly their own great ones. Such political moves as they make will have to be made by mass-voting.

A great deal can be accomplished in this way by intelligent co-operation on special legislation, in which the mother-mindedness of women is expressed. More than likely by the end of the next quarter of a century child labor will be entirely abolished in the United States. Child health will be protected in ways more far-seeing than the average politician can imagine, and mother health will become as important as the health of farm-animals now actually is to the Government.

Every intelligent person knows that the welfare of the child begins before it is born, in the welfare of the mother. But our labor laws do not seem to have heard of such a thing. While I have never seen pregnant women working in the fields and carrying baskets of manure on their heads, as one can still see them in southern Europe, there are many injurious trades in the United States in which expectant mothers are obliged to work almost up to the day of the child's birth.

I look to see great progress made in State care for the expectant mother, and in babies growing more precious in the public estimate every year. It will also be natural to expect that as children increase in preciousness they will grow scarcer.

Intelligent people who feel that they have not a good mental or physical inheritance to pass on to their children will refrain from having any, and unintelligent people who have only evil traits to be inherited will find all sorts of arguments on foot to prevent their having any. But none of these things will move as fast as the propagandists of eugenics and birth-control now think they will. Neither will the reform of marriage and divorce.

It is generally agreed that marriage and divorce are in a very unsatisfactory state in America, and many movements are begun for improving this condition, including the one initiated by Pictorial Review for a uniform divorce law among the States. But, after all, marrying and having a family is about the most serious things human beings do. Even if they are begun light-heartedly and light-headedly, they quickly prove themselves to be capable of affecting one's whole lives to an extraordinary degree. In spite of a great deal of freakishness in marriage along the radical fringe, average people are going to be slow to experiment in such explosive material.

ONE of the factors which will influence all these problems is a matter which concerns men as much as women—the problem of immigration. If we go on taking all sorts of strange races into our country, not all the wisdom of the mothers can prevent our taking strange ideas, attitudes of mind, and morals, so different from the American ideal that it will take generations to remake them on the American plan. Much of the present disorder of marriage and family ideals comes from the mixture of peoples all having a different background and different temperaments.

All American life is like a family of children which, instead of being born of the same parents, have been adopted out of a dozen different orphan asylums. The mother-mind of American women will have to work overtime to simplify the national family and bring it into harmony. Because this problem of immigration is still undetermined it is impossible to prophesy accurately just what will happen to many of the questions in which women are most interested.

WHEN we begin to think of spiritual things we naturally think of religious things, and here we can prophesy much more surely. All over the world there is a revival of interest in religion, and one of the directions this new religious interest seems to be taking is that of giving women a greater part in the inspirational side of religious life. For hundreds of years women have done most of the practical work of the churches.

When I think of the extraordinary efficiency of some of the women's church societies, the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, for example, I wonder if any man's organization ever accomplished so much on so little. But there are signs, much plainer in Europe than here, that the time is approaching when women are going to be used as instruments of the spirit as well as of practical management.

Somehow or other American women have not made a place in their religious societies for their own women illuminated with the spirit of prophecy and religious truth. Perhaps this is because we have placed too much emphasis on organizing capacity. Or perhaps spiritual illumination appears in women in a form so different from the way we are accustomed to see it in men that we don't yet recognize it. But we will.

I have been very close to this question of a national revival of interest in spiritual things, and I do not hesitate to say that when we look back from the end of the next quarter of a century, as to-day we are looking back over the twenty-five years just completed, we are likely to find that women have played a far more important part in its spiritual development than ever before in the world's history.

If I had any special message to give women to-day, it would be that they prepare themselves prayerfully to receive spiritual illumination from new minds, from mother-minds. Because the time is already here when men are beginning to look for the prayerful type of woman again. They are already feeling that society is a saner and more hopeful affair when they can think of women as being always close to the source of spiritual inspiration. Perhaps all that is the matter with religion to-day is that it has become flat and one-sided from being expressed through men's minds only. It needs the woman note to make it round and full again.

Do not be surprized to have me speak of the way men think of women as important. It was only when we had to work together to throw off a rather stupid notion of men, that women weren't fit to vote, that we got into the habit of talking and acting as if what men thought of women were of no importance. We may have to act that way again, if men insist on clinging injuriously to some old superstition about women. But at the bottom of our minds we know that what men and women think of each other is almost the most important thing in human society.

There is no enterprise in the world that does not finally sift down to one person, and what he or she can persuade other people to think. Just as every story and every play begins with a person, so every business and every

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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Woman Looks at Her World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

political reform begins. Personal relations are the screws and bolts that hold society together, and society can no more go forward successfully than an automobile can, without a great many very good such screws and bolts; or, in other words, without sound personal relations.

Now women, in their hundred thousand years of managing the family, have developed a genius for personal relations. Managers of great industrial concerns are finding out that their business can not run successfully without the careful and discriminating personal adjustments that are necessary in a successful family. That is why they are employing what they call "vocational directors" to study their workers, and fit each into his proper place where he will give the best value because he is perfectly suited to his job.

In this business of vocational guidance women are rapidly coming to the front. In a list I once made from such large factories and other industrial concerns as I could hear about, employing vocational directors, eighty-five per cent. of them employed women. This was the case even in factories where practically all the employees had been men.

In the next twenty-five years I confidently expect that we will have learned to use this special faculty of women, developed by her centuries of experience as a mother, so skilfully that many so-called "labor troubles" will have disappeared. Because as a matter of fact many labor troubles are really caused by men's clumsy, inexperienced attempts to get along with one another.

I have spent a great many years trying to get to the bottom of these troubles, and attempting to find out which "theory of labor and capital" had the most truth in it. I did not find much truth in any of them. What I did discover was that any "theory" was about as helpful to industry as any "theory of the family" would be to the mother of a dozen. So I looked forward to a great lessening of the tension of modern society, coming as fast as we learn to apply motherminedeness to the problem of society.

Women, for their part, must not refuse the science, the mental tests, the measurements, the fine discriminations of the psychological laboratory. It is only by bringing women's experience and men's passion for exactness to bear on the badly adjusted human family that a happier world may be hoped for.

NATURALLY we all turn to the one most heart-shaking evidence of the wrong adjustment of society. War! Will the next quarter of a century bring us any nearer to the hope that war will be to the nations of the earth as a bad dream from which they have awaked?

I think so, surely. Not so near as many people think. The idea that the world can live without war is so new that we have only just begun to experiment with methods of doing away with it. Organized war has been a human institution for over twenty thousand years. Not among every people, because few human races are so old as that. But the twenty thousand years seems a great age for an institution, still there are many human institutions which are older. Marriage is probably older than war; also organized religion is older. Organized peace is older than all of them.

In fact the first attempt at social organization among primitive men was a peace organization—creating laws and regulations so that the people who spoke the same language and hunted over the same ground could get along peaceably. This makes the peace prospect much more hopeful than it appears to those people who are always saying that we will always have war because we have always had it. We have always had peace, too, peace brought about by a deliberate undertaking to have peace. And every student of human history knows that there was a time in the beginning of society when peace was more frequent than war. What human society did once it can do again. It can study and experiment until it finds the way to make peace more frequent than war, and finally to make peace prevail over the whole of society.

Already we have begun this study and this experiment. A quarter of a century ought to be enough to prove whether or not any of the present experiments are successful, or how they can be changed to make them successful. But it is impossible to say much more than that. In such things women hope too easily. The most important thing for them just now is to adopt the experimental attitude. If they fix their hopes on one particular experiment too much, then that experiment will have to crash down in order to start them trying something else.

HERE, of all places in the world, is the place for mother-mindedness. Every mother knows that the happiness and success of the family are never "fixed." There never comes a time when the mother can sit back and say to herself, "Now I shall not have to do anything more to keep my family running smoothly." She has to keep the shuttle of family adjustment flying from the day she marries until the last grandchild or great-grandchild is grown up.

Back and forth goes the mother-mind, to and fro, anticipating clashes, releasing strains, smoothing out little wrinkles before they become great ones, darning the little holes. I can't see any hope of permanent world peace until after this kind of thing has gone on internationally long enough for all the nations of the world to grow up. Tho this is a Christian country we are continually forgetting that what Jesus said was, "Blessed are the peace-*makers*." Probably the peace of the world will have to be made fresh every day, like peace among squabbling children.

What that means, practically, is that women must work themselves into the diplomatic service; they must be appointed on commissions and international relations boards. They must be in places where mother-mindedness can be advantageously applied. The progress toward peace in the next quarter of a century will depend on their success in doing this. After some centuries of this sort of unceasing mother activity, then the women of the world may sit back and worry no more about war than they do about cannibalism and slavery.

Anthropologists say we were all cannibals once, and certainly all the important nations were once slave-holding. There is every reason to believe that militarism will go the way of these other ancient evils. But it will not go until women's interest leaves personally in banishing it, because there are things about militarism that make men, in spite of their appreciation of the evil of war, want to hold on to it.

So it all comes around to our original proposition, that world peace is bound up with the application of mother-mindedness to society. And since the woman's magazine has been the one, single, greatest medium of women becoming socially conscious of themselves, very much depends on the continuance of a high type of women's magazines—magazines which, using the personal life of woman as a center, will describe wider and wider circles of interest and understanding.

On this twenty-fifth anniversary of a magazine which has done just that for its readers, I wish it, in all sincerity, and with all my mind, another such steadily widening quarter of a century.

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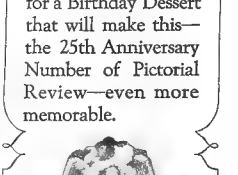

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½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ cup boiling water 2 egg whites
½ cup sugar ¼ teaspoon salt
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½ cup whipped cream

Cut the top off the cake and carefully remove center, leaving a wall about one-half inch thick. Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add sugar, salt, fruit juice, and nuts. Cool, stirring occasionally. When it begins to thicken, beat until foamy, add egg whites beaten stiff and continue beating until the mixture will hold its shape. Then fill cake shell, put top back on and cover with icing. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

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Juxtapositions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

met him and his wife at the Minerva Musical Society's function at the Grafton Galleries.

Now, it is not of the slightest importance, except as it affects the chronicle of the events I am about to describe; but I have to say that my own tastes with regard to music are catholic, cosmopolitan, and undistinguished. I like Chopin and Schumann and most of the old masters. I like Bach when I'm in the mood. I even like jazz-music sometimes, and fox-trots, and barrel organs, and Old Bill playing his mouth-organ. But I must confess that what is known as the modern British composer leaves me cold. Perhaps I'm not educated up to him. And the activities of the Minerva Musical Society are almost entirely concerned with the modern British composer.

Crowds of very precious overfed and underfed people meet together and they sit on little gilt chairs and burble with delight about the productions of Mr. Cyrus P. Q. H. Robinson or the tone-poem of Anananthius K. Smith. I know nothing about it. They may be right and Cyrus and Ananathius may be right. The only thing I have to record is that it bores me.

The only reason I went on this particular evening—and it is a weakness common to many weak-minded creatures like myself—was that my wife took me. She is more eclectic about these matters than I am. She knows more, and so probably she is quite right in believing that Cyrus and Ananathius are geniuses. That isn't the point. The point is I was frankly bored.

And early in the evening, looking around the room, and confessing to myself that I was frankly bored, I suddenly happened to notice that the two people who had just come in and were sitting just behind us were Mr. and Mrs. Colin St. Clair Chasseloup. Immediately my boredom vanished. Here was a human problem of more interest than the scherzo movement of Mr. Cyrus P. Q. H. Robinson's F minor sonata. I looked round and fidgeted, and my wife said: "Hush!"

And then, without any question, I heard Chasseloup say in a rather rude, abrupt voice:

"I'm not going to listen to any more of this drivel."

And he got up and walked to the back of the room.

With two per cent. of his aplomb I got up and whispered:

"I don't care for this very much, dear. I'll just go and smoke a cigaret."

I strolled out and found Chasseloup in the corridor. He was looking thoroughly irritable. I went straight up to him and said:

"What about a drink, Chasseloup?"

His face cleared perceptibly. He gave me quite a friendly nod, and muttered: "Yes."

I NOW must pay a tribute to that most sound of all social conventions, nameley, that of evening dress. It will carry one through almost any difficulty. Chasseloup and I were both in evening dress.

We wandered out into Grafton Street just as we were, without hats or coats. We had gone barely twenty yards when I had to exclaim:

"My goodness! It's Sunday night! Everything is shut. We are just five minutes too late. I'm awfully sorry, old boy."

It was interesting to watch the play of expression on Chasseloup's face: the jolt of irritation, the attempt to control a recognition of the jolt, and then the sudden ugly thrust of the chin. He merely said: "Let's see what we can do."

But there was in that thrust all the perverse tendency of a man who meant to get a drink, not because he particularly wanted it, but because he was annoyed at being thwarted.

We took two sharp turns to the left—or the right—and we came to a street the name of which I mustn't tell you; otherwise the whole story becomes almost libelous. In any case, we were not five minutes' walk from the Grafton Galleries, and we were going down a world-renowned street, consecrated chiefly to very swell private clubs. Suddenly Chasseloup jerked out:

"That looks a good place. Let's try it."

FROM the exterior it was quite obvious what it was. It was a very select private club, probably an exclusive ornithologists' club, or a club consecrated to men who had won honors for discovering the secrets of subaqueous plant-life. I don't know. Chasseloup didn't know: but without the slightest hesitation we strolled casually into the smoking-room. The commissionnaire at the door glanced at us questioningly, but one look at Chasseloup convinced him that he was wrong in his doubts. With a consciously proprietary air Chasseloup flung himself into an easy chair on the right of the fire, and I occupied the left.

There were only two old gentlemen in the room, and they were so absorbed in a conversation about goiters they didn't notice us. An ancient waiter appeared —a man who must have been there at least thirty years—and he came timidly forward. He was about to take orders in a mechanical way and then he looked at us, and a curious sense of misgiving seemed to creep over him, not as tho he were suspecting us, but as tho he were suspecting his own memory. Chasseloup, with his white waistcoat and gilt buttons, his braided trousers and commanding atmosphere, couldn't be anything but a most distinguished member.

The waiter fumbled clumsily with a tray, and murmured defensively:

"You gentlemen are stopping the night, I presume?"

An expression of unctuous indignation settled on Chasseloup's features.

"Of course," he said.

The old waiter almost crawled on the carpet and took our order for two double whiskies. Thus you may see what a domineering personality, backed up by evening dress, may accomplish. I could not possibly have done this by myself, but in the person of Chasseloup I felt quite like an old member of this club, of which he did not even know the name.

Chasseloup was not by any means a drunkard. But I discovered—at least I have discovered later—that he considers a double whiskies his right and lawful due for an evening. They do not appear to have the slightest effect on him. We had two in this club—we were in there less than ten minutes—and then he said: "We'll have one more somewhere else and then toddle back."

It appeared we to have been a sufficient triumph to have broken the laws of the land so successfully and speedily without challenging fate further. Indeed, if we wanted one more drink we could easily have obtained it where we were. But it was quite patent that it was this very facility which was the obstacle in Chasseloup's case. It was all too dead easy. There was no fun in having a drink unless you had to fight for it. We had risen and walked to the door. Just as we reached the entrance hall a man who looked like a butler came stealthily in from the street. He glanced anxiously at us, and then going up to Chasseloup, he whispered:

"Limpo?"

Now, Chasseloup naturally had a limp, and I expected to see this piece of impertinence tragically handled. Whatever was the fool getting at? But Chasseloup gave no sign. He just stared hard at the other, who quickly added:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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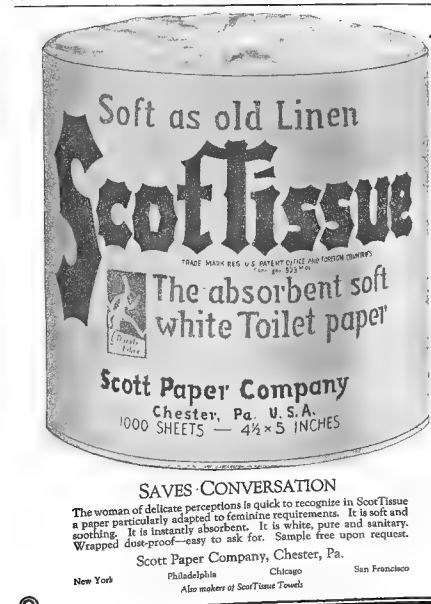
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Juxtapositions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"Her Ladyship says will you come across immediately? I'll show you the way."

Chasseloup hesitated for a fraction of a second; then, squaring his shoulders, he said:

"Come on, then."

It was quite apparent that he had not the faintest idea what adventure he was committed to. Crossing the street, I whispered:

"What's it all about?"

And he whispered back:

"I don't know, but I guess we'll get our third drink."

We went into a palatial block of flats and entered a lift. We were whisked up five floors and ushered into a heavily carpeted hall. The butler left us, and did not return for three or four minutes. When he did he seemed all on edge. He said nervously to Chasseloup:

"Er—would you mind your friend waiting outside, sir?"

Chasseloup spoke emphatically:

"No, tell Her Ladyship that where Limpo goes Blotto follows."

THERE was another interval, and then the butler returned and asked us both to follow him.

We went into a large smoking-room, sparsely furnished. The room was occupied by three men. They were all big men, and they were all standing. On the hearth-rug stood one of the most sinister-looking individuals I have ever seen. He was very tall, with heavy shoulders and a fierce black mustache and wicked eyes. There was something about the way the men were standing I didn't like. It appeared to be all carefully planned. The big man, whose voice seemed surprizingly thin for his bulk, said banteringly:

"Oh, come in, Mr.—er—Limpo. Julius Lindt, perhaps I should say. It pains me to tell you that Her Ladyship is not present, unavoidably detained—see?"

Chasseloup bowed formally, and said in an ice-cold voice:

"I regret to hear it."

"Um—um—yes. Yes, quite so. I can quite believe. I presume you are a great reader of the *Times*, Mr.—er—Limpo—Lindt, I should say."

"I always read the *Times*," answered Chasseloup politely.

"Yes, and write for it, advertise too, Mr.—er—Lindt. Nice, friendly, loving little paragraphs, eh?"

He held out a copy of the *Times*, the outside sheet showing. Round one paragraph some one had put a blue pencil-line. The big man thrust it in Chasseloup's face and said:

"Just read that out, Mr.—er——"

There was a nasty, dangerous tone in his voice. I didn't like it at all. I began to think lovingly of the Minerva Society, the little gilt chairs, and Cyrus P. Q. H. Robinson's F minor sonata. Chasseloup was perfectly calm. He never took his eyes off the other man's face. He said coldly:

"My friend Blotto will read it."

The paper was handed to me, and I read out from the "Agony Column":

Molly. Am yearning for you. Shall be at the club Sunday night. If the Dragon is away, send over for me. All my love.—LIMPO.

I was too nervous to see the humor of the situation. Here was the outraged husband, and by great guile he had captured the wrong *tertium quid!* How could one explain? Chasseloup's regrettable limp appeared damning evidence. He had gone there, and deliberately put his head through the noose. The situation was appalling. The worst of it was that under such circumstances men do not stop to think and reason. Passion and mob-law are old confederates. This fact was brought home during the ensuing seconds. Everything seemed to happen in a flash.

I was conscious of the Dragon stretching out his hand toward a short, stocky riding-whip which had been concealed by the fireplace, and of the other two men stealthily closing in on Chasseloup. And then a fourth man—was it the butler?—gripped me by the throat from behind, and I was jerked toward the door. The idea was to get me out of the way whilst the other three men horsewhipped Chasseloup. I fell backward into the hall, and the door slammed to. At least it nearly did. It was slammed with terrific violence, but just in the nick of time a leg was thrust through. Now, the force with which it was pushed would have broken any ordinary leg, but as it happened the leg that was thrust through was made of wood-and-steel framing.

The arms above were apparently engaged elsewhere. The sight of that upturned boot spurred me to action. I drove my elbows violently into the ribs of my attacker. I heard him groan, and I leaped forward to the door again. I think he must have been the butler. I never saw him again. When I forced my way back into the room, I think the moral effect of my presence was more valuable to our side than any physical exploit I was likely to offer.

Three men against two are not overwhelming odds. The man just in front of the door, who was gripping Chasseloup by the waist, hesitated and paid the penalty by getting a blow over his left eye. The other two men were closing in, when Chasseloup ducked and got free. It was then that I saw the man as he really was. His eyes were gleaming with exultation. He was thoroughly enjoying himself. With a sudden, unexpected swerve he seized a vase and smashed the electric-light globes. The room was in darkness.

Now, for a mixed body of men to fight in the dark is a dangerous and difficult game. You do not know who is with you or against you. Oaths were exchanged rather than blows. And the Dragon called out:

"Where's Dawson? Where's that—butler?"

Then he gave a curse which showed that he was foolish to reveal his whereabouts. One fool struck a match, which served no better purpose than to reveal the point of his jaw, a fact that was promptly taken advantage of. He went down and out. We were now two against two, and one of them had a black eye that would last many a week. The Dragon was blind with rage. He roared:

"Come out into the hall!"

AND he stumbled out there and waved his arms challengingly. We all followed him. The man with the black eye had had enough, and I sat on the opposite side of the hall, also a spectator. For it seemed to be suddenly mutually agreed that this was an affair between the Dragon and Chasseloup. They both wanted to fight. I could have yelled out that the whole thing was a mistake, a misunderstanding; that Chasseloup was not the man who had liaisons with the other man's wife; but if I had done so I felt that Chasseloup would never forgive me. He had already taken his coat off, and so had the Dragon. And they fought.

An affair of this nature between two heavyweights seldom lasts long. It depends so much on who gets in the first good blow. And in this case the fight certainly didn't last three minutes. It was horrible. I don't know whether the Dragon was much of a boxer. He certainly seemed to have some knowledge of the game, but he never landed a blow. After a few exchanges he received a punch on the nose, and the blood ran down all over his dress-shirt. Then he

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Juxtapositions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

hit wildly, and suddenly received three terrible blows in rapid succession: one on the chin, one on the jaw, and then a fearful thump over the heart which laid him out. We were now in complete possession of the field, the man with the black eye being the only conscious enemy in the flat, and he had done fighting for the day.

"Now, where's the butler?" said Chasseloup.

"Oh, come on, for Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, foreseeing more bloodletting. "Leave the butler alone. Let's get away."

"I'm not going till I get what we came for."

"What's that?"

"That drink."

The man with the black eye, who appeared to be some sort of hired ruffian, grinned in a sickly manner.

"All right, Guv'nor," he said, "I can fix that for you."

He went into the dining-room and returned with a tantalus and some glasses

Chasseloup poured himself out his double whisky, just the exact amount and no more. Then he put on his coat and readjusted his hair in the mirror. His face was unscratched.

"There's something perfectly disgusting about you," I thought.

When we left the flat the Dragon was partly conscious and he was mumbling something about the police and firearms and vengeance. We went down in the lift. Just as we were going out through the entrance-hall a typical young-man-about-town came up the steps. He was limping. Chasseloup bowed.

"Mr. Lindt, I presume?"

The young man startled. Chasseloup smiled quite graciously.

"Her Ladyship is expecting you in the smoking-room," he said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir!"

The dude blushed and hurried on.

"But, good Heaven!" I exclaimed when we were in the street. "It's a bit unfair! They'll half murder him."

"That's his affair," said Chasseloup. "Besides, it serves him right—to go fooling about with another man's wife."

To look back on it, it seems almost unbelievable, but from the moment when we left the Minerva Musical Society to the moment we returned marks the lapse of rather less than an hour. And when we returned nothing might have happened at all. There they all were, the same people, the same little gilt chairs. Everybody looked quite unconcerned, but nobody looked more unconcerned than Colin Sc.: Clair Chasseloup, lolling indolently on a stuffed settee at the end of the room.

As it happened, they were just finishing some modern work, and then there was an interval. Both our wives joined us and were introduced. Mrs. Chasseloup was charming. She said:

"You bad men! Where have you been?"

Without waiting for a reply she added excitedly:

"Colin, you'll be pleased. Paul Tingleston's ill and he can't lead his quintet. And I've persuaded Mr. Oesler to end up with the Bach fugue you love so much!"

Queer fish, people are! A few minutes later we were drinking lemonade and coffee and talking of such precious intimacies as the color of a musical phrase, and only a quarter of an hour ago—Then we were back in the concert-hall, Chasseloup and his wife, and my wife and I. And the great Mr. Oesler began to play Bach.

And then the queerest thing of all—Chasseloup! Chasseloup, whose face I had seen but a few minutes before ablaze with anger and cruelty, suddenly mellowing, becoming gentle and wistful. And he leaned forward with his lips parted, and his wife sat beside him with an identical expression on her face. And then I saw his hand steal toward her lap, and she took it in both of hers and gripped it greedily. And they sat there, side by side, perfectly oblivious of their surroundings, perfectly happy, like two children listening to a fairy-tale.

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

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that most exceptional cast. Wallack stuck to comedies and light material. Right around the corner at Palmer's Union Square Theater they went in for stronger stuff—"The Two Orphans," "The False Friend," "Daniel Rochat," "The Lights o' London," and other great melodramas, glaring, perhaps, but done with marvelous individual skill and company coordination by such artists as J. M. Stoddart, Charles Parselle, Maude Harrison, F. F. Mackay, McKee Rankin, Fred DeBelleville, Kitty Blanchard, Sara Jewett, and others.

Daly, like Wallack, produced old comedies, but of a somewhat different order—"Seven Twenty-eight," "A Night Out," "Pins and Needles," and the like. Daly wrote some things himself, but principally he was a director—an artistic one. In a way he was the Belasco of his time. Money meant nothing to him. He would as soon have spent his last dollar on a great production as to have bought a cup of coffee. When he died it took two weeks to sell off the artistic properties and other treasures he had gathered from all parts of the world in pursuit of his work. The sale netted his widow half a million dollars.

I have mentioned New York first simply because it was biggest in the matter of theaters—not because it was best. Throughout the country there were other companies quite as good as the metropolitan best. Beginning at the East and working westward, in a general way, there were the Boston Museum, with its William Warren and others; the Philadelphia Art Theater, with Mrs. John Drew; the Cincinnati Company; the excellent Norton Company of St. Louis; the Macauley Company of Louisville, Ky.; McVicker's of Chicago—McVicker, by the way, was the father-in-law of Edwin Booth. Charleston, S. C., had a most excellent company headed by John E. Owen, the great comedian.

These were local, or resident, companies. They were called stock companies, but were not stock companies as we know the term to-day. Men and women alike, they were thoroughbred in their profession—mellow. They knew it from the ground up—quite as well as William Warren, or John Drew, or Rose Coghlan—and could be called upon to play anything in their line—and well at two or three days' notice.

These stock organizations were drafted almost wholly from local talent, but were not restricted to it. Even the directors were local, but were men who had traveled largely, observed broadly, and reflected profoundly. In brief, they knew the game.

During the Golden Age San Francisco

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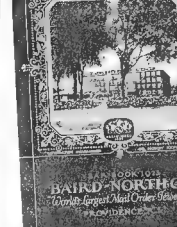

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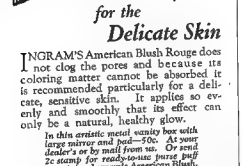
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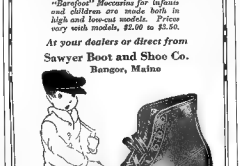
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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

was the only city outside of New York that had two local or stock companies —those of the Baldwin Theater and the California—tho it had three first-class theaters. The Baldwin Theater was built and owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, and managed by Al Hayman, Sr., the same Hayman who afterward formed the great syndicate combining the Charles Frohman, the Klaw & Erlanger, and other interests. The California Theater was also under the management of Al Hayman, Sr. The third theater was the Bush Street, managed by M. B. Leavitt; and another, the little Standard Theater, where Billy Emerson and Charlie Reed held forth with a permanent minstrel company, with whom Chauncey Olcott used to sing tenor solos in the first part.

The Baldwin was to San Francisco what the Empire Theater once was to New York. Edwin Booth played there. So did Salvini and Rossi, and such great women as Modjeska, Janauschek, and Mary Anderson. These theaters, as I said, had fine dramatic organizations of their own, which were constantly producing old and new plays during the interim between the visits of the traveling stars whom they supported.

At the Baldwin Joseph Grismer was leading man and Phœbe Davies leading woman. Miss Davies was regarded by local critics and critical visitors as the coming American actress. She might have attained that position had Fate not ordained otherwise. For Joseph Grismer and I (Brady) some years later got hold of a play called "Way Down East," and starred Miss Davies in it for thirteen consecutive years, when, I am afraid, ruined her chances for ultraconspicuous stardom.

At the California the Union Square Company of New York played such dramas as "The False Friend," "The Two Orphans," and other great plays of its repertoire. To this theater McKee Rankin brought from the East a splendid organization, including Kitty Blanchard, Frank Mordaunt, J. W. Wallace, and Dan Harkins. And here, also, the Kiralfy Brothers -Imre and Bolossoy—played long engagements of their famous spectacles—"Excelsior" and "Enchantment."

ANOTHER conspicuously Golden Age theater of San Francisco was the little Standard Theater, mentioned above, owned and managed by M. B. Leavitt. Leavitt was famous for his women's shows—"The Rentz-Santley Company," "Adamless Eden," and the like. To this little theater came visitors. To it came Nat Goodwin, Robeson and Crane, Sol Smith Russell, William J. Florence, John T. Raymond, Harrigan and Hart, Lotta Crabtree, M. B. Curtis, and Evans and Hoey—all Golden Age people.

Pursuant to their purpose—highest artistic achievement—the Leavitt company directors throughout the length and breadth of the land urged their people to play their parts for all there was in them. One could have made a star part almost any character in the play. He who played *Bill Sikes* played him to the limit. The lady who did *Nancy* was unrestricted in her efforts.

No one was supposed to do his excellent light under a bushel in order that some one else—possibly an inferior artist—might shine the more brightly by contrast. The sentiment of each town was divided among these favorites, and it "played" them most loyally, which largely accounts for the lack of individual prejudice or partiality on the part of the director. Apart from his artistic aspiration, this gentleman knew on which side his bread was buttered.

In some cases the communities supported schools for the exclusive purpose of educating their talented townspeople for the local stage.

The local company system obviated to a high degree the complex and expensive transportation system such as obtains to-day. Instead of traveling with large companies involving baggage and scenery, the stars made their visits accompanied by only one or two prominent members of their companies, and their baggage and manuscripts. In fact John E. Owen used to go out single-handed and alone, armed only with his manuscripts and his trunk. At that time, if any great star should visit, say, Louisville, he would find the resident company prepared to support him adequately, as did Booth when he played the Baldwin in San Francisco when I was there.

The Golden Age witnessed the supreme flowering and the tragic disintegration of this fine system which meant so much to the theater of our country. It was, alas! superseded by its arch-enemy—the commercial producer, the commercial actor, the commercial play—the whole directed from New York.

WHEN I hark back to those plays and players I can't help feeling that we have nothing comparable in the theater world to-day. Some of the plays were crude, perhaps, but they were full of red-blooded life, and not a whit cruder than the majority of the plays are to-day. The star actors knew how to grip their audiences and hold them—an essential of the first water. They succeeded in making themselves beloved throughout the length and breadth of the land—creating a strong personal loyalty—a loyalty that rose above any superficial inadequacy in the actor's art or crudeness in the play.

Here is a supreme illustration: For thirty years Frank Chanfrau opened every season at the Boston Museum with "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler." Think of it! Boston, self-acknowledged to be the heart of American culture. And "Kit" the simplest — possibly the crudest — thing ever put on the stage. The first act showed an old log cabin on the bank of the Mississippi River, playing an old fiddle. *Kit* came along and looked at his ramshackle dwelling and said:

"Why don't you put some shingles on your roof?"

The old fellow replied:

"Can't put 'em on when it's raining, because I can't work in the rain; and when the sun shines, don't need 'em"; and he fiddled between each speech.

It was the charm of the character and the art of the actor that got it over and made it hold for so many years.

Frank Mayo never played *Davy Crockett* to anything but packed houses, season in and season out. Also, later he played *Badger*, in "The Streets of New York," with equal as great success.

And there was William J. Florence, as *Bardwell Slote*, and as *Bob Brierly*, in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," playing the same characters again and again. Really, they were as welcome as the reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" every year.

And there was the ever-welcome George Fawcett Rowe, who as *Wilkins Micawber*, in "David Copperfield," had no equal. Every Dickens fan in the country loved him. There was the elder Sothern, who played *Lord Dundreary*, in "The American Cousin," and "The Crushed Tragedian"; and Clara Morris, who played *Camille* and other great parts practically every year in the more prominent theaters in every city, including New York; and Fanny Davenport, in many plays. In fact there was a long galaxy of great artists and great plays. Alas! with the exception of a very few, we have none like them to-day.

The Golden Age witnessed the beginning of the change in histrionic art from the ranting school, say, to the naturalistic school—a change almost wholly due to

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Thousands of delighted women everywhere say it makes them look thinner the moment they put it on and quickly takes three to ten inches from waist, hips and thighs. Many report one to three inches taken off the very first week.

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The Madame X is so comfortable you hardly know you have it on. Indeed, many women who do not need to reduce, wear it for its superior comfort. Physicians specially recommend it for its wonderful support, for it fits into every curve, holding right to the figure, and will not slip up or down. Women who have worn it write that they would never go back to the old-fashioned corset again, for it gives them *instantly* the straight, boyish lines the vogue demands—makes them look thin *while* getting thin. Conceals big hips, waist and abdomen, and *actually reduces* without the aid of dieting, exercises, weakening baths or drugs. Keeps the pores open—perfectly healthful. So popular, one of the biggest New York stores has had to open a special Madame X Department to handle the crowds!

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Walcott, N. Y

"I weigh 150 lbs. but it looks like only 130 lbs. when I am wearing my girdle."
Mrs. Ray Taylor,
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"Have been wearing the Madame X steadily for three weeks and am more than pleased with it. Have taken five inches from my waist and four and a half from abdomen and hips. No more corsets for me. I can do my work as Graduate Nurse much easier. Weight 161 lbs."
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"I received my girdle on the 5th of May and am very well pleased with it. In the first two weeks I lost four inches around the waist and thighs. I also lost seven pounds in that time."
Mrs. D. R. Borden,
Walcott, N. Y

Pat. May 13, 1924

"I have worn my girdle two weeks. I wear it all day just the same as any corset. I like to wear it better than anything I have ever had. During these two weeks I have lost eight pounds in weight and have reduced two inches around the waist and four inches around the hips."
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Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks.

Before any close contact eat a May Breath tablet to guard against such offense.

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Close Contact
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Nice people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. They eat one whenever a sweet breath is important. They never risk offense.

Learn what they mean to you—the added charm—the risks which they avoid. Let us send you a box to try. Cut out the coupon and mail it. This is something you will want.

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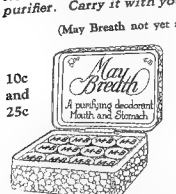

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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

the efforts of Dion Boucicault. Boucicault, a young Irishman, had come over here in the seventies. It was he who taught the world to act "natural-like." Boucicault had written "London Assurance"—the best comedy written by a very young man up to that time, it was alleged. At Wallack's this actor played "Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah na Pogue."

Boucicault never had his superior as a director. He was naturalness itself. For instance, on an occasion when he entered a room from outside in a storm, he wiped his feet carefully on a mat just inside the door. Asked to explain this bit, he simply said:

"Any decent man would do that when going into a friend's house, wouldn't he?"

And the rest of his work was like unto it. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Before the coming of Boucicault most of the American players were like what our critics recently raved about in the work of the Moscow Art Players. They used to gesture and clown and eat up the scenery, and grind out with clenched teeth and hissing sound:

"Now, by ye gods, this thing has gone far enough!" Boucicault changed all that.

This man's devotion to the meticulous observance of the minutiæ of his art never flagged, even up to the last. Once, it is said, he feared his mechanical memory was failing. To guide and sustain him he used to pin bits of paper on the furniture here and there as cues of business or speech. He did this as a safeguard merely, and it gave him great comfort to know that he would not be left in any dilemma through sudden loss of memory—a thing unheard of with him. He dreaded, above all things, any such awkward situation. These bits of paper, tho not perceptible to the audience, were evident to persons behind the footlights.

It so happened that a new stage-manager had been engaged, and the first evening of his employment with the company, after Mr. Boucicault had meticulously pinned his little safeguard cues about, the new member of the staff, not having seen him do it, of course, went about and quite as meticulously removed them. When Mr. Boucicault made his entrance and noted the absence of his little lighthouse bits, he came about as near being panic-stricken, he said, as he'd ever been. He said if he hadn't seen that the bits of paper were gone he wouldn't have minded. It was a case where ignorance would have been bliss to him—like a man sleeping on the edge of a precipice and not knowing about it.

THE Golden Age witnessed the beginnings of a very large number of actresses, actors, and directors—Ada Rehan, Maude Adams, E. J. Henley, Julia Arthur, E. J. Morgan, John Drew, Wilton Lackaye, Richard Mansfield. In fact it would take a volume—a regular "Who's Who on the Stage"—to cover the names of players developed during this period.

There were developed during the Golden Age two conspicuous cases which had, I think, marked influence on the destiny of the stage in America. One was that of David Belasco. I knew him in San Francisco. As a youngster, almost, Belasco became a prominent figure in the theater life of the Coast. Dramatic genius seems to have been spontaneous with him. His family was in no sense a histrionic one, so far as I know. The father ran a barber-shop and sold all kinds of flags as a side-line. And, as a lad, David used to shave the old gentleman's customers "just to help out in rush hours."

Almost overnight Belasco became prompter, then stage-director at the Baldwin, charged with the selection of casts and other matters of supreme importance. The young man was equipped for the job. He knew the game from the ground up. He was an actor of no mean ability. If he had continued to act instead of turning his attention to direction, he might have achieved great success. I saw him play *Madame Frouchard*, in "The Two Orphans," once—all rigged up with a tattered shawl and an awful wig, crouching and grumbling and snarling in a horrible fashion.

He also played the bear in "Michael Strogoff"—all teeth and claws, and covered with a mighty bearskin, his head wagging with the slow, rhythmic motion of the grizzly. For David was an observer of nature—something that has been manifest in his plays from that day to this. It was at the Baldwin.

ABOUT this time James A. Herne came on from the East to play a stock engagement at the Baldwin. Herne was one of the earliest exponents of the naturalistic school—a veritable genius in that way. If anything, he held the mirror a little too faithfully up to nature. Belasco joined forces with Herne. It was a great combination—the romantic, the theatrical, almost, and the realistic schools—a good average.

Belasco had achieved great skill as a writer and adapter of plays by this time. He threw one together called "Hearts of Oak," and with it he and Herne came to New York. Later, Belasco met the Mallory Brothers, editors of *The Churchman*. A side-line with these gentlemen was the management of the Madison Square Theater on Twenty-fourth Street. Belasco was made stage-manager of that theater under the Mallory Brothers and so began his career in New York.

To my way of thinking—altho my opinion will probably be subject to dispute—Richard Mansfield was the most conspicuous, if not the ablest, actor developed during the Golden Age. Whether or not his influence was formative I don't know—it is a question. At any rate he rose like a meteor, and, like Belasco, maintained a long level of excellence. There was no descent in his art.

Mansfield's career began at the old Union Square Theater in New York. He was a half-starved artist-musician. He used to hang around Greenwich Village studios, play the piano, compose musical numbers, and translate play-scripts. Presently—I don't know just when—he took it into his head to be an actor. Pursuant to this resolve he haunted the Union Square Theater—A. M. Palmer, to be particular. So persistent was he that he presently became a nuisance.

Mr. Palmer decided to put on "A Parisian Romance." The great character bit of the play was one *Baron Chevreal*, a senile French roué. The actor who was cast for the part—the character actor of the company—was a lanky Scotchman, brawny, and did not fit into the character physically nor by nature any more than John Drew would have fitted into the character of *Jacques* in "The Two Orphans." Palmer presently realized this, and was at his wit's end to find some one who could do the *Baron*, when the young whipper-snapper, Mansfield, got wind of the situation, and with supreme effrontery stepped up to the manager and said:

"Let me play that part. I can do it."

In desperation, and also with a view of ridding himself of the young pesterer, Palmer said:

"All right; go ahead; play it."

Mansfield, a perfect personification of such an old, burned-out roué, ogling and chattering, electrified by his work not only the audience but the company. No success that I remember spread from one end of the country to the other as quickly as did his.

Next to the case of Mansfield in the meteoric attainment of fame was that of a young English actor. The day after he

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Cashmere Bouquet will do for your skin all that it is possible for any soap to do—cleanse it gently, thoroughly, safely giving you, besides, a sense of daintiness and luxury that only such an exquisitely perfumed soap can impart.

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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

had begun as leading man with Fanny Davenport, as *Loris Ipanoff* in "Fedora," at the Fifth Avenue Theater, the wires flashed the brilliancy of his success throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was Robert Mantell—at one time called the handsomest man on the American stage.

The Golden Age witnessed an incident which I believe led to the eventual forming of the great Theater Trust. It was this way: At the Baldwin Theater in San Francisco, of which Al Hayman was treasurer, Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davies were playing Boucicault's "Octoroon." Just then there came to San Francisco to play the California Theater —of which Hayman was also the treasurer—a troupe of genuine colored men, called Callender's Minstrels. Daniel Frohman, then little more than a youth, was manager of this company. Charles Frohman was also with them. I can see Charles, as if it were yesterday, red-faced, puffing, beating the great bass drum out in front of the theater to bring people in.

Business may have been bad in both houses for all I know. At any rate, Daniel Frohman, I think it was, suggested that it would be a good scheme to combine the companies and give that naturalistic atmosphere—real colored men—to the "Octoroon." The suggestion was followed. The companies combined, and played a little-used theater known as the Grand Opera House. I really believe that it was this bringing together, in effective co-operation, of two companies that were, separately, not doing any too well, which suggested possibilities and led to the forming of the trust and eventually changed the destiny of the whole American theater.

The early part of the Golden Age witnessed the advent of the professional matinée idol, which I believe led directly into an innovation in stage publicity work. Both of these, to my way of thinking, have had a marked influence upon the theater.

It was from the matinée idol circumstance and what developed from it that I got my most valuable lesson in publicity work—a lesson that has stayed with me and guided me throughout my entire career as a theater man.

Down at Wallack's was Henry J. Montague, popularly called Harry Montague, a very clever romantic actor. Montague was the first real matinée idol ever seen in this country. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of women used to collect in a vast crowd at the stage entrance just to gaze adoringly at this young actor as he stepped from the theater on the way to his favorite saloon!

The vogue of Montague at Wallack's prompted some prig to the following satirical effusion; and we boys of the lower East Side were quick to absorb it. We used to hang around the edge of the mass of agitated females and much to their chagrin and disgust sing at the top of our raucous voices:

My name is Hildebrand Montrose;
Some folks they call me Cholly.
In my buttonhole I wear a rose,
My word! But ain't that jolly? By golly!

ONE day I was pursuing this diverting pastime when an irate Montague idolater lambasted me across the ear with her umbrella and put me out of commission until the next day.

Naturally the foresaid doggerel got to be all the vogue and proved to be of enormous advertising value. I have often wondered if it were not the output of some ingenious press-agent. Probably it was. I used to wonder vaguely whether there were not some influence more than the mere attraction of the man himself—for he was not a god—that caused these women to storm stage door and, logically, box-office alike.

There was in New York at that time —and ever on the alert for opportunity—a genius named Commodore Tooker. To my mind the Commodore was the real, great American showman. He was a combination of P. T. Barnum and the present Morris Gest—something of each —in reality greater than either—if he had but known it. Tooker was associated with the producers—Jarrett and Palmer —of "The Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. As I said before, this great spectacular play, with a vast army of women in tights—the first time such a thing had been seen in America—created a storm of disapproval.

I imagine this was as Tooker expected —something he had prepared for. At least he was quick to avail of it in the only way that a man with true genius for showmanship can avail. He fed the flames of disapproval by every means devisable. He wrote all kinds of anonymous letters for and against the show for the newspapers, thus keeping up a brilliant cross-fire of anathema and praise, vitriolic and fulsome respectively. He wrote sermons for the ministers of the city to deliver against the play—arranged whole pulpit broadsides, so to speak, to be hurled at the show.

With an infinitesimal expenditure of energy and money—true press-agent skill—Tooker kept public, pulpit, and press at boiling heat. Everybody wanted to see "The Black Crook," not because it was spectacular, but because it was naughty, as they had been told. And when they saw it they saw nothing that you would not take your children to see to-day.

IN THE very midst of this furor Tooker pulled off a truly Barnumesque stunt. It seems that Tooker had established a line of pleasure or excursion boats between New York and Coney Island—which was then nothing more than Norton's Point, where the boats landed—a stretch of sand uninhabited save by a shack here and there, a long line of gaily painted, huge umbrellas that sheltered every kind of huckster, trickster, and swindler known to mortal man. Of course there was bathing and the like—"the like" involving one thing. Tooker had pressed the *Plymouth Rock*, a huge, famous, and favorite steamboat, into service for this purpose.

Very well. Commodore Tooker announced—and caused the word to be broadcast—that the coryphées from "The Black Crook" practically a whole regiment of dancing girls—would go to Coney Island on the *Plymouth Rock* on a certain Sunday. All smart New York clamored for tickets. The boat was packed with sports eager to see "close-ups" of the wicked "Black Crook" sirens—they expected to see them in tights. And they did see the sirens—close up. But the sirens were in their proper, Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes—some of them with husbands, some with fathers, many with sons, and—we are glad to say—a considerable number unattached, which left the Johnnies not entirely without consolation.

Again Tooker's genius as a showman shone resplendent. He was not slow to catch on to the vogue which Harry Montague had won as a matinée idol. He measured it up, found it worth while, analyzed it, and got at the cause of it. Then he sent for George Rignold, who had made a great hit in London as *Henry V.*, and brought him over here, not only to repeat his artistic success, but with the added purpose of playing matinée idol opposite Harry Montague. Nobody ever suspected Tooker's "fine, Italian hand" in it not even Rignold himself. But it was there. For no sooner had the handsome Britisher opened in New York than he began to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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Time after time, in comparative demonstrations on which the eyes of the world were fixed, the Eureka has gained the Grand Prize or highest award over the best vacuum cleaners that modern inventive genius could send against it.

But—though no one can minimize the outstanding importance of these repeated awards—it is still more significant that the verdict of national and international authorities has been sealed and proved by the deliberate judgment of American womanhood. In more than a million homes the Eureka is giving daily service—making easy and pleasant the cleaning which for centuries was woman's heaviest burden.

And because of the powerful suction that cleans so deeply, the fine construction that gives both lightness and rugged strength and the instantly adjustable attachments that multiply its usefulness, the Eureka does its work with a thoroughness and ease inconceivable except to those who have actually seen it operate.

No claims however broad, no facts however impressive, could more completely demonstrate Eureka world leadership than the simple truth—that it has been and continues to be the first choice of over a million women.

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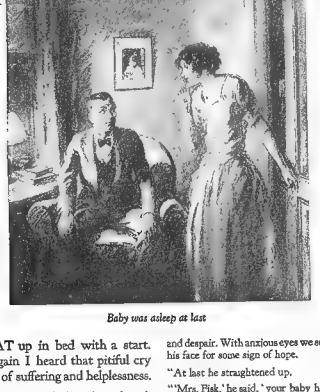
2 A.M. at the Fisks'



Baby was asleep at last

"I SAT up in bed with a start. Again I heard that pitiful cry so full of suffering and helplessness.

"I rushed to Baby's crib and took him in my arms. My heart almost stood still. The little head that rested against me was hot with fever. The dear little face that used to quicken my heart with its rosy smile was twitching in pain and sickly white. I grew more alarmed with every pitiful twist as his little body writhed in agony. Baby was very ill.

"'Telephone the doctor—quick!' I called to my husband.

"He sprang to the telephone, and I heard his excited troubled voice.

"Then we waited.

"Were we to lose Baby who had made our happiness so complete? I felt conscience-stricken. For several weeks he had not been himself. Fretful, restless, he slept badly, and did not make his usual gain in weight. Although worried, I thought it was teething and did not consult our physician. And now—what a terrible thought—his suffering was the result of my neglect.

"'Why doesn't the doctor come?' I cried in anguish.

"Then a whirr of a motor in the driveway. The doctor, at last! His presence was reassuring. Yet when he examined Baby, his serious expression made my heart sink.

"An hour passed. An hour of uncertainty and despair. With anxious eyes we searched his face for some sign of hope.

"At last he straightened up.

"'Mrs. Fisk,' he said, 'your baby has been very, very ill. Perhaps he was saved only by your promptness in calling me. His attack was due to an aggravated case of intestinal clogging.

"'You've got to keep your baby clean inside. But don't give him laxatives. Their continued use gives temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury. Doctors today are finding in lubrication the best means of maintaining internal cleanliness—especially in children. Give your baby Nujol every day. It lubricates and softens the food waste and insures regular and thorough elimination.'"

A Message to Mothers

Does *your* baby fret? It may be due to faulty elimination. Don't let this go on until that night comes which nearly took the Fisk baby from his mother. Your frantic call for the doctor may be too late. One out of every ten babies dies the first year, chiefly from diseases of the intestinal tract, according to United States Health Tables. Guard your baby, yourself, and the others in your family from the dangers which come from faulty elimination. Adopt the habit of internal cleanliness.

Take Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine—it is simply a lubricant. Like pure water it is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for expectant and nursing mothers, infants and children, and people of all ages.

Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

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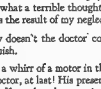

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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

get "mash" notes—vast in number, wonderful in character and quality. As a matter of fact Tooker had written most all of them.

Presently this arch press-agent "lifted" these mash notes and caused them to be printed in the daily papers. But the scheme had an unlooked-for recoil. The press-agent had reckoned without his host, for no sooner did the love missives begin to appear in the newspapers than Mrs. Rignold, ignorant of the publicity-spirited Commodore's part in it, descended upon her entirely innocent husband and demanded an explanation. *Curtain.*

Notwithstanding the fact that Tooker had continuously and constantly fooled the public, and the public knew it, they still loved him. He was given at Booth's Theater the greatest benefit of his time, or any other time, so far as I know. It was one vast and long-drawn-out performance of "Romeo and Juliet," in which there were six different *Romeos* and *Juliets*—a pair for each act, among them such brilliant names as John McCullough and Adelaide Neilson; George Rignold and Fanny Davenport.

There is no rose without its thorn. This was true of the Golden Age of the theater. It inaugurated, I think, what might be called the era of unashamed play-stealing in America—an era that lasted many years and caused no end of unhappiness, loss, and degradation. I believe it was inaugurated in San Francisco, tho it was probably practised long before that in Europe. We had no effectively restrictive copyright laws, no inhibitions but our sense of morality, and as a matter of fact it was not considered at that time any more immoral to steal plays than it is to-day to do bootlegging.

When I was prompter at the Baldwin I stole every play that was produced at the theater. I used to get the script and sit up all night and copy it in my own handwriting. I became known on the Coast as "Manuscript Bill." Every itinerant company out in the country that needed a good play would come to me. It was all considered perfectly legitimate, if one could get away with it. Sometimes one had to twist or distort or rewrite or otherwise torture a good play to disguise in a way the theft of it. We would sell these plays to companies doing the "provinces."

Thus I acquired an incredible stock of manuscripts. The adventures of one of these manuscripts led to the greatest play-stealing lawsuit of all history—the great case of Augustin Daly versus William A. Brady—a case which lasted some thirteen years.

Not long ago I received information that one of my successful plays was being pirated by a little company out in the Far West. With great indignation I wrote the manager a warning—wrote it in no choice language. I notified him that I would invoke the Federal law, it being a prison offense now to steal a play. I was bitter in my denunciation of the act. How could he, and so forth and so forth?

A few days later I received a letter, neither penitent nor apologetic, but berating me in the following words:

DEAR BILL: Since when have you become so virtuous? Don't you remember the time we sat up all night at the Baldwin and copied the "Banker's Daughter"? Those were the good old days. Cheer up—cherries are ripe.

Needless to say I took no legal action in this particular case. My old pal may be doing my plays now for all I care.

This is the third of a series of articles on the American stage by William A. Brady. The next will appear in an early issue.

Woman's Place Is at the Polls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

helpful. But if you are in deadly earnest as a citizen, for goodness' sake *say it with votes.*

The most that men politicians have done for women so far is to make graceful gestures of courtesy, and to pay us pretty and meaningless compliments. We have had enough of that sort of "recognition." Allowing a woman to wield the gavel in a national political convention for a few brief and restful moments when nothing can possibly happen, or to read a perfunctory report, or to nominate some hopeless favorite son for Vice-President, isn't moving forward one step so far as the things women are interested in are concerned.

Nominating a woman for Vice-President when her election is utterly hopeless is another meaningless gesture. The writers of both the Republican and Democratic platforms juggled words and phrases so skilfully in their avoidance of definite statements concerning measures in which we are interested that we can't even consider them "sop." Again, they have only made a few gestures in the direction of what we want. *If we had gone to the polls and voted in 1920, they never would have dared to ignore us in* 1924. If we go to the polls in 1924 they will not dare to ignore us in 1928.

The Democrats could have broken the convention deadlock and insured against defeat if they had had the courage and the vision to put Carrie Chapman Catt on the ticket as Vice-President. Mrs. Catt possesses an equipment for this post of honor claimed by few men. She has an "international mind." She has wide knowledge of world affairs, and she has been perfectly familiar with the workings of our Government for many years. She has dignity and prestige at home and abroad. She is a statesman for a very large number of voters, men and women, because she stands for those humanitarian and progressive measures that are championed by the best people everywhere. She has breadth of vision combined with practical knowledge of the machinery of government.

But the Democrats were more afraid of a woman than they were of Wall Street, the Ku-Klux Klan, and the anti-prohibitionists combined. The mere suggestion of such a thing paralyzed them with fear.

And yet we broke the ice back in 1872 when Victoria Woodhull was nominated for President on the Equal Rights ticket. Victoria and her sister had blazed a trail in another field, too. They are credited with having made $750,000 in Wall Street in six weeks, and were called the "Bewitching Brokers."

It can not be denied that women are in a more advantageous position in 1924 than they were in 1920, regardless of the fact that there was practically no advance in the platform. The Democratic party accepted the principle of equal representation of men and women on the National Committee in 1920. The Republican women in the last convention at Cleveland were given equal representation—an "honor" denied them four years earlier. "Sop" was tendered them in 1923, in the form of an equal number of "associate members"—which the men

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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LESS than six weeks ago, this new instrument was first announced.

Today, famous artists, musicians, critics, scores of America's representative people have joined in paying tribute to what world's authorities acclaim the outstanding musical achievement of the day.

Whatever may be your conceptions of the musical possibilities of radio, or of *complete* and *permanent* home entertainment, you are urged to hear it.

All the music of all the world; the music of yesterday or today at the simple turn of a lever!

The Brunswick Radiola marks the joint achievement of the leader in musical reproduction with the leader in radio to attain the ultimate. A scientific combination, developed by the Brunswick laboratories in connection with the Radio Corporation, it embodies the best that men know in music and in radio.

Not a makeshift, not simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph, but a perfected, tested and proved combination. An instrument you can buy with positive and absolute assurance of lasting satisfaction throughout the years to come.

The world-famous Brunswick Method of Reproduction has been subsidized to do for radio what it has done for music. The result in clarity, beauty and tonal quality is equaled only by the sweeping versatility of this remarkable instrument.

* * * *

At the turn of a lever, you have radio's greatest thrill, the amazing Radiola Super-Heterodyne or Radiola Regenoflex to bring the mysteries of the air into your home, with tonal possibilities multiplied.

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

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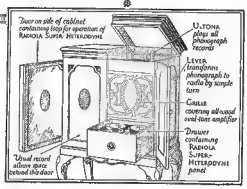
2. Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you *don't* want to hear and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
3. Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.

The Brunswick Radiola No. 360


Door on side of cabinet containing loop for operation of RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE
U-TONA plays all phonograph records
LEVER transforms phonograph to radio by simple turn
CABLE covering all-wood oval-tone amplifier
Drawer containing RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE panel
Usual record album space behind this door

At another turn, you have the recorded music of all time at your command—your favorite records played as only a Brunswick can play them.

Nothing in music—music in the making, the current triumphs of famous artists of the New Hall of Fame, the music of yesterday, today, tomorrow—is thus beyond your reach. Consider what this means to you; the advantages it offers to your children.

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Moderate prices—liberal terms of payment —instruments now on display

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal terms of payment provided.

Some are priced as low as $190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick.

Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Others the Radiola Regenoflex, the Radiola No. 3 and 3A.

See now at Brunswick dealers so as to be sure of delivery

Advance models are now on display at your local Brunswick dealer's.

To be sure of getting one of these instruments, *choose now.*

Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige" — your Brunswick dealer.

The Brunswick Radiola No. 160

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The Sign of Musical Prestige

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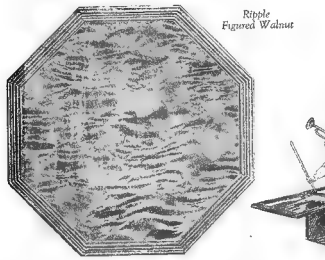

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So those who combine a love of the beautiful with a desire for the practical select walnut furniture.

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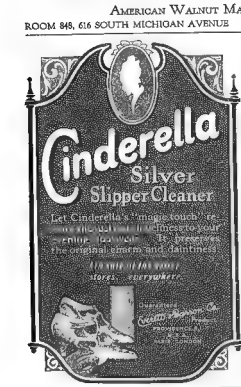

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Safe Milk
For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

Woman's Place Is at the Polls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

said was "just as good." But the willest men can't fool such a wise politician as Mary Garrett Hay. She refused the "sop" outright because these women were to be appointed by a man not elected, and they had no vote.

And so it is that women are creeping, on their hands and knees, so to speak, into places of political power, when we should be walking erect, and moving toward our goal by way of the polling-booth.

CONCEIVE, if you can, a "bloc" of illiterate voters. Such a "bloc" could swing any national election and pass any legislation that suited its purposes. The number of illiterate voters, according to the Illiteracy Commission of the National Education Association, is 4,333,111. If we count those who can read but little and who can write not at all, the number of confessed illiterate voters is near 5,000,000. It is said that there are probably 5,000,000 more unconfessed, unrecorded, or mistaken in their estimate of their literacy.

There are 110 counties in the United States that have over 25 per cent. of illiteracy. There are counties where more than half the population is illiterate.

"On a fair test," says the Illiteracy Commission of the National Education Association, "10,000,000 people in the United States would be found illiterate, and another 10,000,000 near-illiterate."

Commerce is limited by illiteracy. Manufacturers, merchants, railroads, motion-picture theaters and others, are losing millions of dollars because of these millions of illiterates.

If for no other reason than the appalling situation thus disclosed, the intelligent women of the country should vote in order to offset, to some extent at least, this menace.

Pictorial Review congratulates the National Education Association for doing a service for America that our Census Bureau has not, in all of the years of its existence, been able to do. We earnestly hope that such organizations as the American Legion, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Press Associations, and the public-spirited organizations of all kinds, will find in these figures a motive for swift, nation-wide action.

Certainly the challenge to American women is commanding enough to stir them to a veritable crusade, and the place for this crusade is at the polls on election day.

Millstones

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

her mother, who were standing near by. "Fine flour, Widow. Fine flour, Ephrosi. It will make good bread."

Soon the snow had melted, and the ground was like a soft river of mud, drying and hardening under the sweeping wind. Then the brown mud bricks of the two foundations of the huts on each shore of the river became visible to Ephrosi's eyes as she looked toward the mills from her window. When it was warm enough, and the Spring rains had ceased, carpenters and builders arrived from a near-by town on Petru's shore. And that very day they began looking for a suitable site for the new mill. And the rafts coming from up the river brought hard-baked bricks which were unloaded, and men began to dig for the foundation of the new mill.

For a while Ephrosi followed the development with great hope. Somehow she had a feeling that Petru was not completely lost to her. Occasionally he did find a few moments to speak to her. And altho he never mentioned the hut, and never spoke of love to her, or marriage, she still hoped that some day, when he should finish the building of his new mill, he would then think of finishing the building of the hut in which he was to lodge her as his wife.

Day after day the men worked; the bricks rose higher and higher every day. It seemed as if the whole river carried nothing else but bricks for the new mill. Men from other towns came to work; for the new mill had to be finished very soon, so that it would stand ready and dry for the new harvest. Little shacks went up in the neighborhood, built by the men who worked on the building. Some of them brought their wives and children, and dug gardens for themselves, and let loose their goats and the pig that was fattening for Christmas. One after another shacks went up and the smoke curled from their chimneys.

On Bercu's side, too, they began to build a new mill. For the people on his shore, not to be outdone by the people on the other shore, had sown more wheat. They were as good as the other people, weren't they? And if the people on the other shore needed two mills, they needed two themselves.

Meanwhile the grass was growing over the two mud-brick foundations. Lambs and their ewes were grazing between them, and playfully jumping over the low walls. And when the rain fell it formed puddles, and ducks and geese went splashing and swimming. At night the frogs were croaking from between the walls.

As if attracted by an unseen power, new inhabitants coming from different directions came and built their houses on both shores around the mills. A new inn was being built on one side, a store on the other. And Ephrosi heard them speak about building a new church on Petru's shore. She was the motive power behind the ambition of these two men; that each outdo the other. But in their rivalry between themselves they had now completely forgotten her. And each of the huts which was to have been her home was now like an open grave.

So absorbed in their growing work were the two men that they no longer even came to the inn. Still Ephrosi at times hoped that some day one of them would remember.

AND then one day a terrible thing happened. When Ephrosi looked out from her window that morning she saw the workmen on Bercu's shore demolish the foundation of the hut. With a loud cry she rushed into the arms of her mother.

"They are taking the bricks apart! They are taking the bricks apart!"

And before she had fully recovered from the first shock she looked over to the other shore. Petru's men, working under his supervision, were also taking away the mud bricks of the large square foundation. He needed the bricks for a granary he was building. His old granary was overflowing with wheat.

Before nightfall Ephrosi, dressed in her best, had gone to see Yancu.

"I have come to you so that you may take the measure for those boots you spoke of to me, Yancu! If you still have those two pieces of leather."

"I have the boots ready for you," Yancu answered; and while he knelt to put them on her feet, she held his head in her hands, and cried and laughed.

And there was great merriment that Sunday at the wedding between Yancu and Ephrosi, the widow's daughter.

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1 Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—*Boston Style*
3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—*Vegetarian*
4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans
5 Heinz Peanut Butter
6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup
8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni
11 Heinz Mince Meat
12 Heinz Plum Pudding
13 Heinz Fig Pudding
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter
23 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly
24 Heinz Currant Jelly
25 Heinz Grape Jelly
26 Heinz Quince Jelly
27 Heinz Apple Jelly
28 Heinz Dill Pickles
29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins
30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins
31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles
32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins
33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives
40 Heinz Ripe Olives
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
44 Heinz Chili Sauce
45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce
46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce
47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup
49 Heinz Prepared Mustard
50 Heinz India Relish
51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
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FROM THE GARDENS OF THE WORLD TO THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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So popular are the 57 Varieties and so great and widespread the demand that 195 Branch Warehouses and Agencies are necessary to distribute them throughout every civilized country in the world.

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Fruit-health for breakfast

On one point, at least, feeding authorities and mothers agree: Children must have *plenty of fruit in their diet.*

They must have it in Winter as well as in Summer—and the problem of serving a variety of fruit-foods in Winter isn't, by any means, an easy one to solve.

How fortunate that "Pineapplesauce," most healthful of fruits, should be always ready for immediate service, regardless of season!

And how fortunate that it should be a fruit that children as well as grown-ups always like!!

"Pineapplesauce," you know, is simply another name for Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple served chilled; just as it comes from the can.

And *Crushed* is just one of the convenient, economical forms in which this matchless tropical fruit is packed (the other form, *Sliced*, has for years been America's favorite fruit).

Both *Crushed* and *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple are identical in quality and flavor—the same full-ripened fruit, grown on the same model Hawaiian Plantations—simply packed in two forms for different types of uses.

Keep *both kinds* on hand—and serve them often.

You will generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen—a half-dozen cans of each.

And Try These Proven Recipes

(Using "Sliced")

SALAD A LA MINUTE (Illustrated below): Stuff well-drained pimientoes with cream cheese and chill thoroughly. Cut in thick slices and for each serving of salad arrange a slice on top of a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple. Top with mayonnaise and garnish with lettuce.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUES: Drain 6 slices of Hawaiian Pineapple and arrange them on a sheet of unglazed paper on a flat baking sheet. Beat 1 egg whites until stiff and slowly add ½ cup of granulated sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Heap on the slices of pineapple or squeeze through a pastry tube. Put into a slow oven and bake until puffed, delicately browned and crisp on the outside. Chill and serve.

(Using "Crushed")

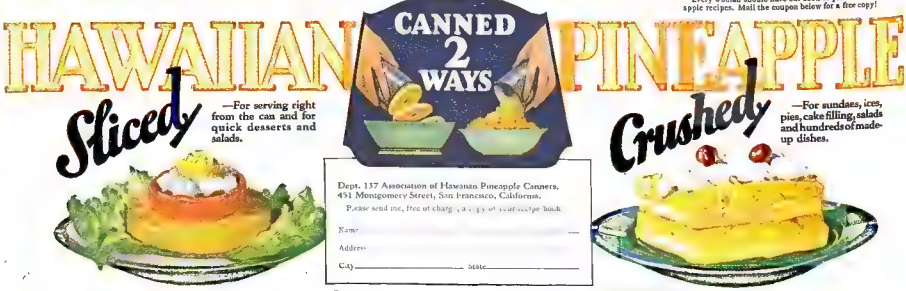
PINEAPPLE NAPOLEONS (Illustrated below): Bake a rich pastry crust or "puff paste" and cut immediately into squares. Spread first crust with a half-inch layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add another crust and spread this also with the Pineapple. Add whipped cream and a cherry.

PINEAPPLE WALDORF SALAD: Pare, quarter and core 1 apple and cut into large cubes. Add ½ cup well drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, ¼ cup California walnuts broken in pieces and ½ cup celery cut in thin inch-long slices. Mix with thick mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce.

PINEAPPLE CAKE GLACE: Cream ⅓ cup fat, gradually adding 1½ cups sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg 2 of 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and ½ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in iron spider and add 1 cup brown sugar, stirring until smooth. Spread with a layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, pour batter over this, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out on a plate, cool thoroughly, spread with whipped cream, and serve.

Mail the Coupon Below!

Every woman should have our book of proven Pineapple recipes. Mail the coupon below for a free copy!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New Ways: By May Stanley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

heard maw tell 'bout how him an' yer grammy uster do—an' I'm goin' ter hev things nice, too. I guess 'tain't age 'at's the diffrunce atween folks so much ez it's what they're aimin' ter git out uv livin'. Wa-al, I'll say goo'-by, Lige. I'm goin' in the mornin'."

"Goo'-by, Essie." He took her hand in his great, calloused one. "Ef ye sh'd happen ter change yer min'——"

Esther laughed. "I won't," she assured him. "Goo'-by!"

AS COLDER weather drew near Mrs. Dyer's headaches were increasingly severe. In spite of the scarcity of money her husband decided finally to take her across the bay to Portland for the new glasses. But even these could not dispel the trouble. In December Mrs. Dyer took to her bed.

For a time neighbor women came in to perform the more urgent household tasks, but as the weeks passed and the sick woman grew no better Milton Dyer found himself faced by the necessity of finding some one to look after his wife and his home.

"Dunno who kin be hed," Mrs. Hale said doubtfully, "but I'll ast 'roun' an' see kin we fin' somebody."

The next day Mrs. Lem Tibbits came in to announce that if they "c'd put up 'ith some one furrin" there was a girl at Orrs Island who might be had.

"Guess ye heared tell uv her las' Summer," she explained. "It's that thar girl wuz in the scunner 'at wuz wrecked in the July storm. Ye min' 'bout a girl an' a man bein' saved, don't ye? Wa-al, she's her. Been workin' fer Summer folks thar, but they bein' gone back ter the city she's kinder wantin' a place."

"Dunno ez I'm hankerin' ter hev a furriner 'roun'," Milton Dyer said dubiously. "Still an' all, a body c'd sen' her 'way ag'in ef she wuz ter ac' queer." And it was with this understanding that Helga Linstrom came.

Lem Tibbits walked in the next evening at supper-time.

"Wa-al, I brung yer gal, like I said," he announced. "Here she be—safe an' soun'."

The girl in the doorway curtsied shyly. She was wrapped in a great, dark cloak and held a bundle tightly clutched in both hands.

"Pleased ter meet ya." Milton Dyer stared briefly, then turned to shout in the general direction of the bedroom, "Say, Maw, here's the girl 'at Lem Tibbits jes' brung. D'ye want her in thar?"

"Yeah; ast her ter come in," Mrs. Dyer's feeble voice replied, and at a sign from Tibbits the tall girl passed into the bedroom, stooping in the low doorway.

Freed of her presence, the men exchanged glances.

"Wa-al, she looks husky 'nough—I'll say 'at fer her," Milton Dyer commented reluctantly.

"Yeah; 'at's what I wuz thinkin'," Tibbits agreed.

"Who ye talkin' 'bout?" Grandfather Dyer, who had been dozing in his chair by the fire, woke suddenly. "I drempt 'at ye come in, Lem, an' hed comp'ny 'ith ye, an' here ye be, jes' like gosh—" He broke off abruptly to stare at the apparition which appeared in the door of the bedroom. The girl had taken off her dark cloak and stood revealed in a skirt of some bright-red stuff. A black bodice was laced trimly across a snowy chemise. Her abundant fair hair was fastened in great plaits, coiled about her head. In the dark, disordered kitchen she appeared fantastic, unreal.

"This here's the girl 'at's comin' ter work, Grampy," Milton Dyer explained. "Leastways till Lefey gits feelin' good ag'in. Her name's—what's yer name, Miss?"

"Helga Lindstrom." The girl's voice was low.

"Kinder funny-soundin'," Milton Dyer said dubiously.

"'Tain't neither," Grandfather Dyer snapped. "'At's a Swede name, 'at is."

The blue eyes flashed at him momentarily, then were lowered. "I am Norsk." As she spoke the girl moved across the floor and began to gather up the dirty dishes. She worked slowly and methodically, scraping and piling plates, putting cups and saucers together, sorting knives and forks. Carrying them to the sink, she paused to stare at it for a moment, then returned the dishes to the table and went back to the sink. Turning up her sleeves, she took soap and a brush and began to scrub the sink vigorously. When it was cleaned to her liking she brought the dishes over once more and began to wash them. Picking up the grimy cup-towel which hung on a near-by rack, she looked at it doubtfully, then about the kitchen.

"Thar's clean towels over thar in the cupboard," Lige said sharply. He had been watching her and had come to the conclusion that he did not like Miss Helga Lindstrom. She was foreign and queer. To his astonishment Helga was moving about the kitchen when Lige came down-stairs the next morning a little before five o'clock. A brisk fire was burning and the coffee was already boiling.

"Ye don't hev ter git up an' git breakfus'," he explained ungraciously; "wimmin don't do 'at here."

"I have always done," she replied calmly, adding, "for my father."

Lige stared at her curiously.

She turned back to her work as Grandfather Dyer's stick thumped on the stairway.

"Wa-al, fer any sake!" the old man stared at her, wide-eyed. "I ain't see a woman stirrin' this time o' mornin' fer the las' twenty year!"

"It's all right ef it keeps up," Milton Dyer, who had just come up from the fish-house, commented sourly. He seated himself heavily and reached for a cold biscuit.

"I could not find bread." Helga hastened to apologize for the biscuits. "Only these." She eyed them dubiously. "Do you wish these I shall make, or bread?"

"Gosh, girl!" Grandfather Dyer took a long and audible gulp of coffee, "ef ye're aimin' ter make raised bread ye'll do more'n what any o' the wimmin here does. I ain't had a slice o' good home-made bread sense my wife uster make it—ev'y Sa'day."

"But," the girl said timidly, "to make bread does not cost so much as—as these."

"Now ye're talkin'!" The old man put down his cup to stare at her with increased approval. "Go on; talk like 'at some more!"

WEST HARBOR did not take kindly to Helga Lindstrom. The discovery that she rose to get breakfast for the men each morning, "no matter what time"; that she baked bread instead of soda biscuits, that she lifted "Lefey Dyer clean outer bed ev' time she hed ter make it," were all set down as evidences of queerness. That she was quiet and a hard worker could not outweigh her eccentricities. So West Harbor left Helga severely alone, but she had little time in which to observe or be hurt by its attitude. During the bitter days of Winter when storms beat furiously in from sea and an icy fog rolled continually above the gray water the girl toiled unceasingly to maintain some semblance of comfort in the Dyer home.

She mended the broken windows with some odd panes of glass discovered in the fish-house. She stopped up cracks in the walls by stuffing them with old rags. She pasted fresh paper on the walls of Mrs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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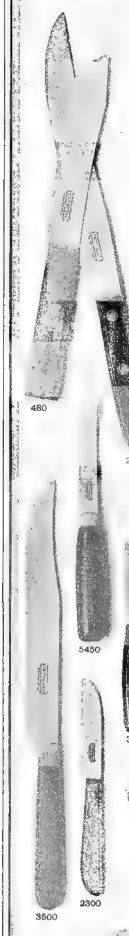

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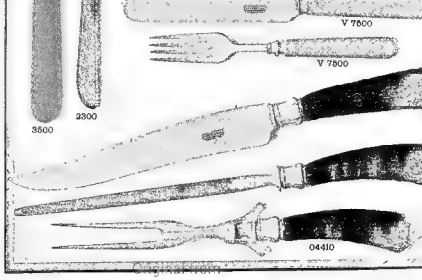

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The finishing touch to attractive charm

AND NOW, as a crowning complement to Milady's costume — a *Whiting & Davis* "Delysia" *Vanity Mesh Bag*, with two mirrors and separate compartments for rouge, powder, and handkerchief — or a *Whiting & Davis Utility Mesh Bag*, silk-lined, with vanity mirror, *in colors*, colors that blend and harmonize with the colors of Milady's gown. These beautiful mesh bags have become Milady's favorite requisite. At leading jewelers and jewelry departments; $5 to $500. Send for booklet showing newest creations. Dept. A-2.

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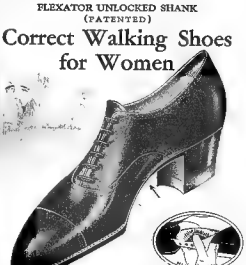

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New Ways: By May Stanley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

Dyer's bedroom to keep out the cold, and hung a little ruffled curtain at the window made from one of her own petticoats. The grimy, old kitchen was scrubbed and polished until it shone, and by almost incredible planning and contriving the store bills were kept down to a trifle.

Early in March Milton Dyer roused the household hastily one morning. Mrs. Dyer was blue and cold and breathing heavily. "Paralysis," the doctor said when he arrived. He shook his head doubtfully over her. She might live some time, of course. On the other hand, it might be only a question of days. One never knew in cases of this kind.

Mrs. Dyer solved the question by dying the next evening, quietly and uncomplainingly, as she had lived. For a few days thereafter neighbor women overran the house, wept noisily at the funeral, and commented on Helga's hardness of heart in that she shed no tears at "the buryin'." Then they returned to their several homes, and life in the Dyer household went forward on the new basis.

Helga Lindstrom was now a fixture.

THE yearly struggle of "gittin' up March Hill" occupied every one's thoughts thereafter. Fish were unusually scarce and the Winter supplies exhausted. "March Hill" proved long and arduous, the fisher people living as best they could on clams, an occasional fish, and such flour as their credit or the generosity of the more prosperous ones provided. But March drew to an end at last and April came. The gray water suddenly became blue. Men began to come back from fishing or hauling traps with a fresh coat of sunburn. Fish grew plentiful, and the lobster-traps were set closer and closer inshore.

Coming in from his traps one day Lige saw Helga spading up a piece of ground on the south side of the house. Grandfather Dyer stood near, occasionally making ineffectual dabs in the earth with the hoe he held and talking excitedly.

"What ye doin'?" Lige asked.

"Gittin' ready fer garden," Grandfather Dyer announced triumphantly. "I been tellin' Helgy what it uster be, an' she's aspadin' it up. 'Tain't in such bad shape, neither—even if it ain't been used fer quite a spell."

Lige turned to the girl. Her face was flushed scarlet from her exertions, and little, wet tendrils of hair clung to her forehead. Around her the scents of the newly turned earth rose, keen and heady.

"What ye doin' this fer?" the boy demanded. "Grampy hed oughter hev tol' ye! We don't make gardens 'roun' here."

"Why do you not?"

"'Cause 'tain't lucky." His face flushed unaccountably as he repeated the words he had heard so often. "'Tain't never counted lucky."

The girl shrugged and turned back to her spade. "This will be," she said simply.

The new venture aroused a fresh burst of criticism. Aside from the fact that it would undoubtedly bring bad luck was the further complaint that Helga was trying to "show off."

"What ye doin', Helgy?" Lem Tibbits would drawl as he passed. "Aimin' ter spile Milt's luck tee-totally, ain't ye?"

Or Jesse Abels, pushing his battered, old cap back on his head and planting his feet wide, would say, "O' course it's all right ter do this here *if* ye don't keer how much bad luck ye're fetchin'."

"Ye git right outa here, Jesse Abels!" Grandfather Dyer shouted, overhearing this speech. "Ye git right outa here er I'll lam ye one 'longside the head 'ith this here hoe! Jes' 'cause ye're too dogoned lazy fer ter make garden ain't no reason fer ye ter stan' thar laffin' like a chessy cat. Git outa here an' stay out!"

Helga turned to him with a puzzled frown when Jesse Abels had gone.

"Why do they feel so because we plant garden?"

"Afeered we'll show 'em up, I guess. This here place hez been goin' from bad ter wuss ever sense they got the idear 'at the ol' ways uv doin' things wa'n't good 'nough fer 'em. Don't make gardens no more ner raise sheep. Don't even fish like they'd oughter. New ways, 'at's what ruinin' 'em."

"But," Helga's brows drew together, "I do the new ways also. The cooking and the sewing, the candle-making and way to plant gardens—all these I have learn at the school in Christiania."

"Wa-al, mebbe so," the old man admitted grudgingly. "Mebbe thar's folks 'at's smart 'nough ter see what's good in the old ways an' mix 'em in 'ith the new. I dunno. Come on now an' le's set out them cabbage-plants whilst it's cloudy."

May came, dry and warm. Little rows of green were beginning to straggle up and down the garden, and Helga watched them anxiously. When the month passed without bringing rain she began to carry water from the well up on the hill, pail after pail, while Grandfather Dyer struggled after her with smaller buckets. West Harbor, watching, agreed that "a jedgment uv dryness wa'n't no more'n what they hed comin'." June came at last with a soaking rain-storm, and the green rows shot up almost overnight into slender green spires or delicately curling leaves.

The storm which had saved the garden washed ashore and broke up almost half of the Dyer lobster-traps. Helga went down to the fish-house the next afternoon, where Lige and his father were busy with laths and nails constructing new traps to take the place of those destroyed. She watched silently for a few moments while the nails and laths were fitted into place. "Why do you use these?" she asked finally, indicating the box of nails beside Lige.

The boy looked up. "What else'd ye use? Them's good nails."

"Yes, I know, but my father would not use such things about salt water. Copper, always copper. It does not rust."

"Copper nails!" Milton Dyer stared at the girl indignantly. "Whar ye think we're goin' ter git the money ter pay fer copper nails, I'd like ter know?"

"But," Helga persisted, "if you save five, six traps that are strong, that do not break up in the storm, you have much more money than is spent in copper nails."

Lige stared at the trap before him thoughtfully. "'At don't soun' too darned foolish," he admitted. "What ye think, Paw?"

"What do I think? Wa-al, I'll tell ye. I think ef ye wuz ter make these here traps gol'-plated 'ey'd be stronger still. Ha! ha!" he laughed loudly. "'At's the thing ter do, Helgy! Gol'-plate 'em!"

DURING the latter part of June a letter came to Lige from Esther Abels. She had written infrequently during the Winter, telling him of New York, of the good times she was having. This letter announced that the Hilliards —the family for whom Esther worked—would open their cottage at West Harbor in July. She was coming with them and she was as ever his true friend, Essie.

Lige sat down on the porch steps and thoughtfully smoothed out the sheet of flimsy pink paper. The June sun shone down hotly, and in Helga's garden the insects were circling about the opening blossoms.

The boy became suddenly conscious that Helga was standing in the doorway looking out to sea.

"What ye lookin' at?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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(Advertisement)

Women! Will *You* Vote to Condone Corruption?

JOHN W. DAVIS

"It is the supreme need of the hour to bring back to the people confidence in their government."

FOR the second time in the History of the United States all the women of America will cast their ballot for a President.

By what process, on what basis, will they indicate their choice? On what fine grounds will they select the man who will guide the destinies of the country, the people and the children of the people? The feminine vote is NOT a mass vote. Each and every woman is an independent thinker!

And each woman will study the situation, think out for herself what serves her country best and cast her independent ballot. She will be prompted by those things that are nearest and dearest to herself. She will ask what the election means to her children—their training—their moral training, and their chances for achievement in the land in which they live.

She will study closely the situation as it regards the buying power of the American dollar—the opportunity for employment for those who wish to work and to earn.

And she will vote, true to the honored ideals of democratic America, free from prejudice and bias, for honesty and right as her good judgment, her fairness, tells her.

The thinking American Woman will not allow the continuance in power of a party, which by its very acts in office, shows such utter lack of regard for the two things America holds most sacred—good faith and honesty.

THE Democratic Party has always stood for honesty in government. Proof lies in eight years of Democratic administration coming to a glorious end in March, 1921. It was during those years that

"America rose to heights of moral grandeur, when every meeting place was a temple and every house a shrine."

At the close of that administration the Republican Party came into power. That party organized an attempt to discredit the preceding administration, so ably conducted under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. Fifty-one committees were created, hundreds of thousands of dollars of public money were expended, files were searched, and researched, tables were turned upside down, hundreds—thousands of persons were examined and re-examined, evidence was filtered and re-filtered, desperate efforts were made to besmirch honorable names, the only result being a tremendous waste of time, temper, and finances. Not one case of graft, corruption, or dishonesty has been proven against a single individual. CLEAN! HONEST! PROGRESSIVE!—was the unwritten verdict of these memorable investigations.

"The march of events has shown not only that the League has within it the seed of sure survival but that it is destined more and more to become the bulwark of peace and order to mankind."

JOHN W. DAVIS

IF you believe it to be the duty of America to be unafraid and to do her part in bringing about the reclamation of prostrate Europe,

If you believe it to be the duty of America to aid in making the Old World a safe abode and a haven for women and children,

If you believe it to be the duty of America to share in insuring enduring peace throughout the world and thereby forestall the possibility of your husbands and sons ever being made cannon fodder again,

THEN—

The Democratic Party holds out to you the only hope, because it advocates the entry of this country into the League of Nations when the common judgment of the American people is ready for the step.

DAVIS *and* BRYAN *Stand for* Honesty at Home Honor Abroad

Nor will she tolerate an organization such as the Republican Party that is in power today, where dishonesty and special privileges have been so flagrant, so daring, as to cause the retirement into disgrace of three members of the cabinet—the President's Family of Advisors, one of whom is now under indictment.

Surely she will not stand by and see a party that has so desecrated national ideals, a party that has so ruthlessly violated the ethics and traditions of this country, voted into power again!

John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for President of the United States, in his speech of acceptance on August 11th, delivered in Clarksburg, W. Va., said:

"The unpardonable sin, however, for it is a sin that strikes at the national life, is conduct so corrupt, so partial, so feeble, that it shakes the public confidence in government itself."

The Democratic platform on which John W. Davis unconditionally pledges himself calls for a downward revision of the Fordney-McCumber tariff. He said:

"In the passage of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act imposing the highest rates and duties in the history of the nation, there was an unblushing return to the evil days of rewarding party support and political contributions with legislative favors."

CHARLES W. BRYAN

The Democratic party pledges itself to a reduction in the tariff especially wherever that tariff has been unduly raised to serve privileged interests.

Women are the purchasing agents of the homes of America. They spend over forty billions of dollars yearly, of which three billions goes to support the Fordney-McCumber tariff—one hundred and twenty-five dollars out of the pocket of each home every year.

For each dollar paid to the United States Treasury as a tariff tax, eight dollars goes out of the pocket of the consumer and into the pockets of the privileged interests!

The women of America will vote against dishonesty in government, corruption in government—against special privileges achieved by legalized means.

A vote for John W. Davis and Charles W. Bryan is a vote for greater buying power for the American dollar, for greater prosperity for the masses as a whole rather than the classes as individuals, for the safety of the nation, for decency and honesty in government.

The election of John W. Davis and Charles W. Bryan is a declaration that the men and women of America will not tolerate in American government any thought or deed that runs counter to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

JOHN W. DAVIS and CHARLES W. BRYAN advocate the ratification by the States of the child labor amendment. The Democratic Party holds that the life, health and strength of the children of the Nation are its greatest assets and that the conservation of these constitutes one of its most sacred duties. In its efforts to protect the childhood of the land from commercial exploitation a Democratic Congress passed and a great Democratic President signed the only two child labor laws ever placed upon the statute books of the country. When these laws were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, prompt steps were taken to protect children by amending the constitution. The child labor amendment to the constitution which was passed in June and now awaits ratification by the States could not have been passed without Democratic votes.

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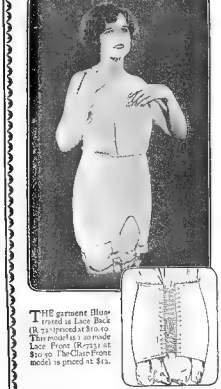

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Secretex holds its shape yet exerts a firm, even pressure around the body and permits the garment to be adjusted exactly as reduction is desired.

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In the chilly mornings before the furnace gets really going, for sports, for general cold weather wear, an Indera skirt or slip is really necessary.

Their trim, tailored lines preserve the slender silhouette that the mode demands. A special border prevents that annoying riding up about the knees. And their moderate price is really surprising, when you consider how well they wear and launder. In three weights, all sizes. At all good stores—or write us direct.

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New Ways: By May Stanley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

The girl withdrew her gaze swiftly. "Summer comes and the water is glad. Out there all the little waves are singing."

"Oh, is 'at all?" In his happiness Lige temporarily forgot his enmity toward Helga. "Say, Helgy, I got good news. Essie's comin' back."

"Essie?" The name sounded strangely on Helga's lips.

"Yeah, Essie Abels. Her an' me uster keep comp'ny," Lige laughed uneasily. "'At is, afore she went ter New York, an' -an' she's comin' back."

"You mean," Helga regarded him steadily, "that you will marry, yes?"

"Oh, I ain't goin' so fur ez ter say 'at. Ye see, she don't like it here. She don't want ter marry a fisherman."

"And you? Will you then go away?"

"I dunno what I'll do." He rose, stuffing the letter into his pocket. "Did ye say dinner wuz ready?"

He followed Helga into the spotless kitchen. On the table was spread a coarse white cloth which Helga had fashioned from flour-sacks, bleached to a creamy whiteness and embroidered with bands of red to hide the seams. A bowl of snowy potatoes was flanked by a platter of fish-cakes, delicately brown. There were young onions from the garden and delicious bread of Helga's baking.

Lige sniffed appreciatively. "I mus' say ye're a good cook, Helgy."

But Helga did not answer. After pouring him a cup of coffee she went out slowly to the garden and there on her knees thoughtfully weeded the radish-bed

THE Summer people when they came were loud in their praise of Helga. The tall, silent girl appeared at their kitchen doors each morning with a basket on her arm filled with freshly gathered vegetables—pink radishes, crisp lettuce, tender, young onions. Housewives who had formerly gone miles inland in search of vegetables were almost tearfully grateful. Once Helga took some fish-cakes to one of the women as a gift and the result was an order for fish-cakes, to be delivered twice a week. Their fame spread, and soon Helga was getting forty cents a pound for all the fish-cakes she could make—from hake, which in the Portland market never brought more than a cent and a half a pound.

Milton Dyer and Lige were inclined to resent what they called "Helgy's toady-in' ter city folks," but even they were forced to admit that her enterprise was making money.

Lige did not bother his head about it a great deal, for Esther's arrival had banished from his mind all lesser happenings. Esther in her city clothes was prettier than she had been and more openly contemptuous of West Harbor and its ways.

She was at first curious about Helga, then frankly scornful of her as a "Swede who didn't hev no more gumption 'n ter peddle garden truck." She was carelessly kind to Lige, and the boy trod on air when he escorted her to the Saturday night dances or took her out in his boat on Sunday afternoons.

Helga did not go to the dances. Her garden, the care of the house, the increasing demands of the Summer colony for Norwegian fish-cakes kept her busy from early morning until far into the night. August brought with it the picking and canning of blueberries. Vegetables and berries which were not sold or eaten at home were canned, and on the cupboard-shelves were marshaled the first battalion of jars—a stanch little standing army to combat the Winter's need.

Early in September the exodus of Summer people began. The Hilliards stayed later than usual, but Esther told Lige one evening that they were planning to go back to New York about the end of the month, adding, "I won't be sorry, neither."

Lige suddenly faced the girl beside him. "I wisht ye wouldn't go, Essie. I been makin' money 'is Summer an' puttin' it by. I ain't laid out hardly an'thin'. Pret' soon I'll hev 'nough ter buy my own boa-at; see ef I don't."

Esther stared at him blankly.

"What ye talkin' 'bout?" she demanded.

"I'm sayin' 'at pret' soon I'll hev my own boa-at, an' 'n we kin git married."

"Fer the lan' sake!" Esther gasped "Who'd 'a' thought ye'd hev that silly notion stickin' 'roun' in yer head yit! No, I ain't goin' ter stop on here, Mr Lige Dyer. I'm goin' back ter New York an', what's more, I'm goin' ter git married some time this Winter—ter a feller 'at's makin' his fifty dollars a week, reglar, carpenterin'."

Lige flushed. "Seems ter me ye might 'a' tol' me ye wuz aimin' ter git married," he retorted hotly. "Ye tuck mighty good keer not ter say nothin' 'bout it till jes' now."

Esther regarded him coldly. "Ef ye mean 'at I'm bein' laid ter ye treatin' me ter a few ice-creams an' takin' me ter a few dances, all I gotta say is——"

"I ain't meanin' 'at an' ye know it well ez I do! What I sed wuz 'at ye'd oughter hev tol' me, 'stead uv lettin' me think——"

"I didn't let ye think nothin'," Esther retorted. "I've tol' ye afore this, time an' time ag'in, 'at I'd ruther be dead 'n married ter a fisherman fer the rest uv my days! Why don't ye go an' marry 'at Swede a-yer house 'at's allus makin' eyes at ye? She'll be satisfied ter live f'om han' ter mouth, same ez the rest uv ye. She don't know no better!"

"Ye keep yer mouth offen Helgy!" Lige blazed suddenly. "Helgy ain't makin' up ter nobody. She ain't like some 'at I c'd mention—hevin' a feller here an' one yan, so's thar'll allus be one handy——"

He turned and started up the path, but he had gone only a few steps when Esther came running after him.

"Ain't no use in partin' bad friends, Lige," she panted. "I'll say this—ef I wuz goin' ter stop here an' marry anybody it'd be you."

Lige withdrew his arm from the hand she had laid on it. "At's a' right, Essie. Fur ez I kin see, some folks feels one way 'bout things an' some 'nother, an' I guess nobody kain't he'p which way 'tis. Goo'-by."

CANDLE-LIGHT lay softly over the kitchen like a benediction, bringing into high relief Helga's shining pots and pans, the snowy floor with its braided rugs, newly washed and mended. Beside the stove Grandfather Dyer nodded over his pipe. Helga sat beside the table, her forehead puckered into an anxious frown as she bent to the unaccustomed task before her. She was busy with pencil and paper. Beside her other sheets of paper were scattered.

The girl looked up quickly and drew the sheets of paper toward her as the door opened and Lige entered.

"Oh, it is you!" She spread them out once more and resumed her work.

"What ye doin'?" Lige asked mechanically. He was staring at Helga, at the peaceful kitchen, as tho he were looking at them for the first time. The candle-light touching the girl's thick plaits of hair seemed to deepen and burnish their gold. Funny he had never noticed before what nice hair she had—her eyes, too, blue, like the sea on a clear day—like the sea. "What ye doin'?" he repeated.

"I am finding what I make this Summer—the garden and the selling of fish-cakes," she explained, sighing. "But also from what I make must be taken the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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isn't this

PLEASANT NEWS

for Every Woman?

EVERY woman will admit that the most important ingredient in making pie-crust is the *shortening* she uses.

This is one reason why Mazola is so popular with the intelligent, thinking housewife.

And—back of this nation-wide and growing demand for Mazola is a very *pleasant* thought.

The source of Mazola is as pure, appetizing and wholesome as this delicious oil is itself. If you like "corn-on-the-cob" you cannot help liking Mazola. For this pure cooking and salad oil is made from the hearts of the full ripened corn—America's Greatest Cereal.

When you think of making pie-crust, think of Mazola. Use it once and you will prefer it always.

PIE CRUST

1¼ cups Sifted Pastry Flour
½ teaspoon Salt
½ teaspoon Baking Powder
⅓ cup Mazola
4 tablespoons Cold Water

SIFT dry ingredients. Add water to Mazola and beat until creamy. Mix quickly into dry ingredients. Toss onto slightly floured board and roll to desired thickness. This recipe makes one small double crust pie.

FOR A FLAKY, RICHER CRUST:

2 cups Sifted Pastry Flour
¾ cup Mazola
½ teaspoon Salt
¼ cup Ice Water

WORK Mazola into the dry flour and salt gradually, mixing thoroughly with a knife or spatula, then add enough ice water to hold together and roll out at once, on a well floured board.

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Fairy grains with the flavor of nut meats—

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All the nourishment of *whole grains*. Quickly digested, assimilated—turned to strength and vigor in a few minutes.

Serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And for a special treat, a morning's adventure, try with fresh or cooked fruit.

Don't deny yourself this delight. Go today, ask your grocer for Quaker Puffed Rice—the supreme grain food.

At night—Puffed Wheat—Quaker Puffed Wheat—steam exploded like Puffed Rice. Whole wheat in its most digestible form, containing 16 body-building elements. Supplies the minerals and bran growing children need. The milk, the vitamines. A rest-invoking bed-time dish for brain workers which imposes no strain on digestion.

Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famous invention of Professor Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. Food shot from guns, grain food thoroughly cooked.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

The Quaker Oats Company

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New Ways: By May Stanley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

sugar for jellies and for canning berries. It is not easy."

Lige stirred uneasily. "What ye botherin' with it fur?"

"I must—before I go away."

"Before ye—what?" He stared at her with the startled look of one suddenly wakened from sleep. "What did ye say? I—I didn't jes' hear ye."

"Before I go away," the girl repeated, "I must first have this in order. Wait!" Again she ran her pencil slowly down a line of figures, set down the total, added it audibly once more, and breathed a sigh of content. "Now I have it," and she read aloud:

From the garden for sell of vegetables	$72.56
From sell of fish-cakes profit is	142.80
Which is	$215 36
And I pay for sugar and vinegar.	6.20

From which I make and now have in cupboard 30 jars sweet pickles, 4 kegs sour pickles, 78 glasses jelly, 47 jars canned fruit. 56 jars canned vegetables.

And I now have $206.16, which will buy groceries for Winter, and so there will be no going into debt.

HELGA LINDSTROM.

"But—hut," Lige stammered, as Helga finished reading her accounts, "what ye goin' 'way fur, anyways? I dunno how we'd make out 'ithout ye a'tall, paw an' grampy an'—an' me. We're so—so kinder uster ye, Helgy."

In the candle-light his face was very young and appealing. "What ye goin' 'way fur?" he repeated helplessly.

"It is the fish-cakes," Helga replied patiently. "The ver' rich man who comes each Summer in his yacht—you remember?"

Lige nodded.

"He eat of my fish-cakes at Mrs. Prentice's house, and he ask questions. Then he come to see me and we talk, and he ask more questions. He say a very great deal of money may be had by one who will make such fish-cake to sell in the cities. And I say that it may be so, and again we talk. He say here all such fish is wasted, for the buyers will pay nothing for it and the people will not learn the wise ways by which money comes.

"All these things and many more he said, until my head goes round with much talking and I can only nod and say yes, it is so. And then he say if I have also seen and will help it would be well if I should go back to Norway this Winter and learn from those who make the fish-cakes in great amount; and he will pay—so I go."

Lige had risen while she talked, and stood looking down at her, his face working strangely.

"Helgy!" The word was a cry. "Don't go 'way! I don't want ye ter go 'way!"

The girl looked up at him swiftly, then veiled her eyes beneath their long lashes.

"But why should you speak so to me?" she said softly. "The girl you call Esther—she will be here."

"No, she won't. She's goin' 'way. I don't want her here, anyways! I don't never want ter see her agin, never! I don't want nobody only ye, Helgy. Kain't ye see 'at I don't?"

Helga smiled wistfully and shook her head.

"No," she said slowly, "I do not think it is that you want me. It is just that you have had bitter words with Esther, is it not? And you are angry? And Helga goes, who has been here for long that is all."

"No, it isn't all, Helgy. I never knowed how I felt 'bout ye, I never drempt it, till all at once when I come in—an' ye wuz settin' here 'ith the candles shinin' on ye—an'—an' Oh, Helgy, I been a fool, a blin' fool! Here I been lovin' ye ever sense I fust set eyes on ye—an' I didn't know it! Don't go 'way, Helgy. Say ye'll stay!"

"No." The girl's voice was thoughtful. "No, I can not stay. I have give my promise that I will go, and I must do what I have promise. But—" she lifted her eyes to his suddenly, sea-blue eyes in which tears and laughter mingled—"in the Spring I come back to West Harbor—and then—if still you should be wanting Helga—"

The rest of the sentence was muffled and lost on Lige's shoulder, but the sound which followed it brought Grandfather Dyer bolt upright.

"Gosh!" he muttered. "I drempt I heared—" then he saw them and leaned back once more. A deep and rhythmic snore floated out on the stillness of the kitchen. Altho grampy's eyes were tightly closed his lips were smiling.

Twenty-five Years of Home-Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

and maintain the standards of the old took one bold step in the new way and startled her husband with the statement, "John, if you need new shirts, you will have to buy them. I just can't find time to make them." Once that step was taken, more of the sewing went out of the home to be done, or the shop provided the ready-made garment.

And then that provision for higher life! How strangely that sounded in contrast with the old idea. Men took their "nooning," tho their work was from "sun to sun," but woman had accepted the idea that hers was "never done." And here she was urged to take some time each day to rest, to read the new book, to walk out to see the beauties of earth and air and sky, to join a club, to have some outside interest.

For ten years the science of home-making had a good deal of attention in the schools and on the lecture platform. The kitchen was considered as a work-shop; its equipment was rearranged to make it more convenient and sanitary. The parlor, reserved for weddings and funerals, gave way to the living-room for all the family all the time. There was talk about restful rooms, attractive rooms, cool rooms, queer wall-paper, and the poor furniture, and even the men could see and feel the difference between comfort and discomfort.

Lessons in color and form were not so easily acquired by the home-maker as new recipes. But the children with their work in the sewing schools, the women's clubs in their art section, and the extension lecturer emphasized color, form, design, and so the love of beauty was fostered and the home-makers' work changed. The club life and the Farmers' Institute not only gave new facts about life, new ideas about food and clothes and houses and leisure and art, but they taught the woman the value of team-work.

The ten years from 1905 to 1915 show steady progress in the science of home-making, a growing appreciation in the mind of the home-maker of the opportunities and responsibilities of her task, and a sense of need of power to make her home and the world safe socially and morally for her children. Good laws were enacted and bad ones repealed by votes by men, and the home-maker realized that the amusements, the health, the labor of women and children were affected by votes. So were born in her the

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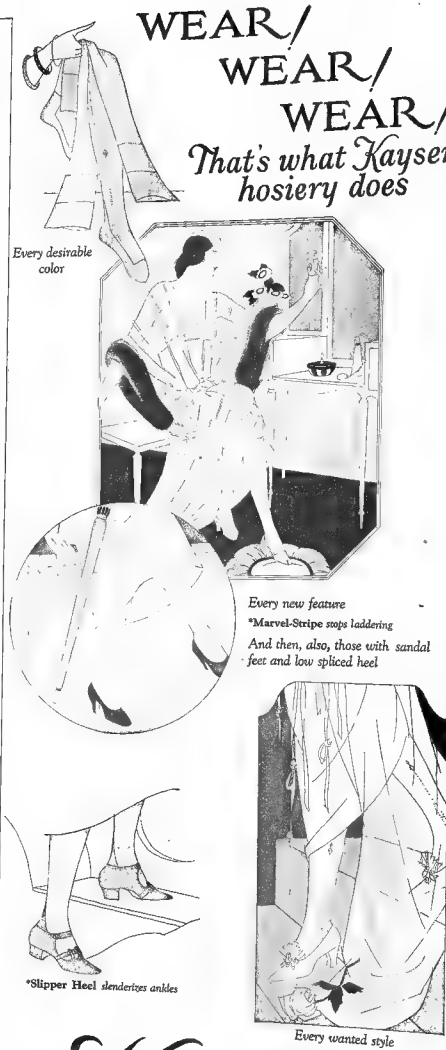

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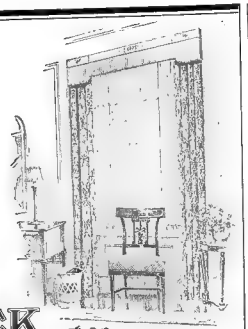

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Twenty-five Years of Home-Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

desires which finally culminated in what we have called the civic period of home-making.

The year 1915 saw the inauguration of the greatest work yet undertaken for the home-maker on the farm. Through the Smith-Lever Act the Federal Government organized machinery to carry information to both men and women on the farm "by giving instruction and practical demonstrations in agriculture and home economics."

This is considered one of America's greatest educational achievements, the usefulness of which was demonstrated on a large scale in the World War and since then has been much emphasized in the work of the home advisers and home demonstration agents.

DEVELOPMENTS that influenced home-making followed in rapid succession in the last decade. The results of the Smith-Lever Act were only beginning to be felt when the United States was plunged into the World War, and home-making in the United States was quite radically changed. Women and men alike gave themselves to the service of their country. Many of the home-makers left home for a larger field of service. One and a half million women were engaged in munitions of war and another million in industries allied to the War. Because of the decreased numbers within the home, home-making was reduced to its lowest terms—preparation of food and care of the children. Perhaps the American home maker has never had such an illustration of the importance of the food-supply and her part in it. The call to conserve it, to use substitutes, to find combinations nutritious, practicable, and attractive taxed her ingenuity and pointed out her place among the leaders of large undertakings.

The home-maker in the factory and the shop learned much of order, system, efficiency, and team-work; saw that routine and drudgery were not confined to the home or to woman's work. To many a home-maker the War brought participation in enterprises requiring much executive ability. She learned that she could do "big business" successfully. This experience gave her a new sense of power. As manager of Liberty loans, on the platform, in food administration the home-maker proved equal to her task and acquired a sense of confidence in her own ability in hitherto untried fields. By these means was ushered in the civic period of the home-maker, with emphasis upon the business of housekeeping. Her long struggle for suffrage and prohibition was ended. The war-work was over. What next for the woman in her home?

As many answers can be given to that question as there are types of women. Some were sorry to give up the pleasant associations of the war-work and the pay-envelop it brought. Some were glad to return to "bridge" and the social whirl. Many women came back to their homes with an enlarged vision of its opportunities and importance and with a determined purpose to put into the home some of the practices learned in the business of the world. Economic conditions strengthened her determination. The increase in rent, in the prices of food, clothing, and labor set many a woman to studying how she could increase the family income and yet remain within the home. The greatest issue was the reorganization of the home-work, and to this the home-maker was urged by many forces.

From the centers of interest of the cities came the cry, "Thrift, thrift, wise spending." From the agricultural associations and farm bureaus came the word, "Put this production on a business basis—organize it." The home-maker in the city and country was part and parcel of this movement, and she turned to her field to organize it. She, too, wanted a desk for business. The broken teapot for recipes was replaced by a card-catalog. She made a time-schedule, too. She took account of stock, considered income, outlay, resources, capital.

What are some of the outstanding differences between the modern home-maker and the colonial one? The colonial home-maker made her products with her own hands, so she had intimate and personal knowledge of her products. In a very real sense they were a part of herself. The modern home-maker selects hers from a large number. She must therefore be able to detect adulterations, to recognize qualities of wear, fastness of color—must know brands and trade-names that have stood the test of time and use. She must know value, not in terms of the cost price only, but suitability to purpose and use.

Home-making to-day means selection not only of material equipment out of a great number and variety of useless and useful articles, but it means for the thoughtful woman rather careful selection of club work, social engagements, philanthropic and civic responsibilities, if she is to be of any real service in her home or anywhere else.

The thoughtful home-maker of to-day finds increased demands for her effort and encouragement in her work. Instead of the three pioneers in home economics—Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois—home economics is being taught in forty-one land-grant colleges and universities, the public schools, the Young Women's Christian Associations, and a number of agencies are giving definite instruction in home-making. The United States Bureau of Education announces that approximately 3,500,000 girls are being instructed in home-making in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades of the public schools and that over 300,000 girls are studying home economics in the high schools, public and private, and that at the close of the year 1922 over 6,000 were taking home economics in land-grant colleges. These figures are encouraging to those who have the best interests of the home at heart.

The United States Government has sent a woman to her community to help her, has placed a teacher in the schools to emphasize the importance of home-making, and in addition has established a National Bureau of Home Economics for the express purpose of studying the needs of the woman in the home and of giving her help in the solving of her problems. The home-maker of to-day wants all that was best in the old colonial home translated into terms of present-day usefulness. She needs all that science, art, industry can contribute, for she must compete with the movie, the dance-hall, and the club in making her home interesting and attractive as a place to live in as well as to "sleep in and to dress in so you can go somewhere else."

IT TOOK fifty years to secure suffrage for women. I do not know how long it will take for both men and women to learn to use it for the good of the world, but I think I see even now the dawn of a better day, which I shall call the moral period of home-making. In the new home-making, father, mother, and child will co-operate once again for the good of the private family and the larger family —the community—and it will not be necessary for a man to join a club, pay twenty-five cents, and wear a white carnation as a proof that he is going to treat his own mother well.

I believe there will be homes and home-making as long as men and women are upon the earth. Machinery, education, and politics are useful, but love, truth, and righteousness are the foundation-stones of both home and national life.

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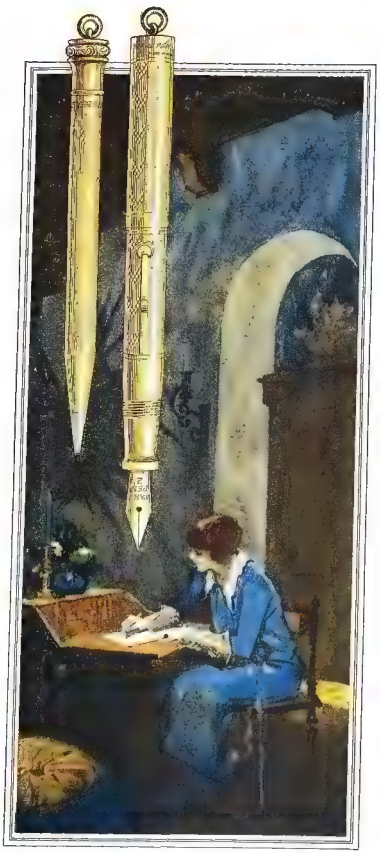

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How do you make your "D's"?

No two people make them alike and it's this difference that helps Miss Louise Rice, expert graphologist, read character from handwriting

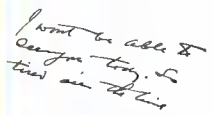
EVER really dissect handwriting? Ever ask yourself, for instance, why you make a capital D a little different from anybody else? Ever wonder why that brilliant and erratic friend of yours has a handwriting which "looks just like her?" *Of course,* it's just like her. Every stroke of a pen reveals some trait of character, some hidden talent, some fault, some virtue. Show me a piece of writing, and I will draw you a character portrait of the writer.

In the fifteenth century a scientist named Camillo Baldo began to wonder about it. Since that time thousands of scientists have wondered and studied. The result is that today a graphologist can build a character portrait of you as easily, from a specimen of your handwriting, as a painter can make a likeness of you from a number of sittings.

Take that matter of the capital D. If you bring the last stroke over so that you close the letter you will live within your income and put your surplus money in Government Bonds. But if you leave a space between the second stroke and the last you will help every poor unfortunate who appeals to you and your heirs will pay a small inheritance tax.

And your t's—how do you make *them?* Here is a letter which is a most amazing revealer of character. If you make the bar of the letter like this you will survive fire and flood and be going strong when others are ready for the chimney corner. If you fail to put the bar across the letter you will put off your life insurance arrangements until you have poor health and *can't* make them. If you use a downward pointed bar like this on your you will argue about any and everything and folks will hastily remember another engagement when you ask them to lunch.

When handwriting begins to slide down hill—look out! You are either

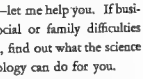


ill or about to be, or you are in such a wrong pew that nothing can go right. And if your writing goes kiting up toward the right-hand corner of the page you'd better get a business partner who is a pessimist. He will help you put to practical use that unbounded enthusiasm and optimism which, alone, will wreck you.

These are things worth knowing, aren't they? These are the things which make all the difference between failure and success, happiness and misery.

I wish *you* would write me and just see what graphology has to tell about yourself. If you wish that you knew what talents you ought to cultivate—let me help you. If business or social or family difficulties beset you, find out what the science of graphology can do for you.

I'm a real person. I've been helping people and interesting people and amusing people this way for twenty-two years and I hope that *you* will be the next person whose letter I will open.



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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"Aw, now, Sadie, not caramel cake? You sure have got a way with you, Sadie! The best girl I know."

"Now quit your blarney," she said, busy with utensils. "And mind, you eat pretty."

Shammy nodded, and began to select like a trained artist. He knew from experience what was meant by "eat pretty." It meant that one should eat according to a pattern, so that the symmetry of the plate, ready to serve, would not be disturbed. He took a handful of chocolate wafers and started for the other room. "I'll be back in a little while, Sadie," he said.

In the other room, suddenly, when his chocolate wafer was on its way to his mouth, he saw a foreign element which almost made him choke. It was a little bit of lavender with a bright mop of pure gold upon its head, and enormous blue eyes underneath. A fascinating, elegant shape had made its fresh appearance upon Shammy's horizon, and its evanescent lights bedazzled him until his knees shook and his mouth fell ajar.

"Steamboat!" he murmured and was a lost man.

AFTER enduring five minutes of his eyes June Cox decided that the best thing for her to do was to smile. Shammy's lips parted in an answering ecstatic grimace. He craned his neck to keep her in view. Passing couples greeted him with, "That's right; keep your eye on it!" and "Hold it fast!" but he did not hear them. At the end of the dance, he saw where she had seated herself in the corner across the room, next to Ferd.

Shammy began to sidle all the way around the edge of the floor until he had reached the enchanted spot. Time dripped by, minute by minute. He wet his lips. Then as the music for the next dance started he grew desperate, and he said in a muffled voice, "Ferd, introduce me."

Ferd arose from his chair with a statteliness out of all bounds, put one hand on Shammy's shoulder, and bowed.

"Miss Cox, I'd like to present Mr. *Marmaduke* Shamel," he said.

Shammy turned pink. Not a letter had been left out. Idiot! He might have known that Ferd would desecrate him. He felt besmirched, sold naked in the market-place.

Raising two blue seas to him, Miss Cox said softly, "Marmaduke? Is that what they call you? Well, you aren't a bit like Marmaduke, and I shall call you Mubs."

"Mubs!" How like a soft purr it was, caressing his being into a poetic trance! "M—have a dance?"

She left into Ferd's pockets, her lips pursed, for her program, and studied it.

"Let's see. I'm afraid I don't have anything left but the ninth extra," she mused, while Ferd, who had been watching Shammy's face, emitted his notorious laugh.

"Let's see your program," said Shammy, desiring to be shown.

She gave it over to him, a little paper bit resembling a column from the stock exchange, which read like this:

1. "Hot Lips"; Ferd Thompson.
2. "Nelly Kelly, I Love You"; Ferd Thompson.
3. "Old-Fashioned Waltz"; Babes Bonnell.
4. "Scandals of 1922"; Ferdy.
5. "Moonlight in Kalua"; Baby.
6. "The Black-Eyed Blues"; Ferd Thompson.

On and on it ran, seven, eight, nine, ten, until the final addition was "Ferdy and Baby." Shammy thought it looked like an immense monopoly. But now all of his life was simplified into the desire to dance with Miss Cox. It was as if his existence depended on it.

As number two began —"Nelly Kelly, I Love You"; Ferd Thompson"—Mr. Thompson and Miss Cox swung out over the floor, leaving Shammy leaning against the wall, a concentrated one hundred and thirty pounds of despair. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. It was Babes.

"Come on out and see Sadie."

"I've been once to the kitchen," he explained absently, his eyes elsewhere.

This was unaccountable. The astonished Babes bent over and peered into Shammy's eyes, which were glued to Miss Cox.

"May I surmise that you crave a dance with Miss Cox?" Babes asked. "And what if I should tell you it's not impossible?"

"Honest, Babes? Honest?"

Babes smiled for the rightness of his conclusion.

"Yes. I have numbers three and five with her. Now maybe I could let you have number five."

"Oh, Babes, you're a real guy. I'll never forget this as long as I live."

"That is," continued Babes, focused on his right foot, which was tapping a crack in the floor, "if you make it worth my while."

"Sure," said Shammy unhesitatingly. "Anything you like."

"Well, yesterday I happened to see a pitcher you have. It's a pitcher of a pitcher. Give me that, and number five is yours."

"Oh, Great Scott! Not Babe Ruth?" Shammy's eyes were horrified.

"The same." Babes began to move away. "But, of course, it's up to you."

Shammy took a deep breath and grabbed Babes by the arm.

"It's yours," he said, turning slightly pale. "It's yours for number five."

"Done," said Babes, his knowing eyes all agleam as he felt for his pencil. "Mind putting it in writing?"

They looked around for something to write upon. As there was nothing, Babes pulled up his sleeve and held out his cuff.

"Here, I'll dictate and you write."

Then Shammy wrote in a tipsy hand: "I pass over Babe Ruth for number five." Signed "Sham."

AT THE beginning of number five, which was to read from now on, not "Moonlight [in Kalua'; Baby," but "Moonlight in Kalua'; Mubs," Shammy and Babes went over to Ferd and Miss Cox. Shammy said, "Mine, I believe."

"The nerve of you, Marmaduke! This dance is Babes's!" exclaimed Ferd.

"No," Babes explained, "I've given this dance to Shammy, June. I hope you won't mind, but it really doesn't seem fair that Ferd and I should have all the fun. And this young man was so anxious for a dance with you, I didn't have the heart not to give him one of mine."

Miss Cox, being above all affable and kindly, said sweetly, "Why, of course."

Whereupon Babes winked at Ferd and drew him aside.

"Moonlight in Kalua" struck up. "Oh, it's lonely in Kalua when you-a not there." And Shammy, his breath deserting him completely, put his arms around her lavender waist, and the two started off together.

Now, Shammy, with only a meager practice in taking girls to dances, did not appear versatile in the art of Terpsichore. He did not dip, or slide, or skip—he simply walked—he walked to music. It was the operation of placing one foot before the other. The result was, of course, that his partner was compelled to back. He backed her by the couch, by the alcove, by the mantelpiece. Once he turned round and backed her by the mantelpiece, by the alcove, by the couch, but it was all backing, and even a horse will rebel at traveling backward after a certain length of time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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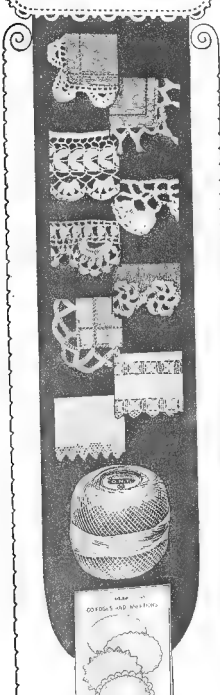

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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

"I'm just a little tired," confessed Miss Cox, smiling up into his face. "Let's sit out the rest."

"Porch!" Shammy vociferated, and was chagrined beyond measure at the way in which the word rang out. He was having difficulty with his voice. Either it came out no more than a whisper or it made the ceiling ring. He sat on the railing, while she, a little lavender wraith of chiffon, swung her silken ankles from a wicker chair.

"The Byrnes should have some smaller chairs when they invite you here," he said seriously. "This one's too big. You can't touch the ground with your feet."

"You mean a baby-chair?"

He colored. Then he laughed.

SILENCE. He could not think of a thing to say. Not a sentence, not a phrase, not a word. He laughed again. Silence. He slapped his hands together and laughed. She looked up at him questioningly before she produced a mild, soft gurgle herself. Shammy was instantly entranced. He kept on laughing.

"Do you like our town?" he finally managed aloud.

"Oh, yes," she leaned her head back against the chair; "everybody is so nice to me, don't you know, I just love you all."

Shammy gulped.

"Listen! Will you come to the club dance with me Saturday? It'll be the dance of the season. Two hundred couples and the jazz from out of town. Like that—and everything. Will you?"

"I wish I could, but you see Ferd Thompson has invited me."

"Well, how about Friday, the day before, then?"

"I wish I could, but you see Mr. Thompson has invited me."

"You mean Mr. Ferdinand Thompson?"

"Yes."

Shammy's brows drew together.

"How about Thursday night, then?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but that's been taken by Mr. ——."

"By Mr. Ferdinand Thompson?" suggested Shammy.

"Why, yes. Isn't it funny? How did you know?"

"I just guessed," said Shammy.

As number six—"The Black-Eyed Blues"—began, Ferd came to claim his dance. Shammy, unable to realize that he was to be deprived of Miss Cox so soon, blindly followed them into the hall. As they danced away he kept his eyes glued upon them and walked back and forth along the side of the room.

Suddenly he saw that the masculine hand at June's back held its first three fingers in suspension. Then the hand placed all fingers down, and raised slowly, first one, then two, then three. The process was repeated. Shammy was hypnotized. Did he gather the right meaning? He watched, making no sign.

Ferd circled his girl completely around the room, and settled once more in front of Shammy, his eyebrows two question-marks, his three fingers raised.

This was blackmail! For a minute Shammy was obdurate. Then an idea occurred to him. He timidly stroked his hair with two isolated forefingers. Two bucks. At that, Ferd would be making a terrible sum.

Ferd at once turned his back, and with a haughty waltz-step took his partner to the far end of the room.

At this, Shammy edged himself over to the end of the room, and held up three nerveless, shaking digits. There were immediate results. Ferd swooped his lavender lady over to Shammy.

"Oh, Marmaduke," he said, "I see you don't have this dance. Would you mind taking it with June? I have to help with the refreshments—promised the Byrnes. Only decent thing to do."

"Charmed!" said Shammy, his expressions conflicting. Then he had his second dance with the glorious June. "This girl is expensive," he thought, but soon all the miasma of money left his mind, and he lost material consciousness once more as the two of them set to the business of backing.

He grew determined to take her to the Saturday Club dance. Somehow it must be managed. When he haltingly shared his idea with her, she answered:

"Well, I promised that dance to Mr. Thompson, you know, but if you can fix it up with him——"

Now, Miss June Cox must not be suspected of anything nefarious. But both Babes and Ferd had not been idle in their intermediate dances with her. They had given her the idea that Shammy had been languishing with a devastating love on her account. And so shy was he that it was pitiful—night-roamings, sleep-walkings, insomnia! Even suicidal tendencies had been suggested. And so June Cox, being essentially kind-hearted, urged him to see what he could do with Ferd for Saturday night.

When Ferd returned for his partner, Shammy grabbed him and said:

"You are taking her Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Why can't you let me have just one measly Saturday? Don't be a skinflint!"

"Huh!" said Ferd, quickly controlling the eager gleam of his pupils. "I guess not. Altho maybe——"

"Well?"

"I guess not. Altho—well, I'll see what can be done."

"That's right," said Shammy as he prepared to depart for home and bed. At the Byrnes' door he was met by Babes.

"I'm going to step along your way."

"What's that for, Babes?"

"Oh, just because——"

The answer was "Just because," but the inarticulated finish to the sentence was "Just because of Babe Ruth."

"Well, I don't see what you got to fetch him now for, Babes. What do you have to fetch him now for?"

The only answer was the calm, constant cadence of Babes's accompanying footstep along the pavement, up the Shamels' steps, into the Shamels' house, up into Shammy's room. There a grand picture of a grand man was taken down from the wall and tucked gently under Babes's coat and patted.

"Sorry, old boy," said Babes happily as he quietly, quickly disappeared.

Shammy undressed, got into bed, looked at the bare wall-space, and sighed. Then he fell into dreams of professions, wives, and futures. He had just decided upon the diplomatic service when he fell asleep.

HE WAS awakened the next day by his sister. Behind her stood a stocky, handsome male figure with slothful eyes.

"Wake up, Shan," Harriet said before she left him. "You have a visitor."

Shammy blinked as he tried to gather his thoughts together. Ah, yes—the dance last night! June! Three dollars! He sat bolt upright.

"Upper left-hand pocket of my coat hanging over the chair," he directed promptly. The execution of the command was even more promptly carried out by Mr. Ferdinand Thompson. Three dollars were extracted therefrom, but not before the young man noted that there yet remained five more.

"Sorry," murmured Ferd contentedly as he took a comfortable lounging-chair. "Sorry, old boy, but debts are debts."

"Sure," said Shammy, falling back into the covers and closing his eyes.

During the short space that those two eyes were closed Mr. Thompson sent about the room a look which can only be designated as acquisitive. It took in the picture of "The Madonna of the Chair,"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

An Upright of Distinction

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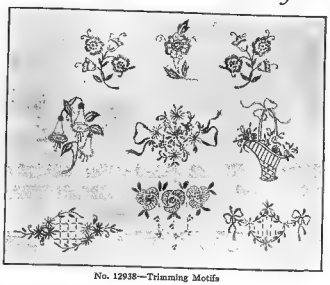
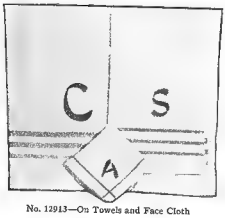


No. 12938—Trimming Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12904, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 11 motifs with extra cutting guides for appliqué to be developed in appliqué or carried out in raised satin, outline, or long and short stitches. The motifs may be used for many decorative purposes. Chambray, linen and sateen in contrasting colors are appropriate materials. Shown on Dress No. 1733, 25 cents—1/-, sizes 2 to 6.



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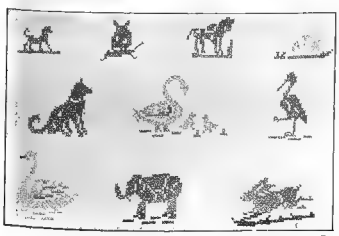
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12905, blue or yellow, 40cents—2/-, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 10 different motifs with extra cutting guides for appliqué. The designs are appropriate for children's rompers, play suits, dresses, aprons, and nursery decorations. Shown on Boys' Suit No. 1754, 30 cents—1/-, sizes 1 to 5.

No. 12913—On Sewing Bags

No. 12905 On Boy's Suit No. 1754—in Detail (Left)

No. 12904 On Dress No. 1733 in Detail (Right)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12914, blue or yellow 20 cents—1/-, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 10 different cross-stitch motifs for trimming children's play suits, rompers, aprons, bibs, frocks, nursery curtains, crib spreads, etc.



No. 12914—Cross-stitch Motifs in Detail and on Bibs (Right)

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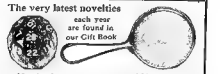

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The duty of one woman to another . . . is to *tell* her

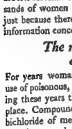
REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness

Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.

The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during these years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds containing phenol, cresol and bichloride of mercury *are* powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they *must* be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.



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The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilets—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope.

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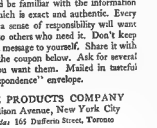
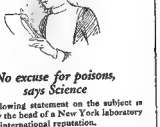


No excuse for poisons, says Science

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

"Bichloride of mercury and cresol compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most phenol and cresol compounds are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."



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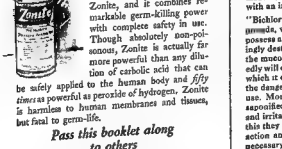

This little book handles the avoided subject of health-control delicately and yet frankly. It makes the task of telling so much easier.

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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

the golf-sticks in the corner, the African jungle stage-set, the peacock party tie, the lounging-chair. Comprehensive was that one long look. It measured, it evaluated, it selected.

"Well, Marmaduke, it's a nice little dump you have here."

"U-huh," said Shammy, opening his eyes to look around with pride

"I like this lounging-chair. Been trying to get one off the family, but no luck. Your sister sure treats you well."

"Say," said Shammy as he dressed, "how about that dance on Saturday? Going to fix it up?"

"What dance?" inquired Ferd. "What dance are you talking about, Marmaduke?"

"You simpy gink. Have you forgotten already? Now listen, Ferd, you can't go back on your word about that dance Saturday night. You said you could fix it up so I could take *her*."

"H'm. Well —" Ferd crossed his knees, slid down onto his spine, and smoothed the arm of the lounging-chair. "Say, Marmaduke, she's a wonder, isn't she?"

"That's right," said Shammy, grinning.

"Don't you think she's pretty?"

"I do."

"Don't you think she's Kitzy?"

"I do."

"Well," said Ferd, "that's the way *I* feel about her. And I'm not likely to let a peach like that just flit out of my Saturday, unless—"

"Yah?"

"—I get something for it. Put yourself in my place, Marmaduke."

Shammy, half-way into his shirt, said in a hesitating voice, "Say, I wish you'd drop that name — 'Shammy' — not 'Mar'—just drop it to 'Shammy.' Been meaning to tell you." His dark eyes glared with self-righteousness. "Been meaning to tell you long time."

Ferd made a quick movement as if with a new thought.

"Now listen, *Marmaduke*, I'll give you that dance Saturday night if you'll give me something that will be worth as much to me as the dance. You wouldn't give over that dance for nothing, would you?"

Shammy took fright. He grasped "The Madonna of the Chair."

"Is June worth this?"

Ferdinand cared nothing for Leonardo da Vinci's product; he wanted something personally more useful.

"Blah, Marmaduke! Do you think I'd set that against June?"

Shammy colored and hastily, almost hysterically, searched among his possessions. He held up his golf-bag, triumph shining on his face.

"H'm!" considered Ferd longingly. "That's a little better, still—" The trouble was Ferd was already supplied with the best quality of clubs. He pointed to the peacock tie. "*That's* not so hard to look at, Marmaduke."

SHAMMY scowled. At the odious name his stomach curled. "I wish you'd — I *wish* you—"

Ferd leaped to his feet.

"I have it," he said, "this lounging-chair."

"What!" exclaimed Shammy. "But it's furniture! That's furniture. It sort of goes with the house."

"Yes-sir. The very thing. Chair equals June. June equals chair. June *is* chair. Chair *is* June. The same thing. Nothing left over on either side." Then he hesitated, struggling to hold himself in check. "That is, with the tie thrown in, Marmaduke. June equals chair plus tie."

"Nope," said Shammy, by some twist of the mind grown inexcusably adamant. "Chair, yes; chair plus tie, no."

"Well, well—" Ferd resigned himself, and promptly began to close down the back of the chair and to tuck in its legs. "All right, old fella," he grunted. "All right, Marmaduke. The dance on Saturday night is yours. Leave the door open, will you? It's hard to manage. *That's* the old Marmaduke!" and he cumbrously proceeded into the hall.

"Say, can't you stop calling me that?" Shammy yelled after him. "Can't you? Honest, you don't know how it sounds to a girl—especially a visiting one, you know."

Ferd's smile was almost demoniac.

"Just habit, Marmaduke. Just habit. But I'd try to break it if—"

"If?"

Ferd pointed to his neck. "You know, in there, with the others. That peacock—"

Shammy got the peacock party tie, tossed it to Ferd while he held Ferd's eyes steadily with his own.

"Swear," he commanded in a sepulchral tone. "Swear."

"I swear," said Ferd cheerily as he tucked the tie into his pocket. "I swear, *Shammy*." And he went down the stairs and out the door with the air of one who has accomplished his purpose.

THIS was on Wednesday, which meant that the dance, being on Saturday, was three times twenty-four hours off. Seventy-two hours before Saturday. Shammy decided to see June Cox just as often as he could before Saturday.

Ferd and Babes, quick to recognize Shammy's need, set about to engage all of June's days from nine o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night up to Saturday, else Shammy might gain an hour with her, with no profit to themselves whatsoever.

As for the young lady, she had been rushed before, but never to quite such an extent. It was a tornado. The telephone rang constantly; the door-bell echoed and reechoed. She never had a minute to herself.

Altho she wondered at the friendliness of the rivals, Ferd and Babes, toward each other, she admired it. It was her idea of good sportsmanship. Also she admired, altho puzzled, their great warm-heartedness to Shammy. Their attitude was positively grandfatherly.

"But he's so young, he bores me!" she said fretfully to Babes. "He just sits and sort of ogles."

"Oh, but June!" said Babes, almost bursting into sobs. "If you could only have seen him the other night! Had to bring him home." He paused, remembering. "Something just made me. And there he sat on his bed, kind of empty-looking. Gee, you don't know what we fellas suffer when we're in love! Now just be sweet to the kid this afternoon. Oh, yes, I promised the old dear he could take my date with you this afternoon."

"Very good," said June in a tired voice. Her voice was tired because *she* was tired. It was not the same with Ferd and Babes. They relayed each other, and Shammy now and then thrown in. Life was so sad, somehow, June thought. And girls who had beauty, how sad it was for them! Poor boys! Really, everybody suffered!

And suffer they all did to a mild extent. Ferd and Babes were annoyed at certain deprivations they had to undergo. All was not pure gain for them. Babes, for instance, netted Shammy's golf-bag and Shammy's picture of the Madonna when Shammy took June to a moving-picture show on Wednesday night and for a walk on Thursday morning, but Babes lost the p..e of a bunch of violets; for one can not claim every moment of a young lady's day without presenting her with an o.casional memento to make one's attention authentic.

And Ferd, while he secured the remaining five dollars from Shammy's coat for tennis and tea with June, had to come across with a five-pound box of candy.

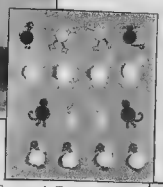
CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Parisien Pom-Pon Borders, Beading, Braiding, and Chinese Motifs

No. 12960 on Dress 1394 above and in Detail (right)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12960, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes 2 yards each of two 4-inch borders; 2 and 2 reverses each of three 4-inch motifs; 2 of a 4¼-inch motif; and 2 and 2 reverses of a 3¾-inch motif.

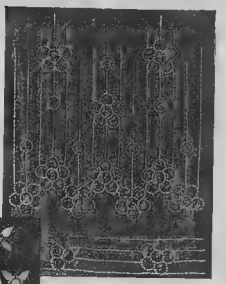
Shown on Dress 1394, 30 cents—1/-, sizes 1 to 4 years.



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12967, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes 3 yards of border three inches wide and 4 and 4 reverses of three motifs, one 2⅞, and two 2¾ inches high.

Table scarfs and pillows as well as dresses and blouses may be trimmed with this design.

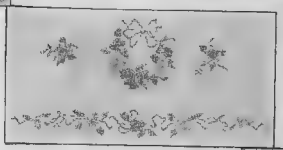
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12970, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 yards of 4-inch and 1⅞ yard of 24-inch beading border. Beautiful evening gowns as well as street costumes may be trimmed with these borders which were designed specially for round and bugle beads.



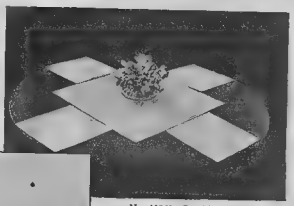
No. 12967

No. 12970

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12964, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes two yards of cross-stitch border 4⅝ inches wide, two wreath motifs 10½ inches high; and 1 and 1 reverse each of two motifs 4¼ and 5⅝ inches high.



No. 12964



No. 12962 -Breakfast Set Detail of Border (left)

No. 12963—Buffet Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12963, blue only, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes the shape and design of a three piece buffet set. Appliqué guides are provided for the corner motifs.

No. 351 Knitted Sweater

No. 12968

No. 12966

No. 12969 on Luncheon Set, Mah Jong Card Table Cover and Apron No. 1311

No. 12965 (above)

No. 12961 on Dress 1525 (right), in Detail (below)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12961, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/- furnishes five trimming borders ranging in width from ¾ to 1⅝ inch. Shown on Dress 1525, 30 cents—1/-. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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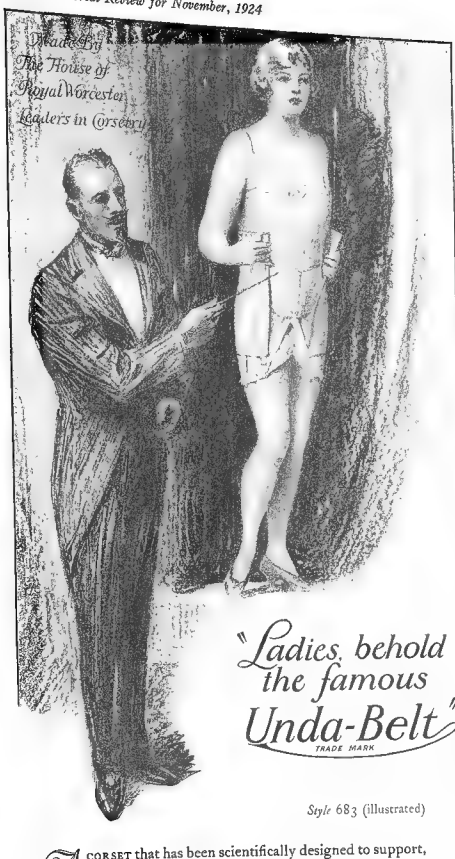

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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Thus reassured, June continued to see them; otherwise she might have doubted.

By the time that four o'clock Friday afternoon had come around, June had sat three hours talking with Ferd, had changed her costume from a morning frock to a clinging tea-dress so as to be presentable at her luncheon engagement with Babes's family, had changed the clinging thing back to a sports-skirt so as to go for a tramp into the country with Babes after luncheon. She had the idea that fresh air and exercise would do something to her dead spirits.

They did; they made them deader, for when the two were a few miles out of town, the rain began to fall. As her skirts clanked around her legs, she thought with relief, "Anyhow, a person can't canoe in the rain, and Shammy will be eliminated, and I shall sneak myself a little nap."

HOWEVER, at a quarter to four the rain stopped, the clouds evaporated, and the Summer sun appeared with a shining face. Babes hurried her home so that she could change her oozing dress to something dry before Shammy arrived At the door he put in an opportune word, thereby securing for himself what he considered the prize of Shammy's gew-gaws, the African jungle stage-set.

"Now, don't disappoint the kid, June. Poor Shammy isn't himself, you know. Why, when he isn't with you, do you know what he does?"

"No; what does he?"

"Just sits. A kind of a vacant stare in his eyes as if he was losing his mind."

"How *terrible!*"

"Oh, yes. His sister, I imagine, will soon be calling in the doctor. Yes, there's only one remedy for Shammy, and that's you, June. You sure bring lots of people fortune," he added thoughtfully.

"Oh, do you think so, Babes? But you don't know me. Sometimes, well, to-day and yesterday—I had *such* a full day yesterday, I've been feeling the wickedest girl—I want to thresh out and hit somebody."

"June!"

"It's true."

"Maybe it's because you're a little tired. Well, so long; see you to-morrow at nine. Have a nice time with Shammy."

"I thank you, Mr. Babes Bonnell," she said, with a little sparkle of her former self. "Mr. Bonnell, I *thank* you."

She had just changed into a pink gingham dress and a pink hat, her mind filled with the haunting picture of poor Shammy, "sitting as it losing his wits," when the maid announced, "Mr. Shamel."

Now, Mr. Shamel, after a full night's rest, was all eager agility and enthusiasm

"It's a fine day," he puffered. "For a while I thought it would keep on raining——"

"So did I," said June, with a catch in her throat.

He was in his new white flannels His hair had taken to its salve with especial courtesy, the sun was shining, and this wonder of the world, all in heavenly pink, was walking at his side in a deliciously dependent way. She slipped, she tottered, and he had to assist her again and again.

"Girls *are* weak," he thought.

He got out the canoe, settled her in the cushions in the middle, and off they went.

His thoughts were raging inside him to such an extent that he had the notion that repartee had been quick and loud in its give and take. As a matter of fact, nothing had been said, and June's lids were coming into closer contact.

So when Shammy inquired, "How do you like the diplomatic service?" she jumped.

"I like it very much," she said self-consciously.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Adds Glossy Lustre, *Instantly!*

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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

It was enough. Was he not smart to have hit upon the right calling? He expanded the subject, telling her how one could travel to foreign lands with such a profession. He himself would like to go to Africa for a little elephant-hunting. Did it attract her?

Elephant-hunting, apparently, was neither attractive nor unattractive, so far as June was concerned, for when Shammy looked at her, he saw that she was sound asleep. He stared at her, and then turned away. He was terrifically embarrassed. What was one to do in a case like this? The canoe-trip really had not turned out exactly as he had expected.

June slept on. He paddled about aimlessly for half an hour, and the canoe glided ever closer to the shore. Suddenly she screamed, and sat up straight. A branch had scratched across her neck.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Gosh, what a mean thing!" Shammy's eyes bulged with the atrocity. "Did it hurt you? Turn your neck so I can see."

She blinkingly obeyed and, yes, as she turned the pure column of her neck sidewise, he actually saw a tiny mark.

"Oh, gosh!" said Shammy. "Did it hurt you terribly?"

"No, it was just what I needed to—Why, I guess I must have sort of dozed off for a couple of seconds."

Shammy, relieved that she had regained consciousness, did not disclose to her that the "couple of seconds" had covered half an hour. "My," he said again, honestly disturbed, "I guess it hurt you terribly, that branch." And on their way home most of the time was spent in his inquiring of her scratch

"Really, I think you should see a doctor," Shammy said.

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, anyhow you ought to go to bed."

This last was not without its appeal. Bed, beautiful, soft bed, where you could sleep and sleep! Her lassitude increased, but Shammy considered it entrancing. The deep circles under her eyes were only spiritual. The way her little pink mouth drooped was only feminine. She was, well, perfect—that's all.

AS HE skipped up his own steps, four at a time, singing, Harriet called to him from the living-room:

"Shammy, what's this play your crowd is giving?"

"Play? Nobody's giving a play."

"Oh, didn't you know? Yes, a play. Or maybe it's to be a circus. I should think you children *could* manage a circus a little better," she said, allowing herself a mite of satire. "Because I never knew that Babes Bonnell was any kind of an actor."

"Oh," moaned Shammy, no longer singing, as he mounted to his room. Yes; the African jungle stage-set was quite, quite gone and they would use it for their play!

"Gosh," he complained. "This room isn't what it was."

On Saturday morning Babes and Ferd called upon Shammy in his room. Shammy was off doing errands for his sister, so they waited and looked around familiarly.

"This place is an open book now," said Ferd.

"Yah. It looks open, all right, and kind of cleared away. I'm afraid things are coming to an end."

"A bit picked over," nodded Ferd. "But, then, we haven't got much to complain of. Pretty good haul, on the whole." He watched Babes take up Shammy's white flannels, and set them down disapprovingly. "Too short for me," said Ferd.

"So? Too tight for me."

When Shammy put in his appearance they suggested some sort of an exchange

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

during the day. But Shammy seemed satisfied to let the day go with the dance.

"I mustn't let her see too much of me; she might get tired," he said, but the idea of boring June never really entered Shammy's head.

Ferd and Babes, finding their approaches greeted coldly, left with sorrow on their features. It must be admitted that Shammy breathed with greater ease on their departure. "Those guys are getting on my nerves," he said.

THE dance on Saturday night was lavish in the sumptuous adornment of its smilax and roses and ferns. As the papers stated it the next day, "The decorations served as a fitting background for the colorful clothes worn by the social set of Jackson." Olenbach's best from the near-by town beat out the neatest notes in the complete field of jazz, and the best and only caterer of Jackson prepared the supper. And in the midst of the glorious whirlpool in his best whites, with his hair gleaming like black tar, his finger-nails as neat as they had ever been, was Shammy with June Cox.

What did he say? What did she say? He had not the faintest idea. When he backed his June, all objects lost their edges; all people, who were plentiful that night, became vague yellow, blue, and orange smears moving in a salmon-pink world the color of June's dress. He could not have told you a single incident of the evening. He could back his June; it was enough.

And as for June, it was more than enough. What did she say? What did he say? She could not have told you, either. She could only have told you how her knees hurt. Oh, this perpetual backing over a circular track—around and around! By the moose-head over the mantelpiece, by the prize racing-cups on the sideboard, by the chaperon's corner, and back around again.

Her hand on Shammy's shoulder became a grasp, then a seizure, then a clutch, else she would have fallen in her path. Shammy, as her clasp became firmer, was the more happy. June slipped, dragged, and scuffled. Shammy thought her deliciously clinging.

Even so, June could have borne up under the evening if she had had dances with other young men; but Shammy, bless him, had kept the entire program to himself. That is what going to a dance with June meant to him—all dances with June.

So June backed with the delirious Shammy until she could not back any longer; then she sat with the seraphic Shammy until she could not sit any longer without falling asleep. And through it all Shammy backed or sat with equal contentment. He merely grinned and backed, or grinned and sat.

When supper was served, Shammy said, "You're the only food I need."

"Well," said June, "I—I should like a little refreshment—Mubs, dear," she added. She was feeling the sting from the rudeness to pile on extra kindnesses. Consequently her "Mubs, dears" and her "such funs" and "how nices" threw Shammy into a swimming intoxication, and made the evening something to remember.

He brought her a tiny ball of chicken salad snuggled next a neat olive sandwich. Now June at first could scarcely raise the fork to her mouth, but she had had a hard day, and after the first few bites her appetite began to look up.

She leaned over to him, investigating his plate. "M-m-m-m! Don't you want that sandwich?"

"No; you take it!" It was beautiful to have her eat off his plate so intimately. She swallowed the sandwich and reached with her fork for the salad. He held the plate delightedly for her.

"Ah," she said. "I feel better now. Oh, Mubs, they've got chocolate to drink!"

"Oh, would you like some?"

"I think it would be nice. And, by the way, if you see any ice-cream and cake, why, just bring it along—saves a trip, you know."

While she was waiting for his return, Babes Bonnell, who had dropped in at the party just to "see what the fuss was," came over to her.

"How's every little thing?"

"Much better, thanks," she said. Indeed, she looked much better. The nourishment had brought back a return of spirit, and with the return of spirit had been born a trifle of arrogance. Really, there was no use in being so kind to love-sick strplings that you became positively mushy. It was not her fault that Shammy had fallen in love with her. He alone was to blame. So it was with her new determination that she accosted Babes.

"Now be quiet, Baby! I know what you are going to say, but don't you say it! I'm all frazzled out. Don't you dare say it."

"I wasn't going to say anything," said Babes meekly.

"Yes, you were! I know just what you were going to say, but be quiet. Don't you tell me that you want me to take the dear out to-morrow. Of course, Shammy *is* a dear! He's just the dearest dear! I know he's your and Ferd's friend, and I think it's fine of you to look out for him the way you have, but really, Babes—really—"

"'S all right, June! 'S all right! Why don't you sick him onto somebody else? He'll come out of it; everybody does."

"Sh-h! Here he comes, so run along. Oh, but, Babes, will you take me to a dance soon?"

"Betcha!"

"I just want to see if my legs will work foward and around."

Toward twelve o'clock Shammy became sad. He had a decidedly gone feeling." The end of the party was in view, and he was poverty-stricken with no future means of exchange until next month's allowance. "Maybe if I just stuck to the out-of-doors and didn't take in any parties, I could get her again for these white pants," he was thinking.

He helped her with her wraps, and they said good-by to the president of the club.

AT HER door-step Shammy entreated, "Are you dated up all day to-morrow?"

"I am," said June in a strong affirmative.

"Well, the next day?"

"I am."

"Well, the next day?"

"No no, Shammy; I'm fitted out for months ahead."

There was a subtle change in her attitude, Shammy felt, and a certain set look about her lips.

"You mean you haven't a minute, not even at breakfast, free for a month?"

"Yes."

Shammy gazed incredulously, and then he managed a twisted smile which was almost grown up, but not quite.

"Naw, that couldn't be. You're telling me you've had about enough. That's what. Ditched. Given the air. You're fed up. Tired."

"That I am!" said June, massaging one knee with the other. "I mean, don't you know, down here." She became as detailed and as physiologically concentrated as does an invalid with her pet ailment.

"Oh," she added quickly, as she saw how he stared at her, "just a little kink I got. But, Mubs, altho you can't have a date with me for, well, for—"

"Forever?" said Shammy dismally, at last seeming to face the facts.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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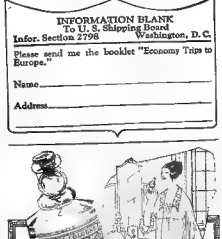

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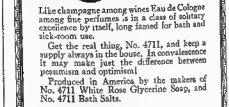

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TRY WHEATENA MUFFINS

½ cup uncooked Wheatena. 1 cup of sour milk. Stir well together and let stand half hour. ½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk. 1 egg well beaten. 2 tablespoons melted butter. ½ saltspoon salt. 1 tablespoon sugar. ¾ cup sifted flour. Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes.

Wheatena

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

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The Ensemble Costume Leads the Mode

COMPLETELY dominating the 1924 Fall and Winter mode is the new ensemble costume consisting of a matching wrap and frock designed for morning, afternoon, and evening wear. Promulgated in Paris the ensemble idea has now reached the pinnacle of popularity and is enjoying with distinction the prestige Fashion has so generously bestowed upon it. In New York and Paris, early Autumn ensemble models disclose the extensive use of wool materials plaided in harmonious colors combined with plain wool fabrics, particularly kashi. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the chic and serviceability of this soft finished fabric.

Models Described on Page 118

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Surplice Closing on Street Frocks

LONG-NEGLECTED, the surplice line has very deftly and with sophisticated sureness resumed its rightful place as a leader among one-piece frocks. With it come long curved lines that are becoming, buttoned side-closings that are distinctive, revers that are tailored, and jabots that are flattering. Straight-line frocks continue to be contented without belts and are constantly finding new ways to vary their smart simplicity. As for trimming, buttons set close together and rows of silk braid are most important. Appliqué leather is used for collars and cuffs on tailored dresses. Beading trims afternoon and evening frocks.

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Fashion Pays Homage to the Tunic

CHINESE in inspiration, Parisien in style adaptation, universal in becomingness, the tunic-frock is one of the most definite Fall modes emanating from the master minds of Parisien couture. From three quarter to seven-eighths is the somewhat limited length range of the tunic and quite frequently it flares a bit at the lower edge and is banded with fur. For evening wear, the tunic yields to elaborate metallic brocades and Georgette crêpe heavily embroidered with brilliantly colored beads and iridescent spangles. Clever ways to simulate the tunic, including the use of tiered treatments, have been devised by clever designers.

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Metal Cloth and Beads for Evening

A FORECAST of the evening mode indicates a season of brilliance as far as gowns and wraps are concerned. Beaded, embroidered, lace-trimmed and jeweled gowns have not been so enchantingly lovely for many seasons. Elaborateness is confined chiefly to trimming, however, lines remaining faithful to the ever-fascinating, straight, beltless, tube silhouette. Metal fabrics, rich brocades, velvets, lamés and sometimes sheer Georgette crêpe top the list of favored materials. Rich colorings share honors with delicate pastel shades, particularly pale rose. Chantilly and silver lace promise to become favorites for adorning evening gowns.

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Emphasizing the Beauty of Maturity

2355—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch satin —½ yard 40-inch contrasting satin—1¾ yard fur banding. The two-piece tunic, slashed up the front is smart and the square neckline is flattering to most women. Most effective and yet quite simple to embroider is the border design 12952 developed in a combination of outline and raised satin stitches.

2350—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—¾ yard leopard fur banding for collar—½ yard frilling. Inserted side sections are laid in plaits giving added width and at the same time preserving the slim, youthful silhouette. The embroidery is design 12921, developed in raised satin and chain stitches. Many of the new one piece frocks are trimmed with embroidered borders.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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Blouse 2201
Embroidery 12943

Dress 2395

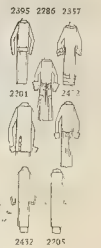
Dress 2357

Dress 2286
Applique 12883

Dress 2205

Dress 2402

Dress 2432
Beading 12907



With Tailored Frocks Belts Are Optional

2402—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch broadcloth —¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard wide plaiting—2¼ yards narrow plaiting. This simple straight-line frock is both chic and smart. Tie-strings are arranged over pocket openings in front and tie at back. The buttons on the trimming band and pockets are a fashionable note.

2432—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch light crêpe satin—3¼ yards 40-inch contrasting dark crêpe satin ⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Fashion continues to favor the tube silhouette, and this beltless, tunic dress is one of its most charming exponents. The long, straight lines lend slenderness to the figure. The beading is border design 12807, developed in small cut steel beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

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Suggestions for Holiday Gifts

2341—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch satin—2 yards beading. The deep shadow-proof hem is an attractive feature of this well-fitting slip, so serviceable for one-piece frocks. It closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm.

1487 Ladies' Aprons. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires, for No. 1, ⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—1 yard insertion—5¼ yards edging. This dainty bib apron is trimmed with embroidery design 11339. No. 2 requires, size 36, ⅛ yard 40-inch voile—⅝ yard insertion. Embroidery design 11569 trims this pretty pointed apron made in panel style.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

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Introducing the Guimpe Step-In

2042—Ladies' Slip-on Negligée. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 36-inch allover lace—4½ yards ribbon. Wide wing like sleeves fall gracefully from the sloping shoulders to which they are gathered Ribbon flowers add a great deal to the beauty of this charming negligée.

2411 Ladies' Kimono House Dress. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32 inch plain gingham—⅛ yard 36-inch cretonne for trimming. Smartly simple, this delightful one-piece dress is slashed in from the underarm edges and the lower slashed edges gathered. Tie-strings, inserted in the underarm seams, tie at back. Large patch pockets are not only decorative but extremely convenient. The deep V-shaped front made of contrasting material gives a long line that is becoming.

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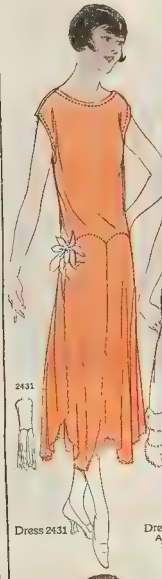
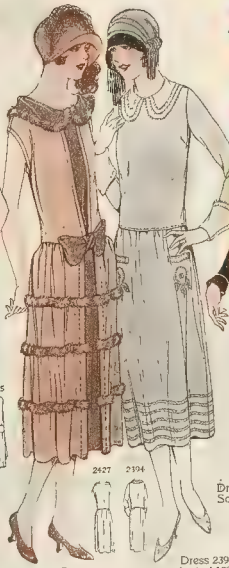


Dress 2431

Dress 2435
Appliqué
12933



Dress 2427

Dress 2394
Appliqué 12874

Dress 2428
Scarf 2152

Suit 2433

Dress 2405
Embroidery
12868

Dress 2404

Dress 2406

Dress 2447
Monogram
868

Coat 2409

Dress 2426

To the Last Detail Expressive of Youth

2435—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch satin—1¼ yard 40-inch chiffon—2 yards silk bias binding—2⅝ yards marabou. The apron effect is as popular as ever this season and in this case it is indeed attractive with its soft trimming of marabou. An appliqué design, 12933, is applied below the left shoulder cut from either satin or taffeta and couched down in buttonhole or chain stitch.

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School Days Demand Serviceable Fashions

2392—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 54-inch charmineuse—½ yard fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch lining for jacket. The appliqué border, design 12945, may be cut from contrasting material and couched down in chain stitch. The ensemble costume plays one of the most important parts in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. It consists of a long jacket and a straight tubular frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

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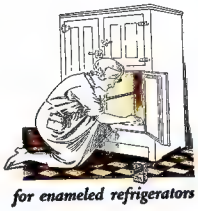

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for white woodwork

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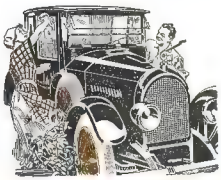

for glass and nickel

for linoleum and Congoleum

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For Daytime, Simplicity Is Important

2448 Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch velvet —1¾ yard 40-inch contrasting satin —1¾ yard fur banding —⅞ yard lining. Among the fabrics fashion favors this season for afternoon wear, velvet takes a high place.

2346—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin —2 yards 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin—2 yard net frilling. Buttons are used on the sleeves, down the front and around the applied band of this model. The cherry embroidery is design 12933, developed in raised satin and long and short stitche-

Descriptions Continued on Page 119

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Embroideries and Fashions

Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12962, blue only, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes the shape and design of a five-piece breakfast set.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12960, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes Chinese appliqué motifs for a Mah Jong card table cover, tea apron and a tea set. Shown on apron No. 1311, 30 cents—1/-, sizes 36 to 44.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12968, blue only, 25 cents—1/- furnishes duplicates and reverses of six cut-work motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12966, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12965, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes 2½ yards each of three trimming borders.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 351, 15 cents—9d. The sweater requires 8 balls of blue wool, 1 ball of white wool, 1 pair of bone knitting needles No. 5½.

Fashions

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 106

2400—Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch fairway (green) juina—3¾ yards 54-inch plaid cloth—⅝ yard 40-inch tan satin.

2412—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch racquet (tan) crêpe satin—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—¼ yard 40-inch plaid silk.

2394—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch navy blue charmeuse—⅜ yard 40-inch net—5⅞ yards edging—2⅝ yards fur banding.

2418—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch plaid—1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe satin.

2430—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch gray broadcloth—1¾ yard leopard fur banding—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

2410—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch black bengaline—¾ yard 40-inch white satin -1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

2429—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch fuchsia crêpe satin—¼ yard 40-inch white crêpe satin.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 107

2396—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch salmon pink Faille-Kord—¾ yard 36-inch plain silk.

2396—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Roman stripe taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch light.

2397—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Amazon (green) Patou crêpe. Design 12935.

2801—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch black satin—⅛ yard 40-inch white satin.

2415—Ladies and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅓ yards 40-inch Roman stripe taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch light.

2416—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch navy velours de laine—2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid 2¾ yards 36-inch lining for jacket.

2429—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. No. 2158—Ladies' Scarf. One size. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch prairie (tan) charmeuse—⅛ yard silk braid—4¼ yards leopard fur—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for scarf

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 108

2392—Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch fawnskin -4 yards 54 inch wool plaid for dress and coat lining—⅞ yard 36-inch blue crêpe satin—1⅛ yard dyed ermine banding.

2443—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch green Patou crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch tan crêpe de Chine—2 yards nutria fur banding.

2440—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch gobelin (blue) broadcloth. Design 12953.

2428—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. No. 2152—Ladies' Scarf. One size. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch olive green charmella—3⅝ yards black fur banding.

2390—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black satin.

2398—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch hinoki (a rose brown) juina cloth—⅝ yard 36-inch cream crêpe—⅜ yards cream lace edging. Braid design 12319.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 109

2427—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch taffeta—3½ yards 40-inch crêpe chiffon—7¼ yards lace—3½ yards edging.

2230—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—1⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting satin.

2431—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for slip.

2296—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch charmeuse—4¼ yards 16-inch lace—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining.

2435—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe—3¾ yards fur banding. Design 12750.

2438—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch metallic brocade—3⅞ yards 36-inch satin for lining—1½ yards fur banding.

2436—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe chiffon —2¾ yards 40-inch satin—2¼ yards 36-inch allover lace.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

2371—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch charmeuse—1⅜ yards contrasting charmeuse—⅝ yard lace. Design 12934.

S. S. **2421**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting—2 yards 36-inch lace flouncing.

1868—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch Faille-Kord—⅜ yard 40-inch satin.

S. S. **2407**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool plaid—⅝ yard 40-inch satin.

S. S. **2408**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 46requires 6½ yards 36-inch bengaline—1⅝ yard wide fur banding —¾ yard narrow fur banding—3¼ yards binding. Appliqué design 12966.

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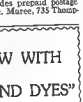

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Established in 1855. Known around the globe

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

2201—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch flat crêpe. Design 12043.

2305—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill.

2307—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch velvet.

2290—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch light charmeuse—1¾ yard 40-inch dark. Appliqué 12883.

2205—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool plaid—2¾ yards 54-inch contrasting charmeen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

1930—Child's Bath Robe. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check cloth—⅝ yard 54-inch plaid.

1723—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch nainsook. Design 12282.

1706—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch percale—⅓ yard 36-inch contrasting.

1106—Ladies' and Misses' Hats Designed for 24½ and 25½ inches head measure. Size 24½ requires for No. 1, ⅝ yard 36-inch angora. Trimmed with appliqué design 12812. No. 2 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch dark velvet—⅝ yard 36-inch light velvet. Trimmed with appliqué design 12672. No. 3 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch felt.

1989—Children's Bonnets. Designed for ½, 1 and 2 years. Size 1 requires, for No. 1, ⅝ yard 40-inch organdy. Design 12809. No. 2 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe.

7557—Children's Hats. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires, for No. 1, ⅝ yard 54-inch tweed—for No. 2, ⅝ yard 36-inch chinchilla—for No. 3, ⅝ yard 36-inch wool.

1052—Chemisettes. Designed for 36 and 42 bust, 16 years. Size 36 requires, for No. 1,—⅝ yard 36-inch silk broadcloth—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting—for No. 2, ⅝ yard 36-inch linen—for No. 3, ½ yard 40-inch organdy.

2086—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe and Camisole. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires, for guimpe, 1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste—⅛ yard 18-inch vesting—for camisole, 1 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

1792—Ladies' Chemise and Drawers. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch voile—7⅛ yards lace. Appliqué design 12629.

2404—Ladies' Step-in. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

1427—Ladies' Step-in. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook. Design 12848.

2274—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe. Design 12564.

2442—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe Step-in. Designed for 34 to 46, 16 to 20. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe.

2440—Ladies' Guimpe Step-in. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch nainsook—⅝ yard 36-inch printed voile.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

2431—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe Romn.

2427—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch satin.

2281—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—11⅛ yards braid. Design 12874.

2428—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. No. 2162 —Ladies' Scarf. Designed for one size. The costume in size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch black charmeuse—1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe for scarf. Design 12937.

2433—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch pongee—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist.

2404—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile.

2405—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch black velvet—¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Design 12868.

2409—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch jutine—2⅞ yards 36-inch lining.

2425—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 3 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅜ yard 32-inch plain.

2408—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe.

2447—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 4¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—1½ yard 36-inch linen. Monogram 508.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

2434—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch chambray—⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

2424—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch knabmansee—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2399—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine. Design 12564.

2419—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch charmeleon—¾ yard 36-inch lining—1⅞ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. No. 2100—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool plaid.

2432—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch charmionette.

2430—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch velvet—⅝ yard 40-inch satin.

2403—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch plaid. Design 12672.

2414—Girls' Jumper Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch organdy—2¼ yards 36-inch black sateen.

2437—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2½ yards 54-inch plaid. Price 12c.

2444—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tweed—2¼ yards 36-inch lining.

2445—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 54-inch twilleord. Design 12757.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

2418—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 2305—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width 1¾ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe—3 yards 54-inch broadcloth.

2417—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool plaid—1⅜ yards 54-inch fancy cloth.

2446—Ladies' and Misses' Coatee. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2300—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width 2¾ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch fur cloth—2¾ yards 36-inch jacket lining—1⅜ yard 54-inch wool plaid.

2401—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch striped silk for dress—⅜ yard 40-inch plain silk for collar and binding—2⅝ yards 54-inch jutina for coat—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for jacket.

2380—Ladies' Coat. Designed for sizes 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch velvet—3⅝ yards 36-inch lining.

2265—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe. Design 12672.

2295—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting. Monogram 546.

Your Own Initial on Every Piece

There are big days, and happy days when your family and your friends sit down to your fine big dinners. Picture your pleasure in having for each occasion a Dinner Set like this, pure, gleaming Rainbow white, edged with a smooth, bright, shining gold line, gold handles, and a dainty gold band of wonderful design. Then think of the added satisfaction of this distinctive feature: Your Own Initial on Each and Every Piece. Each initial is set in an artistic wreath which is banked by a charming scroll of roses in beautiful colors.

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"I Will Trust - You Gladly"

Spear of Pittsburgh

110 Pieces

18 9⅝ in. Dinner Plates
18 8¼ in. Bread and Butter Plates
18 7½ in. Soup Plates
18 6¼ in. Dessert Dishes
12 5¼ in. Fruit Saucers
1 19½ in. Meat Platter
1 16½ in. Meat Platter
1 Sauce Boat
1 Sauce Boat Stand
1 Cream Pitcher
1 Open Sugar Bowl
1 Covered Sugar Bowl
1 Covered Vegetable Dish
1 Butter Dish
1 Open Vegetable Dish
1 Salad Bowl with Serving Fork and Spoon

Martha Washington
INITIAL DINNER SET

No picture can do justice to this beautiful dinner set. I want you to see it on your own table. I want you to know the Aristocratic Colonial Shape, the Quality of its refined Gold Border and the Artistic Initial Wreath which is banked by a charming scroll of roses in beautiful colors.

With Order

Possessing a high-class dinner set that is your own initial on every piece is the extreme of refinement. Think of the added satisfaction of this distinctive feature: Your Own Initial on Each and Every Piece. Each initial is set in an artistic wreath which is banked by a charming scroll of roses in beautiful colors.

I will send you the entire set, on 30 Days' Free Trial. Try your initial on every piece—the attractive initial design. This design is in 7 harmoniously blended colors and gold. SUPREME QUALITY throughout. Everything that high class materials, manufacturing and design can do, has been done to make this remarkable Dinner Set a beauty. In all the decorations, the initial this wreath. Dainty roses in natural colors, the gold edge, and the inner line of orange in the scroll of roses on to stay. Replacements or additional pieces of this pattern absolutely not secured for a period of three years. We guarantee against breakage in shipment. Each Piece is wrapped separately in tissue paper.

Former Price $44.75

Special Price Now $29.95

30 Days' Free Trial — Easy monthly payments

This dinner set formerly sold for $44.75 and without the Free Table Cloth and Napkins would have been satisfied to pay this price for the High Quality and Exquisite Design of this set. Alone. To these points of excellence I have added these additional features: The exclusiveness of your own initial on every piece; the distinctive beauty of seven colors and gold in the decoration: the added beauty of the handsome big, wide, bright, gold handles; have placed your initial design on every piece.

I want to send you the 110 pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial to make sure of your satisfaction. If not completely return the set. I will refund your money and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny. Only the initial you desire. Order No. SA2920. Price $29.95. Terms $2.00 with order; balance $2.50 Monthly.

FREE Table Cloth and 6 Napkins

If you will send your order TODAY, I will send you absolutely Free a Table Cloth and 6 Napkins of High Class Hemstitched Damask. The design is very attractive and the Set is of an unusually good Cotton Damask quality. It measures 58 x 80 inches and has a lovely floral design in small style of table. The napkins are items matched to match the table cloth and are also larger than usual, they measure 17⅜ x 17⅜ inches.

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Nathaniel Spear
President

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Home Furnishers for the People of America

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Please send me Spear's Colonial Dinner Set, shown in Pictorial Review for November, 1924, with my own initial on every piece. Send me also the Free Table Cloth and 6 Napkins. I enclose $2.00 with order. I will pay $2.50 monthly until the total price of $29.95 is paid. If not satisfied, I will return the set within 30 days after receipt and you will refund my money and all freight charges. Title to remain in you until paid in full. Print plainly in box the initial you desire

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They Tell of Nature's Gift to Every Child—It Is the Birthright of Health

Nature's Gift to every child is health. The responsibility for the preservation of this gift rests entirely with the mother.

Every mother knows the vital need of regular elimination and thousands of mothers know from experience that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a dependable laxative that quickly relieves intestinal congestion.

Constipation is responsible for most of the ills of childhood. It makes a child just as uncomfortable as it does an older person.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a mild, gentle laxative for young and old. It was first used by Dr. Caldwell in his own private practice; now it is used by mothers everywhere and has been for three generations.

A simple compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin combined with pleasant aromatics, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is wholly free from opiates, narcotics and all injurious drugs.

You can obtain Syrup Pepsin at any drug store. More than 10 million bottles are used every year to relieve biliousness, headache, dizziness, colds and other ills of constipation. A trial bottle will be sent free on request, if you will send your name and address to Pepsin Syrup Company, 21 Washington Street, Monticello, Ill.

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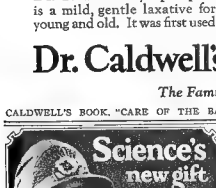
The Family Laxative

CALDWELL'S BOOK, "CARE OF THE BABY," WILL BE SENT FREE TO MOTHERS



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No matter what you have ever tried, there's a delightful surprise awaiting you in THE AURIS. Though the smallest of all Hearing Aids, it is the most powerful and efficient. Perfected by Radio engineers, using sound-amplifying principles borrowed from the Radio. Picks up every sound within hearing of normal ears and brings it distinctly, clearly, reasonably unspoiled and natural. Amplifies—not distorts. Prevents dull, natural sounds without mechanical distortion. Light, comfortable, inconspicuous, indoors or out. A joy to wear and use.

FREE FULL WEEK'S TRIAL

Know the happiness of clear and easy hearing again! You may try THE AURIS for a full week, without a penny of risk or expense. Know for sure, to go through, how deaf-folk are using any kind. Just send the coupon for free trial.

Write THE AURIS COMPANY, Room 1004 H, 370 Seventh St., New York City. If THE AURIS does not make you hear, return it, and you will not owe one penny.

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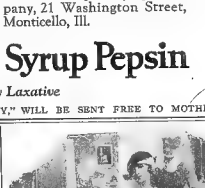
SCIENCE'S NEW GIFT TO THE DEAF
TRY IT A FULL WEEK FREE



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Absorbine Jr. brings quick relief!

DON'T suffer prolonged fatigue from tired, aching arms, back and feet. Simply apply a few drops of *the antiseptic liniment.*

It promptly soothes and relaxes the tension of muscles and nerves. That limp and exhausted feeling quickly disappears along with its aches and pains.

You will like the clean, agreeable odor of Absorbine, Jr. Its ingredients, too, permit of massaging without discomfort. It holds a never-empty place in carefully stocked medicine cabinets.

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Other timely uses:
Burns — Sore Throat
Strains — Mouth wash
Tired feet — Mosquitoes

"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

"Well, for a long, long time, there's a dear girl I want you to meet. Name of Margy. I know you would like her, Mubs. She's so pretty and—durable," she murmured to herself.

"Pooh!" said Shammy. "What's this Margy noise? I tell you I—I——"

She took his hand.

"Mubs, dear, you've been awfully nice to me, and it isn't that I don't like you lots, but I'm quite a bit older than you are, and, well—what is, just is."

"Do you mean, anyhow, you'll remember me? You'll remember this dance?"

"That I will!" said June with real feeling.

Shammy went home, climbed the stairs to his room, undressed, and sat on the edge of his bed. "Gosh," he said again, "this room isn't what it was!" And it was true that the room looked bare. The part of the wall-paper which had been covered for two years and a half by the African jungle stage-set was navy blue, whereas the rest of the wall-paper was a faded robin's-egg. There was a skimpy-looking stool-chair beside the bureau. Pictures were lacking, save for a tiny miniature of an ancestor which was well covered by Shammy's ties.

Wiped out! A pauper! Practically extinct! He slowly counted up on his fingers. It took four fingers and the thumb on one hand, and the first finger and thumb on the other. The checking ran as follows:

Liabilities.	*Assets.*
Babe Ruth.	June.
Five dollars.	
Three dollars.	
Lounging-chair.	
Mashie, niblick, and putter (to say nothing of a brassy and driver.	
"Madonna of the Chair."	
African jungle stage-set.	

For a minute he looked sober; then he lay back in the bed, covered himself up, and smiled. The book balanced perfectly. Hadn't she been worth it? Well, rather! "Gosh, yes," said Shammy, loyal to the last. "Why, I'd of thrown in the white-flannel pants!"

Equal Rights—a Paradox

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

proclaim that it means, as it must mean for them, an equality in the liability to physical deformity or mental idiocy; they try to confine it to genius, and seek plausible arguments to excuse the comparative poverty of women in genius, especially by "lack of opportunity."

It is talent which demands opportunity, not genius. Genius and talent may overlap, but talent means the ability to do well what others have already done; genius means the ability to do something new. So that while talent is powerless unless it is permitted to enter the old-established roads, for genius those roads have no attraction. When genius appears, in whichever sex embodied, it encounters immense obstacles which have to be overcome, and women have been able to overcome them at least as well as men.

An unequaled opportunity for studying the problem of genius in women has lately been afforded by the publication of the "Life of Olive Schreiner." Born in a remote outpost among savages, the child of poor parents, without education, brought up by relatives who had no sympathy with her ideals and no understanding of her temperament, even

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

***I know how to stop* GRAY HAIR**

It's a sure way, and an easy one. And absolutely safe. This I will prove with a free trial bottle if you'll fill out and mail me the coupon.

By return mail I will send you my special patented free trial outfit, with full directions for testing on a single lock. Then you will know, positively, that no one need have gray hair a day any age!

Combing Does It

My hair color restorer is very easily applied, simply by combing it through the hair. No skill or outside aid required.

It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It leaves your hair soft, silky and fluffy.

No streaking or discoloration, no artificial "dyed" look. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. The restored color is perfectly even and natural in all lights.

Fill it out carefully, stating accurately the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail, postage prepaid, you will receive my special patented free trial outfit. This is an offer which is truly, absolutely free.

When you know what Mary T. Goldman's is and what it will do, you will be anxious to restore all your hair. Then get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

— Please print your name and address —

Mary T. Goldman, 2187 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Address .....

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Write for free samples showing colors and quality.

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LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity, and *after* baby comes, as well.

Latest modes, cleverly designed to conceal condition. Patented adjustments provide expansion.

Beautiful Style Book, showing the latest styles in Maternity Coats, Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Underwear, Corsets. Book sent FREE. *Write for it today.*

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Annette Kellermann Tells Her Secret Of Glorious Health And A Perfect Figure

Many people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true, however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was how legged to an extreme degree, I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces, which I wore constantly. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," etc. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life and my present success to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, very many real, shapely, overslim, or underweight, women have already found that a greatly improved figure and better health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the principles I myself used. I can prove to you within 30 days that my methods will make you over in body, health and beauty. I can show you how to improve your complexion, how to add inches to your bust, how to increase your weight, how to firm and reduce your waistline, how to overcome constipation, how to put color into your cheeks, lustre and brightness into your eyes, how to remove superfluous hair on any part of the body, thus bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen, hips, etc., how to develop health and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, be free from a host of ailments and disorders that make life miserable in short, acquire more perfect womanhood.

Mail the coupon or write a letter at once for my free illustrated new book "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. All this costs you nothing and may show you the way to becoming a stronger, healthier, more beautiful and more beautiful woman, as it has already done for so many others just now of the coupon below, and mail it. Address Annette Kellermann Inc., Dept. 1811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City

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Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me entirely free of cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am not calorie interested in:

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Women Are Judged By Their Hands

If your hands at times are marred by redness and roughness, then you will welcome the quick and sure magic of *Tanforan*—the wonder-working lotion now a famous formula used by the ladies of Queen Marie Antoinette's Court—a formula that was long treasured, only recently found again.

Even though one washes dishes three times a day or does other household tasks, even though one is much exposed to the ravages of outdoors, the soothing and healing magic of *Tanforan* keeps the hands always soft, smooth and white—never before has there been anything that brings such luxurious loveliness to the hands as *Tanforan*.

Tanforan is magic as equally well upon neck and face—wherever one wishes the skin to have a soft and lovely smoothness and whiteness.

Your druggist has *Tanforan* or can get it for you 50 cents or 90 over store. Or send 12 cents in stamps or coin to the Tetin Valley & Cie. La Porte, Ind., and they will send you a trial size bottle by mail prepaid.

Tanforan

COLONIAL COVERLETS

"White Rose," "Cat Track," exquisite reproductions of the old

Usually sold at $30
Now $11.75

Laura S. Copenhaver, "Rosemont", Marion, Virginia

Equal Rights—a Paradox

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

without health after reaching girlhood she yet became recognized by the time she had reached middle life—earlier than most men of genius have attained a similarly world-wide recognition—as one of the chief artists of the English language in her time and the great prophet of feminism.

Genius is a precious quality, but we need not regret that it is rare. It is always of the nature of a monstrosity—a great quality accompanied by great defect. It is probable that the special value of the elements that women are able to bring to the conduct of life may be largely associated with the very fact that they are less drawn than men toward the extremes of idiocy and genius.

Women's greater freedom from the wayward masculine tendencies to vary would thus be a part of their power to aid in the due organization of society. It may well prove also that if the natural tendencies of women are given free play they may prove an aid in counteracting that overemphasis on the economic aspect of living, and become an absorption in "business for its own sake," which has prevailed ever since the industrial revolution of a century ago.

However, there is here danger of going to extremes. For if women are to be actively interested in their central problem of reproduction and its attendant problems, it will not be to the advantage of those problems to be drawn too far away from them. And this feminine tendency toward extremes, like all tendencies, has its temptations. It is therefore necessary, too, for them to fight both against this tendency and that of being intolerant toward extremes. In other words, they must maintain a balance in their judgments and volitions. Therein is the supreme advantage of the fact that sexes do not manifest equality, but that each sex represents an aspect of life of essential value to mankind as a whole. There should never again be any question of one sex imposing its own conception of life on the other sex and on society generally, for it is just as harmful in the end for either sex to dominate. The harmonious play of the two together is needed; without it social structure is not stably built up.

TO DEMAND of women that they should themselves supply the masculine as well as the feminine elements necessary to life might well be to impose upon them a burden they could not carry.

The association of men and women in those affairs of the mind and spirit which make up civilization is aided, we are beginning to see, by another great fact which the world is now facing. That is, that while the central functions of life radiating from maternity must ever be the chief occupation of the majority of women, yet reproduction has ceased to have the urgent importance for mankind which it once seemed to possess.

Among small tribes and primitive peoples, as incessant and multiply often seemed the most imperative duty. All the more so as many of their offspring perished in infancy. A radical change in our views on this subject is taking place.

It is not an increase in the quantity of human beings that the world any longer needs, but an increase in their quality and a greater care in breeding those that are reproduced. Parenthood is no longer a mere animal instinct to be fulfilled ignorantly, but an art and a science, a sacred function to be assumed deliberately by the fitting people at the fitting time. Therein is an immense emancipation for those women who, physically or mentally, are not adapted for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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Equal Rights—a Paradox

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

motherhood. They become free to exercise the activities for which they are better fitted, while, at the same time—as we are now beginning to understand they need not be shut out from affection and love, from mating and wifehood.

We are thus in the end brought to a point which was touched tho only slightly in passing at the beginning—the movement of feminism, rightly understood, has not been merely for a sharing of rights but for a sharing of responsibilities. Mary Wollstonecraft entitled the first declaration of feminism which attracted the attention of the world, shortly after the great French Revolution, "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." But it was not on rights that she laid stress; it was on "the interests of mankind," on the claim of woman to become "the companion of man" instead of being "idolized" Until women ceased to be worshiped, she held, they could never be respected.

When, a century later, Olive Schreiner made so large and so eloquent a claim for women, that claim was, as she once expressed it, "to take her share in the duties and labors of the national life."

Feminism meant for her" a great integrative movement of the sexes toward each other." Indeed if it were not so we should not be concerned with a movement that had in it any chance of permanence. Classes and castes only attain power and influence by the duties and responsibilities they assume and the benefits they confer. As soon as they begin to think only of their own rights and privileges their day is over and their power soon crushed.

WOMEN, because they were anxious to assert their contempt for men, or else merely to have a good time, have tended to an extravagant adoption of moral laws imposed but not always practised by men, rather than to take a larger intelligent share in the duties and labors of life. On the one hand they have sometimes tried to make the moral laws imposed by men ridiculous by carrying them to an impossible degree of rigidity or, on the other hand, have sought to dispense with morals altogether.

That is a social phase which may disconcert those who expected women to bring a new heaven on to earth, or rejoice those who were content with the world, the flesh, and the devil they were brought up to. But they would both be wrong. There is always action and reaction.

It will become amply clear in time that women will neither be content with rigid moral laws that were originally framed largely to keep themselves in subjection nor will disregard for all moral laws. They are far more likely to seek a reasonable modification of moral codes which will embrace more widely the personal needs of a mankind which includes them.

We can not tell what forms morality, which is always subtly changing, will take in the future. But we may be sure that it must be probably less rigid than those moralities of the past which were on a narrower and therefore less sound and secure foundation. This need be no cause for lament. Only those social regulations which are large and free enough to take in the whole of humanity, that is to say the needs of both sexes, can have any enduring worth. They alone can help to further human welfare and stimulate progress in the only kind of civilization which is worth while. And it is only by walking side by side, by sharing intimately all the great tasks of living, that men and women can hope to march toward any new heaven or any new earth.

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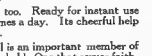

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

as his duty, and he was careful not to step beyond lines which would have singled him out as "different." He had the same spending-money—a shilling a week—as they did, and he was often in the same fix as many of them. He had to borrow his penny for the "plate" at divine service on Sunday.

He sought no privileges. If they were offered he refused them. Lady Tennyson, whose son had the bed next to his, tells how once, when he was sick and extra delicacies were sent up on his tray, he asked if the other boys had the same when they were sick. He was told that they did not. "Well, I'm sorry," said Edward, "and it's nice of you to bring them to me, but I won't eat them. I don't want anything the other boys don't get."

His modesty made him averse to telling his name. If he thought attention was to be called to him he shyly disappeared. On one occasion a German couple were visiting the college. As the Prince spoke excellent German he was delegated to show them about. Not familiar with his face, they did not know who he was. At the close of their tour of inspection they thanked him, adding, "You speak such very good German. Where did you learn?"

Edward blushed, answering, "Well, you see, I have German relatives, so I don't deserve much credit for it."

The course at Osborne was not easy. And he was under the same necessity for fair scholarship as the other boys if he wished to matriculate for Dartmouth. He studied hard—even at mathematics, which was not easy for him, and his test-papers showed a good average rating. Mechanics was to his taste, and he was never so happy as when pottering about the engine-rooms. Visitors who knew he was at Osborne often asked, when being shown about, that he be pointed out to them. Like as not a grimy boy in oil-stained overalls and with black smudges on his face met their inquiring eyes.

An inherent love of fun saved him from becoming a teacher's pet. Joining readily in the pranks which are half of school to all real boys, he was a "defaulter" often enough to keep his companions at ease and not often enough to put him on the wrong side of the authorities' ledger.

At Osborne he grew robust—more robust than nc has ever been. Sea-air, wholesome food, and happy activity combined to make him so. In gymnasium work and sports he was always to the fore. He loved to swim and to bicycle and to row. He played both on the cricket and football teams. Drumming was, as now, a favorite pastime. Caring for music as he always has, he was a diligent singing pupil, attaining the choir before he had been many weeks at Osborne. Altogether he was what might be termed a well-rounded lad.

AT THE end of two years Edward said a regretful good by to Osborne. It was the place where his dream had begun to take shape. But his departure was another move in its molding, for after a short vacation he was to enter Dartmouth Naval College, where he would finish his course and become a full-fledged midshipman in His Majesty's Navy.

His two years at Osborne had worked a change in the boy. The key of a spirit inclined to be strung to too high a pitch had been lowered. Discipline had tempered his strong will to a fine sense of duty. He had grown shy and less conscious of himself and his prerogatives.

Whereas formerly he had always stepped into the carriage ahead of his sister with the full realization of his precedence, now, when Princess Marystepped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

"Brushing with the Wavex Is All I Do for Wavness"

The Brush-Waved Bob!

Wonderful New Brush Is a Boon to Bobbed Heads Helps Hair Curl Instead of Straightening It An Amazing Aid to the Natural Wave

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All you have to do is use the right hair brush. Simply brush-wave your hair with Wavex—the brush that brushes in waves. A glance at the pictures tells why this new type of brush coaxes to a curl. The brush itself will demonstrate its effectiveness in short order. *You can have one to try.* An actual test on your own hair.

No sale if you don't see real results, and you can't count its purchase an expense—the Wavex brush soon saves many times its cost in fees paid for frequent wavings!

While the idea is still new, the makers will forward *one* Wavex curling hair brush at the special price of three dollars. It is a bargain at that price! For Wavex is genuine Ebony from India, with the rich, colorful markings of the imported ebony, unstained and highly polished. Real, penetrating pin bog bristles *hand-drawn*. Will stand wetting and washing.

For hair that always looks its best—that just naturally falls into soft curl after every brushing—get a Wavex brush and begin using it. You'll be glad you did—your satisfaction will know no limit—for a Wavex is a joy. Short hair, long hair, any human hair responds to the gentle undulation of the bristles in wave-formation. A deluge of letters is proof of what it does for the appearance and health of the hair. It aids and abets curliness with every stroke. It brings a buoyancy and billow to the hair. It does away with that severe look which bobbed hair has when flattened by the old, straight-type of brush. The friction in brush-waving *polishes* the hair to a brilliancy no dressings can ever equal in effect.

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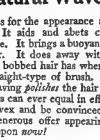

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Until every store can be supplied, we will forward one Wavex curling hair brush to any address for an actual test of its remarkable properties. You need not send a penny. Pay the postman who brings it $3 and the postage. This will be returned if you aren't enthusiastic after even one week of brush-waving. Those who prefer paying now may do so and save the postage; if you enclose the $3 we'll ship the brush prepaid; money back either way—if you want it! But if you want Wavex at this price apply promptly, and please use the coupon!

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Rock-A-Bye High Chair No. 5.

Makes any chair a high chair. Made of steel, enameled in steel, rubber covered. Seat is white washable duck. Folds to fit any case. Fine for use in hotels, restaurants and homes. At dealers or by mail. Send for catalog of nursery accessories.

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SAPOLIO

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

back to permit his prerogative he went ahead because he had to; but he and Mary never failed to have a good laugh about it.

By this time Prince John, the youngest of the six children of Prince George and Princess Mary, was about seven years old. He was a delicate child, requiring much care. And "Davy," as the Prince was known again for a few weeks, was his arch-protector. His tenderness toward his baby brother was touching. Ever watchful of him, the slightest sign of weariness and "big brother" was at his side. The royal children posed for their pictures frequently in those days. They were keen little camera fiends then, before too much whetting had worn away the edge, and it was "Davy" who always stood behind little John, encouraging and often supporting him under the arms when he fidgeted and grew weary of the ordeal

Now, too, the Prince took himself less seriously as the "head of the family." The little-boy bickerings of the oldest brothers "Davy," "Bertie," and "Harry" were less frequent and less violent, and the three of them found it fine sport to be together again. Mary entered, too, into their calculations. Nearly every day the Prince and his sister and sometimes a brother or two would be seen bicycling around Windsor Park or in the village, their goal the little candy-shop at the foot of the hill where two antique spinsters had lived by the royal patronage of three sovereigns.

David had a very deep admiration for Mary's ability. When together he often referred to her for decisions. One day just before he left for Dartmouth some one asked him, "How do you like the thought of being a King some day?"

"It's quite all right," replied the Prince casually—and then, grown serious, added, "But I don't see why they don't give the job to Mary. She's so smart."

It was on Saturday, May 8, 1909, that Edward of Wales entered the Britannia Royal Naval College at Dartmouth.

LIFE here was about like that of Osborne. Since the boys were older, bedtime was a half-hour later, and there were facilities for more "grown-up" sports and recreation. His pocket-money was still limited to a shilling a week.

The college at Dartmouth is, however, on a more ambitious scale than Osborne. A magnificent white pile with central towers, it spreads its wings along a hill top back of the ancient town and looks beyond it to the Dart, from where, century upon century, sea-rovers and warriors have sailed forth to great adventure. With the exception of Plymouth, perhaps, no port in England may tell so many tales of glory and of fervent pilgrimage. On a comb close to the mouth of the Dart, and cut off from sight of the sea by a bend in the river, it has harbored for more than a thousand years not only Britain's heroes, but men of strange and stirring account.

In the narrow, crooked streets, shadowed by row upon row of grotesque gabled houses with their overhanging brows and quaintly carved barge-boards, one can almost hear the clank of the crusaders' armor. On the antique quays one can almost see the galleys of Richard Cœur de Lion as he sailed away in 1190 with his host of gallant knights to recover the Savior's sepulcher from the Saracens' desecration. It was from Dartmouth, too, in 1090, that William II., the son of the Conqueror, and known in history as William the Red, sailed with his fleet to do battle with his brother, the feckless Robert, wresting from him half of Normandy.

In that tenebrous but dramatic day when piracy and smuggling rendered the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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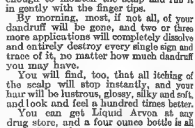

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

waters between France and England into an eddy of blood, the port of the Dart was a rendezvous for brigands from all the charted seas of Europe. Too often were they bent on plunder, for long-distance guns were unconceived, and the turn of the river sheltered marauders from discovery. Under the wing of night their boats glided into the harbor, and they were upon the good people of the city sleeping unaware until the lions of the Dart swung a great chain between the defending castles on each side of the harbor, giving welcome only to guests of good intent.

It was upon such stuff of old dreamings that the cadets at the Naval College were fed. With every breath they inhaled the vigorous tang of Britain's seaprowess. At times they were permitted to roam through the old town, along its quays and byways, listening to tales of great seafaring, until their young hearts felt the touch of an effulgent past and were awakened to a brave desire for brave deeds. No boy among them was more avid for sea-lore, no boy among them had more vivid vision of what it meant to be an officer in the empire's navy than Edward of Wales. His dream of a naval career became the very breath of his ambition. It was the urge which sent him to his tasks with abounding energy. It was the impulse which bade him enter with unflagging zest into every part of the college life.

HERE he was no less popular than at Osborne. "Royalty" was the name which his mates gave him—and they did not hesitate to call him that to his face. He always took it with a smile, for he wanted them to be at home with him —as he was with them. His talent for making friends was not, however, allinclusive. He had his likes and dislikes. The officious or the obsequious made little headway with him. He wanted friends with genuine qualities. Whether they were sons of commoners or of the nobility made no difference to him. If he liked people he let them know it. If he did not like them he let them alone.

As a cricketer and a cross-country runner he made enviable records. He loved to run with the beagles, and during his last year was made whip. His rank was never permitted to be taken into account, altho there is a little story of an occasion where it was used without avail as an "open sesame" to a forbidden stronghold. One Sunday he was with a party of boys who wandered down to the Castle at the mouth of the Dart. They wanted to go in, but as it was closed to visitors on that day, they were refused admittance. After a conference the Prince allowed them to tell who he was.

The curator, a canny soul, only laughed at them. "I hear that often," he said. "The Prince is always a different cadet."

His modesty and his determination to be just one among many boys made him diffident, and he only showed his grit when he was driven to put him forward. When he was leaving Dartmouth his father suggested that it might be a nice thing to do to give presents to those boys whom he liked best. He refused even to consider it. "The boys don't give presents here," he said; "if I did, it would look as if I were putting on side."

At the end of his first year at Dartmouth the Prince experienced his first real sorrow. At midnight, May 6, 1910, King Edward, after a long siege of bronchitis, died suddenly of heart failure at Buckingham. It may be truthfully said that mourning for him was universal. By his heartiness and his sagacity he had not only won the affections of his subjects, but by his subtle yet cheerful diplomacy he had kept Europe

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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BREATHING
EASIER
LUDEN'S
QUICK
LUDENS
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Boy's Name.....

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

at peace, thereby earning the esteem of the nations. He was a kingly King—and the world has profited by his kingliness.

Upon the death of his grandfather and the accession of his father as King George V., Edward of Wales became the Duke of Cornwall, for the King's eldest son is the only peer who becomes one automatically without creation or succession. The title of "Prince of Wales" and its attendant titles, however, may or may not be conferred upon the heir apparent, according to the will of the reigning sovereign. It was on his sixteenth birthday, June 23, 1910, about six weeks after King Edward's death, that King George ordered "letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal for creating His Royal Highness Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester."

Historians differ as to whether he is the seventeenth or the nineteenth Prince of Wales, but modern research maintains it is doubtful whether Edward II. ever conferred the title upon his son, who later became Edward III., and that Charles I., preoccupied with his futile attempt to hold the throne and save his head from the Cromwellian revolt, also neglected to create his son, Charles II., Prince of Wales. The highest authorities, therefore, declare the present holder of the title the seventeenth Prince of Wales.

THE Prince, who had returned to Naval College immediately after his grandfather's funeral, came up from Dartmouth to Marlborough House in London for his birthday, which was the occasion for national rejoicing. Flags were flown from the Government buildings in London, and the Lord Mayor, acting for the citizens, sent him a telegram of good wishes. His message of thanks was the first document bearing his new signature, "Edward P."

At Windsor the village put on its very best clothes of bright bunting and gaying flags. Chapel bells rang out again, as they had on the day of his birth, and a royal salute was fired in the Long Walk. From all parts of the British Isles messages and tokens of regard were sent to him.

His brother, Prince Albert, came up from Osborne Naval College for the day, and he and Princess Mary went with him the next morning to Windsor Castle, where he was confirmed in the private chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was a solemn occasion for the boy—this his first day as Prince of Wales. Here in the ancient chapel many of his ancestors had made their vows to hold firm and stedfastly to their faith. For Windsor is vibrant with the echoes of old heroisms and old tragedies. There Kings have been born, been given in marriage, and have been buried. There plots have been hatched which sent sovereigns to their doom. As an old manor it sheltered many a Stuart King. And a castle for over eight hundred years it has stood the tide and turn of time and affairs.

Edward the Confessor held court there. It was a favored abiding-place of William the Conqueror. His son, the "Red King," in 1095 called a great council there for the trial of Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, who had plotted against his King and who had taken a hand in the murder of Malcolm, the Scottish King. For twenty-five years De Mowbray spun out, in the Castle's dungeon, the dark penalty for his intrigues. Richard Cœur de Lion, John I., the Henrys, Queen Elizabeth,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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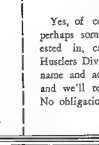

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

Mary Tudor, Mary Queen of Scots, Richard III., King James I.—all of these men and women of an early England had left their marks upon the Castle's walls. King Edward VII. was christened there. It was there he married Princess Alexandra of Denmark. It was from there he was buried.

One who was present on his confirmation day told me that the boy's voice trembled as he made his vows, and that as he did so tears gathered in Queen Alexandra's eyes and filtered slowly down her cheeks, and that his father and mother, now the King and Queen of England, were greatly affected, too, at the seriousness with which he took unto himself the privileged yoke of future sovereignship.

So came the title of "Prince of Wales" to a lad whose human qualities have found favor for him in the sight of many peoples.

THE Prince's second year at Dartmouth was much the same as the first In taking leave of Dartmouth he performed his first public and official ceremony and made his first speech as Prince of Wales. To the Guildhall he went as Lord Duke of the Duchy of Cornwall to present to the town of Dartmouth the silver oar which is the symbol of its power as the guardian and bailiff of the Dartmouth waters.

The Prince and his brother Albert were driven to the Guildhall in a landau and pair. Preceding them was a long procession of coast-guards, Territorials, fire-brigades, cadets, Boy Scouts, bannerbearers, and bands. Behind the carriage walked a naval petty officer bearing the silver oar, a yard long and weighing seventy-four ounces. The Mayor, all of his civic dignitaries, and the board of local school managers brought up the rear.

The crowd was so taken with his bearing that it stepped beyond the lines to shout its praise into his very face. One old Devonshire farmer who had driven twenty miles to see the Prince stepped almost into the carriage, and with trembling voice called out, "E be a fein lad, 'e be!" And the Prince, as he would always do, gave him a special smile.

From the platform of the Guildhall, where Devon's doughty Admiral, Raleigh and Drake and Hawkins, looked down upon him from paintings on the timbered walls, he made his maiden speech.

It was not much of a speech. But it held a large purpose. It met with loud applause, and was followed by a return speech from the Mayor. As the Prince stood, bowing at the references made to him, the old rafters rang with round upon round of cheers for the boy who would some day be their King.

To those not born in a palace there is glamour in the pomp and splendor of the way through which the Prince of Wales must walk. Little do they know how soon the glittering vista is dimmed by monotony. To have to do the same thing, day in, day out, year in, year out, from sixteen to sixty—and beyond, mayhap; to have to smile whether one's heart is in smiling mood or not; always to belong to the people; never to be oneself when the being so is out of the line of duty; always to be in the public eye—to have every word, every act, detailed, often exaggerated, as a part of the day's news, always to have to live up to a high heritage; always to sacrifice one's desires to the desires of those whom one must obey, its only saving privilege the achievement of a fine purpose in a fine way—this is the lot of the lad whom birth designs for England's throne. It is the lot which has been that of the Prince of Wales since his sixteenth birthday.

On June 21, two days before his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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Special offer: A certain number of workers are wanted at once to send us Steber Homeknit Socks. We will, therefore, pay a specially high rate for those who will begin work within the next few weeks. Write us at once. (*Note:* If you wish to see the kind of work the Steber High Speed Family Knitter will produce, enclose 50c with the coupon, for one pair Steber Homeknit Socks, or $1 co for 2 pairs in different colors. Regular price $1.00 a pair.)

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

seventeenth birthday, at Windsor Castle, King George honored his son with the Order of the Garter—the most illustrious order within his power to confer. Instituted in the fourteenth century, the exact date and reason of its origin is a matter of historical controversy. The version most generally accepted is that during the reign of Edward III., at a time when chivalry was at its fullest flowering, and "God and the ladies" was the vaunted championship of knights, both brave and bold, the King was pleased to entertain his courtiers at a ball. While dancing with a "most noble" Lord, the Countess of Kent, known in that romantic age as Joan the Fair Maid of Kent, lost her garter. The bystanders, driven to laughter, were quickly reproved by the gallant host, who put the blushing Countess at her ease by picking the garter from the floor and placing it around his own knee, exclaiming as he did so, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" ("Dishonored be he who thinks ill of it").

Whatever the truth, Edward III., than whom no medieval King was more knightly, established the Order of the Garter to supersede the Order of the Round Table. The King, his son, the Black Prince, and twenty-four knights, chosen for their prowess in battle or in just or for their deeds of "faire chivalrie," composed its company, and the companions were accorded stalls on the sovereign's or Prince's side in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Through six hundred years the order has carried on, the pages of its registry golden with the names of Britain's best and bravest men.

Altho the Prince of Wales becomes, upon assumption of the title, "a constituent part of the original institution," he must go through the ritual of installation.

THE scene in St. George's Chapel on the day when Edward received the order might have been an illuminated page from an old script. The stained and mullioned windows letting in the softly colored rays from outside to mingle with the scintillant light within, the King and his knights in their cloaks and crimson capes, and hats adorned with heron and ostrich plumes, the prelates in their splendid robes of blue and scarlet, the ancient stalls and canopies of carved oak, the bright banners incrusted with the armorial bearings of the knights, the vested choir, and the young boy, so fair, so untouched by the strife and ugliness of a sophisticated world—it was indeed as a leaf from Geoffrey Chaucer, himself, whose own vision of beauty had been commanded by King Richard II. in 1390 "to put the chapel in repair." It was King George who "tyed about the leg" the blue garter of the order. And as the riband and star were adjusted he was given the command of chivalry, those eternal words of a radiant yesterday, "to be courageous, and in any just quarrel undertaken to stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer."

The next day in Westminster Abbey King George and Queen Mary were coronated.

The Prince, with Princess Mary by his side, and his brothers, Princes Albert, Henry, and George, sitting opposite him in a royal coach, was driven in procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey.

The Prince wore his Garter robes. His plumed hat was scarcely on his head in the short distance between Buckingham and the Abbey, so busy was he kept acknowledging the cheers of the people. Princess Mary for the first time wore a long train, with an air of dignity, even tho its management at intervals brought smiles and good-natured taunts from her younger brothers, who, without responsibility, were bubbling over.

In the Abbey the Prince took his seat by the side of the dais; his brothers and sister followed him, making their way to the royal box.

As a solemn silence fell on the crowded Abbey the Prince looked expectantly toward the doors, handing his hat to his page and receiving his coronet from its bearer.

To the majestic peal of the organ, the King and Queen advanced up the nave and stood before the dais. A great silence stilled the Abbey, and there in that old cathedral, where most of his forebears had been coronated and now lay in their tombs, where great poets and great statesmen, great warriors and great heroes had found their glorified sepulchers, George V. was crowned the King of a united Empire. Taking his seat upon the throne, the ceremony of homage, a custom come down from the days of feudal law, was performed. The Archbishop of Canterbury paid his homage first

Next came the Prince of Wales to speak for the blood royal. From his chair he advanced in front of the dais, knelt on the first step, and then on the highest, bowing to his father, the King, as the Archbishop of Canterbury had done before him. With bend held high, and his eyes and cheeks bright with the thrill of a great moment, he spoke, in a voice quavering but yet clear and moving, the words which have pledged loyalty to all the rulers of his land since England was a Kingdom:

"I, Prince of Wales, do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, and live and die, against all manner of folks So help me God."

The King looked upon his eldest son, so sincere and sweet a boy, with the down still soft upon his cheeks, and the light of guileless youth in his eye, and was moved to a great tenderness. As the Prince, following the ritual, touched the crown on His Majesty's head and kissed him on the left cheek, the King forgot the formal world about him and gently drew the boy to him, and in the pride and love of fatherhood kissed him affectionately on the right cheek.

On his homeward journey in the coach with Princess Mary and three of his brothers—little Prince John was not thought strong enough to stand the ordeal—the Prince of Wales for the first time drove through the streets in the robes and coronet of his office. His reception was one of the outstanding features of the returning pageant. The English people are not given to expressing their feelings in boisterous terms, but as the young heir was driven through their ranks their reserve fell from his his charm, and they shouted and cheered and threw their hats in the air, going quite mad with their joy in him.

IT WAS the beginning of what has happened and what will happen the rest of the days of his life. His appearance on the streets, not only of London, but of all the cities of the world, if he be known and recognized, is signal for the gathering of a crowd to cheer him on his way.

The most important ceremonial connected with his coming into the title was his investiture with the robes and regalia of his office, which took place at Carnarvon, Wales, July 13, 1911, three weeks after his seventeenth birthday.

It is already written down as an outstanding event in the history of Great Britain. He is the only modern Prince of Wales upon whom was made a formal and public bestowal of the insignia of office; he is the first Prince of Wales to receive them in the principality and to be there presented to the common people of Wales as the guardian of their honor and justice; he is also the first to bear the arms of Wales upon his escutcheon.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

It was a wise and poetic thought which prompted King George, who is Constable of Carnarvon Castle, to choose the ancient fortress for the ceremony. No stronghold in the United Kingdom is more vibrant with legend and romance and historic achievement—no spot in Wales more lovely. Straight back its story goes to the days of the Roman conquest when Agricola landed in Wales with his troops and, marching up the banks of the river Seoint, founded the city of Segontium on the site of what is to-day the village of Carnarvon.

It was here that Constantine the Great and his mother, Princess Helena, are said to have been born, and beneath the old parish church, Llanbedllg or Pehlig's Church, named after Helena's brother, is the grave of Constantine Chlorus, the father of the great Constantine. It was here, too, Edward I., who persuaded Wales into the English fold, fulfilled his promise to give Wales a ruler born on native soil, by bringing his Queen Eleanor to Carnarvon for the birth of their son, Edward II.

The Black Prince, whose bold and glorious adventure is painted in eternally glowing colors on the panorama of chivalry, was the first Prince of Wales to be invested formally before the Welsh chieftains with the symbols and guerdon of the title. And it is almost as if it were by divine intention that nearly seven centuries later the lad whose virtue of friendliness has made him his country's unconscious ambassador of good-will to all the lands of the earth, should be the second Prince of Wales to receive his trust in the nook of its beginning.

Whatever of bitterness the past may have left in the heart of the Welsh people has long been dispelled. The demonstration recorded their young Prince on the day of his investiture born witness to their loyalty.

It was a strange and moving scene that touched the eye of Wales on the afternoon of July 13, 1911, when in the presence of the Queen, the Welsh nobles, and thousands of the Welsh and English people the King "made and created" his eldest son Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, investing him with the robe and insignia of his principality and earldom.

From every household and public and private building the soft Summer breeze unfurled the bright folds of the Union Jack. On the topmost turret of the Castle, for so many centuries that nesting-place only of homing daws, the royal standard announced that England's King was again in residence there.

The lines of shimmering bayonets and burnished cuirasses of the royal escorts, the splendor of the soldiery's uniforms, the crimson jackets and shiny pot-hats of the men and women of the Welsh choir, the brilliant green of the abundant Summer foliage, the many-lined heraldic devices that awakened the old gray battlements to a new life, the ring of spur and buckler as armored knights once more clanked up the narrow winding stairway of the Eagle Tower, the band in the Castle square playing the national anthem, the state trumpeters on the highest eyry of the tower sounding a royal fanfare, the thousands of eager, cheering people who stood below, impatient for the coming of their Prince, brought back the magic of the old, old years, and for a time modernity was hidden in forgetfulness.

From the Private Collection of the Prince of Wales

CADET EDWARD OF WALES FRESH FROM A SWIM IN THE SOLENT

And then he came, the slip of a boy, upon whose slim shoulders were to be laid the burden of honor and duty and a lasting sacrifice. Scarcely more than a child he looked as he was driven through the streets of the town in a royal equipage escorted by a company of Denbighshire Hussars, with a troop of Third Dragoon Guards (his own) riding behind him.

The military roadway was lined with Welsh Fusiliers, Royal Marines, and sailors from the warships in the Straits, while the people massed, bank upon bank, shouted and cheered until the boy's arm grew weary with acknowledgment. But his smile never flagged. It was there when he was greeted at the platform in the square by the Mayors and Members of Parliament from all the Welsh constituencies, by the ushers and pursuivants in their vivid uniforms, by the archdruid and the Council of Gorsedd in their odd and picturesque robes of white and blue and green.

Upon the platform for a moment he was a little awed as storm after storm of welcome broke upon him. Well he might have been, for never in history, so the records say, has so royal welcome been given so young a lad. His smile soon came back, and as great was the moment, he forgot his shyness and, stepping forward, in a voice so young that it had not yet quite found itself, he addressed his people—those whose honor he was pledged to guard and cherish so long as he had life. It was a simple pledge and it delighted the people to a wild enthusiasm as he recited it with a line in their own tongue: *"Diolch o Waeold fy nyghalon i Hen wlad fy nhadan."* ("Thanks from the bottom of my heart to the old land of my fathers").

As his cortège came within sight of the trumpeters on the Watch Tower, they raised their trumpets, and the ancient battlements stirred again after six hundred years to the blaring fanfare. From Coed Helen Hill a salute was boomed as, with the cheers of the thousands in his ears, he was driven to steps leading to the Water Gate. Here he was greeted by the First Battalion Welsh Regiment, while Lloyd George and other dignitaries

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Do you want to write for the movies?

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TEN thousand dollars! That was the sum paid Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, for her story, *Broken Chains*, which won the first prize in the contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mirandis, another student of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, won the second prize in this same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

A Palmer student wrote *Judgment of the Storm*, and another wrote *The White Sin*. Both of these pictures were produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each author received $1000 cash and will also receive a share in the profits.

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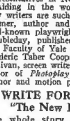

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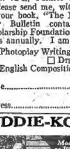

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

received him into the Castle. As he entered the state apartment prepared for the King his standard was hoisted over the Eagle Tower, while again the people without shouted themselves into a frenzy.

With a regal escort of heralds, pursuivants, arch-druids, druids, officers of the Gorsedd, nobles, and soldiery, in odd and splendid regalia, he made his way through the fortress to apartments made ready for him in the Chamberlain's Tower, and as he walked the band played "God Save the Prince of Wales," the Welsh choir taking up the notes in their mother tongue. When he was well within the retiring-room where he was to put on the investiture robes, the bearers of the standards of the Welsh Dragon and the White Wolfhound mounted guard at the entry of the Tower.

On a dais in the Outer Bailey, erected in an open space between two of the Castle's many towers, surrounded by courtiers, Cabinet Ministers, and men of high places in Wales, the King was enthroned, a vacant throne beside him. When the music of welcome was done, the King commanded the Earl Marshal to direct the Garter King of Arms to summon the Prince to his presence. In surcoat of purple velvet and breeches and stockings and pumps of white satin he answered his father's summons. Slight and wistful he was as he walked between two stately robed peers, and heralds and pursuivants, bearing his insignia before him, the officers of his household and his tutor coming behind him.

The Garter King of Arms gave the rolled parchment of the letters patent to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling, offered them to the King, who gave them to the Home Secretary. The Prince, with his supporting peers, passed between the bearers of his insignia. At the platform he made a low bow. Then, coming to the dais, he fell on his knees before the King. And so he remained while the Home Secretary, standing on the King's right in front of the empty throne, read the letters patent declaring him the holder and defender of the title. During the reading, in keeping with the text, the King invested the Prince with the mantle, girded him with a sword, placed a coronet upon his head, a gold ring on the third finger of his left hand, and delivered the golden verge into his right hand. As each ensign was required, its bearer brought it forward on a crimson, gold-fringed cushion and offered it kneeling to the King.

AS THE last bestowal was made, and the Home Secretary came to the closing lines of the letters patent, there were those in the Outer Bailey whose eyes filled in sympathy for the boy whose trust they were, and a shadow slowly crossed his face as he heard these words, which imposed upon him so tremendous and so ruthless a responsibility: "That he may preside there and may direct and defend those hearts. To hold to him and his heirs Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas forever."

Before rising from his knees he paid homage to his father, as he had done on coronation day, and was raised from his knees "in the sight of all," as is decreed, and kissed upon both cheeks by his father and sovereign. The empty throne upon the King's right hand now found its youthful occupant, and the people of Wales, "from north and south, from mountain and from mine, more united, more loyal, more prosperous, and more contented than ever before," acclaimed him their Prince and leader. "Long live the Prince! Long live the King!" was the final salvo of the message delivered by Sir John Rhys, who spoke in the name of Wales.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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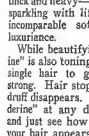

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

In the boy's acceptance of his people's good-will there was a note of deep pathos, and the speaking of his words was touched with the weight of it. His voice trembled as he said, in closing, "I assure you I shall never forget to-day as long as I live, and I hope sincerely that it will always mark a happy day in the principality as one which brought you a new friend. He is, it is true, a young friend —I am very young—but I have great examples before me. I have my dear father, my dear mother, and good friends to help me, and so, bearing in mind our ancient and beautiful saying, '*Heb Ddaw, heb ddim; Duw a digon*' ('Without God, without anything: God is enough'), I hope to do my duty to my King, to Wales, and to you all." The civil ceremony over, the churches in solemn service of hymn and prayer besought divine protection and blessing upon him.

As the choir broke into the national anthem, the guns of the navy and field artillery roared out a salute, and the King and Queen and the Prince, with their cortège, ascended the steps of the Black Tower to Queen Eleanor's Gate. Legends say that from this gate Edward I. held up to the Welsh chieftains his first-born, a baby in arms, crying out to them, "Behold your Prince! I give you mine own son to guard you. Hold him dear and cherish him, Prince of Wales!" And they had called back to him, as they looked at their future King, "Him will we hold dear and cherish and for him we will give our lives."

Now, on the very spot where Edward I. is said to have stood, George V. presented his first-born, Edward, not to the nobles, but to the people of Wales, whose servant he was henceforth to be. As the handsome boy, robed and crowned, stood revealed to them, the hills of Carnarvon, almost to Snowdon Peak, echoed with their gratification. At King's Gate, and upon the green of the Inner Bailey, the shy and weary boy was again led for presentation. At last in the late afternoon he was driven through the streets and to the train—always with the glad tumult of the people following him. Never once, I was told by one who was with him that day, did he falter in his duty. His smile was ever present even when he was bewildered and overwhelmed by the bigness of a day that he himself has said brought a full realization

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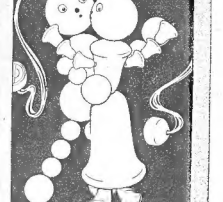

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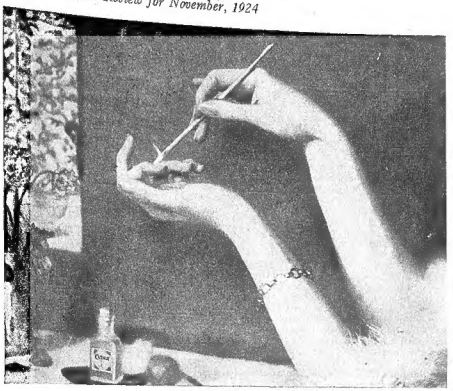

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

of what it meant to be the Prince of Wales, bondman to the good of the principality, and apprentice to the will of all the peoples of the British Empire.

On July 31, 1911, the British Admiralty made the following announcement: "Midshipman H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, K. G., to H. M. S. *Hindustan*, to date August 1. On August 1 Midshipman H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, K. G., boarded the *Hindustan* for a three months' cruise. Aboard ship, as at Osborne and Dartmouth Naval Colleges, he led exactly the same life, performed the same duties, and underwent the same discipline as the other lads of his group. His pay, too, was a midshipman's pay—one shilling ninepence (forty cents) a day. Not the slightest favor was offered him—and he asked none. His hammock was swung along with other midshipmen's, and close to him snored seamen who were among his father's humblest subjects. His meals were eaten in the gun-room. "To obey in silence and at a run" was a rule for him as it was for all.

At that time the *Hindustan* was one of the most formidable of the predreadnought battle-ships, and the Prince was therefore able to gain an intimate knowledge of one of the largest units of the fleet. With his mates he was, as usual, popular. On October 26, when he said good-by, there was no man on it who was not grieved to see him go.

Before leaving, the Prince bade goodby personally to every one on board from the captain to the scullery boy. When the time of his departure came the whole of the ship's crew lined up on the decks and sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and the picket-boat carrying him and Mr. Hansell on their way was followed to shore by the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

He was too much of a Briton and too brave a lad to show what he felt. But if there were no tears in his eyes there were tears in his heart. The sea had got him, and it would not let him go. The blood of the Norsemen, which ran strong in his veins, had leaped to life at the beat and roar of the North Sea's waters. He had walked against its merciless winds and felt the sting and the magic cruelty of them. The land breezes blew too softly for him now. The way of the sea—and that way only—was the way he wanted. If King Edward had lived he might have listened to the boy's plea. But destiny now stood insurmountable in the path of his desire. As Prince of Wales he must spend his days ashore.

That Winter was one of restless heartbreak.

His parents did not realize what he was going through. But Mr. Hansell, who knew boys well, understood. It was he who by infinite tact and kindness played upon the boy's high sense of duty. And then he suggested a trip to France—not so much to give him a knowledge of France and her people, as has been most generally supposed, but to help him to forget. It was a hard pull, but he was made of the stuff of England's best. And he went the way that the brave and honorable must always go. The winds of March marked his passage across the Channel to France. He left England with a smile, but it was one of deep and poignant wistfulness. His dream had vanished, a votive to the high purpose of his heritage.

The third instalment of "A King in the Making" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published November 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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